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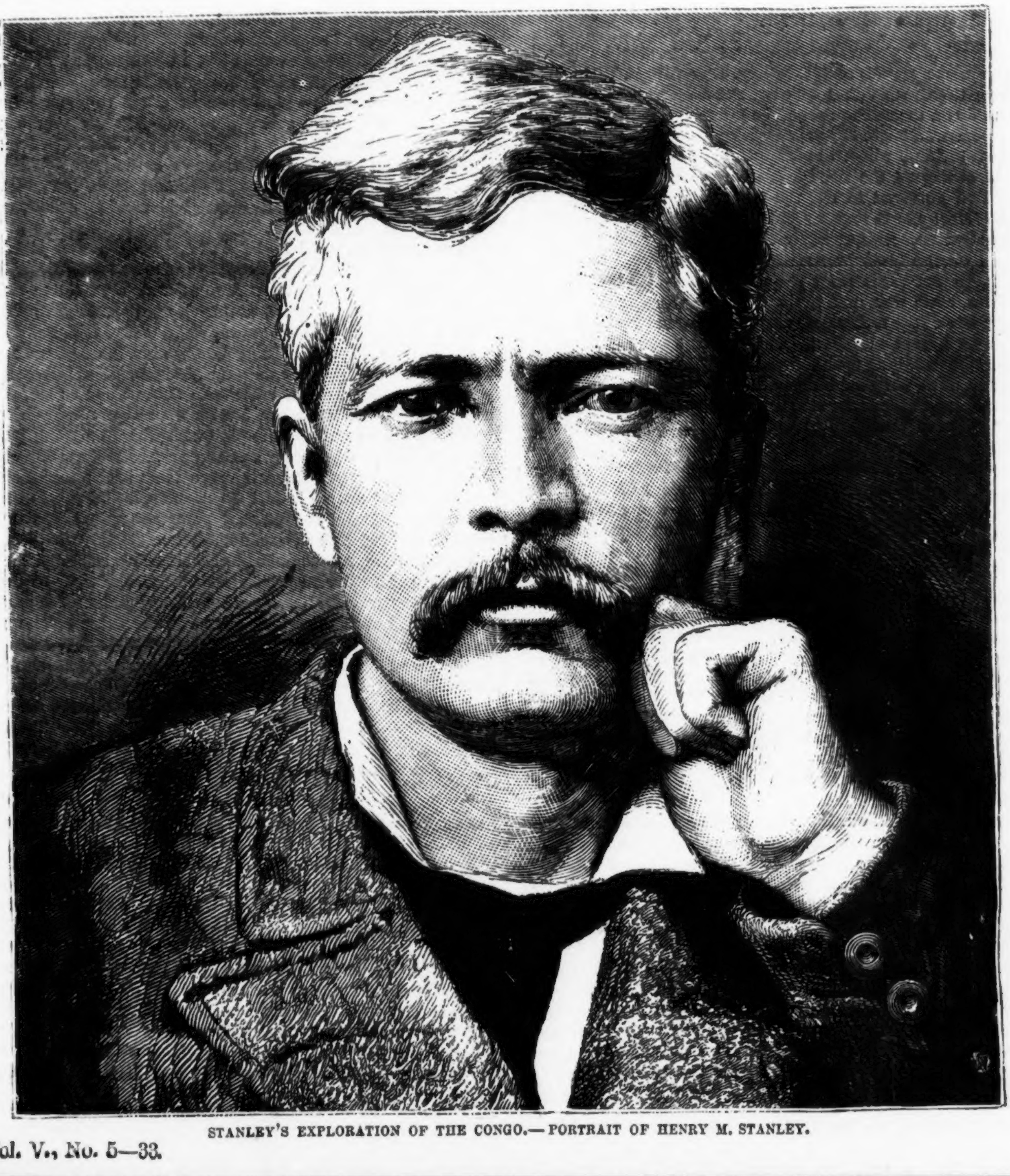

STANLEY'S EXPLORATION OF THE CONGO.—PORTRAIT OF HENRY M. STANLEY.

AFRICA.

STANLEY'S EXPLORATION OF THE CONGO.

BY THE HON. CHARLES P. DALY, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.[*]

THE result of Stanley's expedition, starting from Zanzibar and tracing the Congo River so as to show it to be the outlet of some of the great interior lakes, is of the utmost importance.[†]

Mr. Stanley, after exploring the west and southwestern shores of Lake Ukerewe (Victoria Nyanza), started from Dumo on its western shore and crossed the country of Unyoro to the Mwutan Nzigi (Albert Nyanza), and reached that lake at a point where a deep gulf (Beatrice Gulf), formed by a promontory called Unsongora, runs out for thirty miles in a southwesterly direction. In his journey Stanley saw a mountain southeast of the Mwutan Nzigi, which was reported to be from 13,000 to 15,000 feet high, called Gamboragarè, on the peak of which snow is frequently found. The exact position of his camp on the lake, as given by him, is 31° 24′ 30″ E. long., and 0° 25′ 0″ N. lat.

The country of Unyoro, he says, extends along the whole eastern shore. The country on the south shore is called Ruanda. On its western shore, opposite Gulf Beatrice, is Ukonju, said to be peopled by cannibals, and that its further western shore to the north is the country of Ulegga. Stanley learned that the people in the south and southwestern shores were very hostile, and abandoned all attempt to explore the lake in that direction. Retracing his steps, he entered the Kitangule River, the main feeder of Lake Ukerewe, and following up the course of that river, he circumnavigated the lake named by Speke Lake Windermere, and after three days' journey reached another lake, nine miles long by one mile wide, which may be but a temporary enlargement of the river, as he was traveling in the rainy season; and afterward, on the frontiers of Karawega, he found Lake Akengara, noted on Speke's map.

When Mr. Stanley had finished his expedition of Lake Akengara, southwest of Lake Ukerewe, he proceeded to Lake Tanganika to explore the country south of the Mwutan Nzigi and northwest of that lake, in the hope of reaching the Mombutto country at the north, so as to connect his own discoveries with those of Schweinfurth, across the equator.

It will be remembered that Lieutenant Cameron circumnavigated Lake Tanganika[‡] and concluded, from his

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[*] From his annual address, 1877–8.

[†] Of our series of pictures are several depicting incidents in the long and toilsome travels of Mr. Henry M. Stanley in the heart of Africa, from the Great Lakes to the Lualaba or Livingstone and Congo, and down the Congo to the West Coast. When one considers the inclement climate of Central Africa, the fierce nature of the native tribes through whom the hardy American passed, and their hostility to strangers, the wonder increases that any members of the expedition survived to tell the story of their adventures. A type of the ferocity of the native Africans is seen in the illustration of the great war canoe. According to Mr. Stanley, "there are enormous trees on the Livingstone River, more especially under the equator, and out of these trees the natives cut, with infinite labor and patience, their war and trade canoes. The war canoes are generally made of the teak wood, and they vary in size from 50 feet long to 90 feet, carved out of a single tree. The beam is in proportion: one of 50 feet long would have from 2 feet 2 inches beam to 3½ feet; that of 90 feet would be between 4 feet and 5 feet. As may be imagined, one of the latter size would carry a very large force of warriors." One of the white companions of Stanley, Edward Pocock, an Englishman, succumbed to the fatigues of the journey and the inhospitality of the climate, and was buried in Turu, at a critical juncture, when the expedition was in the midst of hostile and turbulent negroes. His place of burial, at the foot of an acacia, was about twenty-five miles north from the extreme southern source of the Nile, and just 400 miles distant from the east coast of Africa. In Bumbireh, an island in Lake Victoria, the Stanley exploration seemed, for a while, likely to be suddenly terminated. The exhausted travelers put in to the shore in quest of food, and were immediately surrounded by a turbulent crowd of negroes, who laid hold of the boat, with Stanley and party still in it, and drew her up by main force over the hard, rocky shore, until she was high and dry on the land. "Then," says Stanley, "began a scene almost indescribable. Twelve captives, including myself, were in their power to wreak their worst passions upon, and how we escaped death, when every bow was drawn to its utmost, and every spear quivered in the hand, as though in the act to launch, and clubs were whirled menacingly round their heads, is more than I can say. We were in it fairly, and our lives were not worth a moment's purchase." The enemy continued to increase in numbers as well as in ferocity, and nearly the entire day had passed when it became evident to Stanley that it was their intention to murder his whole party, and that only an immediate bold stroke could save them. By a slight ruse the enemy's attention was distracted, and with a sudden concerted movement the canoe was pushed quickly into the water. The enraged negroes pursued in canoes, but the revolvers and rifles of the whites quickly drove them back with great loss, leaving the explorers to continue on their way in an exhausted condition. Another picture represents a great naval battle between the Waganda and the Wavuma tribes of Central Africa. It shows, to resume Mr. Stanley's own language, "the Wavuma dashing upon the Waganda fleet (nearly 800 canoes are engaged in action) with a hate approaching the sublime. The island is situated midway in the channel separating Uvuma from Uganda. Of course a great many unfortunates were lost in this war, as in other wars. I finally stopped it, that I might prosecute my researches on Lake Albert, by a stratgem which brought peace to Uvuma, honor and glory to the Waganda, and aid to myself." Another one of our series of pictures illustrates the manner of Stanley's reception in Uganda by the body-guard of the Emperor Mtesa, his Prime Minister and chiefs, which was the beginning of an introduction to a despotic monarch who distinguished himself by an unusual number of capital punishments. The Emperor has arrived at the lake with unusual state. About 300 of his body-guards are drawn in three rows, flanking a road leading to the Prime Minister, in whose rear are the great chiefs and warriors of state. On either side, near the lake, crowding in great numbers, are the robed warriors waiting to see the owner of the exploring boat *Lady Alice* and his crew. "At the time I visited Mtagata," says Mr. Stanley, "there were a number of invalids enjoying the delights of a hot bath, free of charge, and secure from criticism. Some of the men, with their heads resting on the warm banks, were up to their chins in the pool, while one arm held the pipe with which they indulged themselves in a state of dreamy serenity very seducing. Others sat on the root of a tree which grew above them to the height of 150 feet and more, and let their feet be parboiled. Others again, almost raw, sweltered and stewed and perspired, with only the face exposed, over which the steam settled in a thin cloud. Women and children, in the *abandon* of unfettered nature, asserted their rights to a share of the divine privileges of freedom and liberty, and, with their bodies unvailed, prepared to descend into the pools, while many a loud scream of laughter at the feminine affectations they displayed were heard as they slowly put their feet in to test the temperature. Bold youths prepared to spring in with a loud splash, as arrogant vigor and immodest young age always behave in other lands, and guffawed recklessly and noisily at their own audacity; so that when I came in view of this extraordinary and novel scene deep buried in the wooded gorge, I was quite impressed with its wildness and utter disregard of proprieties."

[‡] "The lake was becalmed and the sun was about setting, suffusing Kabogo and M'sehazy Hills, and our camp on the Point, with a half-roseate, half-purplish hue, as the bugle sounded 'Hoist sail and away.' We had waited for this hour throughout the lazy, flagging day, to leave the melancholy harbor and its melancholy river to the silence which fittingly harmonizes with the leafless trees and the burnt grass of a late August season. We had watched the wild waves subsiding slowly, and had listened to the moanings of the storm that, in the early morning, had lashed the lake's face into foam. In the afternoon, when certain that we should have a quiet night to cross the lake, we began to pack up and load the boats with the numerous paraphernalia of exploration, and, after great trouble and excitement, managed to place the riding asses in them. About 5:30 we hoisted sail, and manned the oars to the tune of a boat-song sung lustily by the crews."

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own observation, that he had discovered the outlet of the lake in the River Lukuga, flowing from it on the western side. An ordinary traveler would have been satisfied with Cameron's survey, and his conclusion as to the outlet; but Stanley, in the true character of a geographical explorer, determined to go round the southern part of the lake himself, and the result of his doing so was that he ascertained, by a detailed survey and careful soundings, that the River Lukuga, instead of flowing out of the lake, flowed into it; that it was, in fact, an affluent, and that that lake had no outlet unless a temporary one should occur, as Burton had already suggested, by a rise in the elevation of the lake in seasons of great rain; Cameron, in his observation, having probably been deceived by the influence of the wind on the surface of the Lukuga, which gave the river the appearance of flowing into the lake. Stanley also found that the lake was steadily rising, as the beach, where Cameron drew up his canoe, was then five feet under water.

After completing this work, Stanley started with a force of 140 porters for Nyangwa, the furthest northern point attained by Livingstone or Cameron, carrying his boat, the *Lady Alice*, with him in sections. This point Stanley reached in November, 1876, after a journey of about 350 miles, in forty days—in itself, a remarkable geographical feat. Nyangwa, which he ascertained by observation to be 4° 15′ 45″ south latitude, and 26° 5′ east longitude, is situated on the Lualaba of Livingstone, the river there having a width, in the rainy season, of about two miles, with a volume of water of 240,000 cubic feet.

Here he learned that Cameron had been there, and being unable to ascend the Lualaba in its northerly course, had started upon his remarkable journey for the Atlantic coast. Not believing, as Livingstone did, that the Lualaba was the remote southern branch of the Nile, but having the same conviction as Cameron that it was connected with the Congo, and was the eastern part of that river, and having, what Livingstone and Cameron had not, an ample force and sufficient supplies, he determined to follow the Lualaba, and ascertain whither it led. He met with the same difficulty that Livingstone and Cameron had encountered in the unwillingness of the people to supply canoes. They informed him, as they had the two previous explorers, that the tribes dwelling to the north on the Lualaba were fierce and warlike cannibals, who would suffer no one to enter their territories, as the Arab traders had frequently found to their cost. That between Nyangwa and the cannibal region the natives were treacherous, and that the river ran through dreadful forests, through which he would have to make his way—information which afterward proved to be true. He nevertheless resolved to go; but it was not easily accomplished, as the people of Nyangwa filled his followers with terror by the accounts they gave of the ferocious cannibals, the dwarfs with poisoned arrows who dwelt near the river, and the terrible character of the country through which they would have to pass; which had such a disheartening effect upon them that difficulties arose which would have been insurmountable to any one but a man of Stanley's indomitable perseverance, sagacity and tact. He overcame all obstacles; succeeded in getting canoes, and in engaging an Arab chief and his followers to accompany him a certain distance; an increase of his force which gave confidence to his own people.

Those who are acquainted with the dangers and difficulties of African exploration and who know how frequently the most sagacious conclusions, founded upon what seemed to be reliable information, have not only been attended by failure, but with the most disastrous results, can alone fully appreciate what Stanley undertook, and the hazard which he ran in determining to follow the river in its northerly course. The river ran to the north, apparently in the direction of the sources of the Nile. He had Livingstone's conviction that it was the remote source of that river. He knew nothing of the fact that the southern part of the Mwutan Nzige (Albert Nyanza) had been explored by Gessi, and that no large river flowed into it. The theory, moreover, that he had formed of the course of the Lualaba was different from that of Cameron, Cameron's conclusion being that a little above Nyangwa it turned to the west and flowed into the Atlantic coast; whereas Stanley's conviction was, as subsequently proved to be the fact, that it flowed on to the north, beyond the equator, and then turned to the west as part of the Congo. To follow the river, however, in its northerly course, might lead him, if his theory should not be verified, into the interior of northern Africa, where he would be, with a large body of followers, without supplies, and in a state of utter destitution.

He fully appreciated the great risk he ran. It was to him a matter of painful and anxious thought, but, after fully considering it in all its bearings, he came to the bold and fixed determination to follow up his theory; and in this he exhibited the same geographical instinct which he has referred to as such a remarkable faculty in Captain Speke, the discoverer of Lake Ukerewe. Writing from Nyangwa, he says: "I am determined to stick to the Lualaba, come fair or foul, fortune or misfortune. I have supplies for six months; beyond that, Heaven knows what will become of us if we should find the Lualaba running into some unknown river, with not a single bead or cowrie with which to buy food."

He accordingly started to follow the river to the north. The first three weeks of the journey was disheartening, confirming all that they had heard of the difficulty of passing northward along the river—so much so, that they had to abandon it and make their way through dense and gloomy forests, which, at last, had such an effect upon his followers that they began to talk of returning.* This disposition becoming general, he resolved to try the river; and, after much persuasion, argument and deliberation, his proposal was acceded to, and they reached it at a point 3° 33′ 17″ south latitude, being 41 geographical miles north of Nyangwa. Here his little vessel, the *Lady Alice*, was put together, and then he says: "I formed the resolution never to abandon the Lualaba until I learned its destination."

He made an encouraging speech to his men, telling them that they had promised at Zanzibar to follow him for three years wherever he might want to go, and that there was still one year left. "I will not," he said, "leave this river until I reach the sea, and I promise you that we shall reach it before the year is out. All I ask of you is to follow me in the name of God;" upon which fifty of the youngest

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* "It will give an idea of a short hour we lived through while hauling our canoes past one of the cataracts under the equator. By night a road had been cut, about 500 yards in length, through a thick forest and thicker undergrowth, and what we have clipped out of the woods we have arranged on the ground, over which, at sunrise, a working party has been detailed to haul the canoes. The women, children and goods, before dawn, under an escort, have been taken to the new camp, with its impenetrable stockade. At the old camp are a dozen sharpshooters lying in wait outside in the jungle. Along the flank on the forest side are the sharpshooters which have been detailed for the defense of the working party in the new camp. Frank and a dozen good men are sent to defend it. It is an hour that no one must be idle in, for it is absolutely necessary that the early daylight should be spent in moving from one camp to the other, before the cannibals have gathered in the woods in force, as they have been accustomed to. For we have found that the night hours are the best to work in, the cannibals having a horror of the dark, dread wood, with its weird noises and startling interruptions."—*Stanley's Narrative.*

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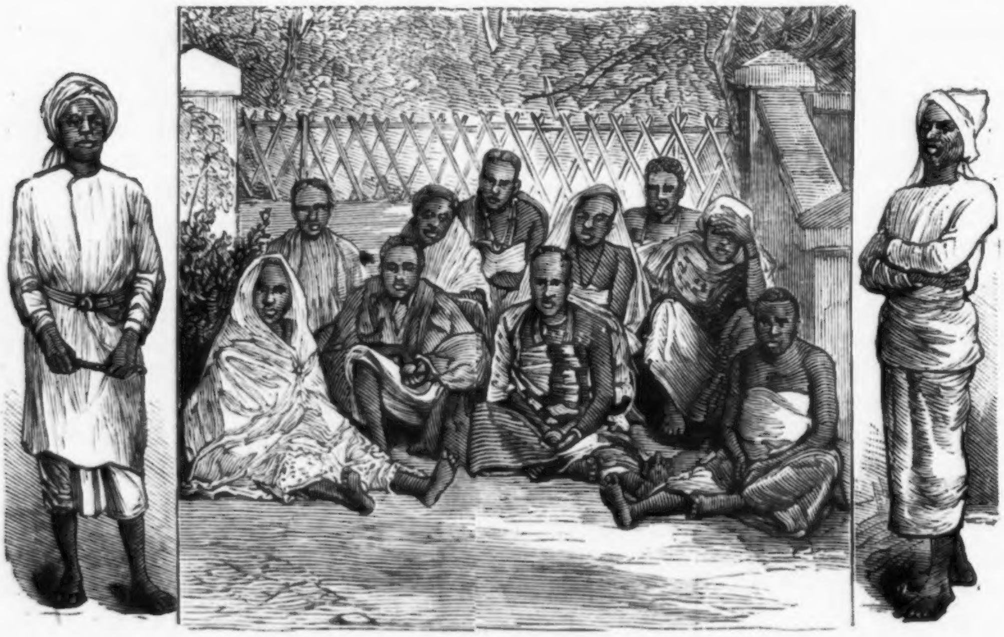
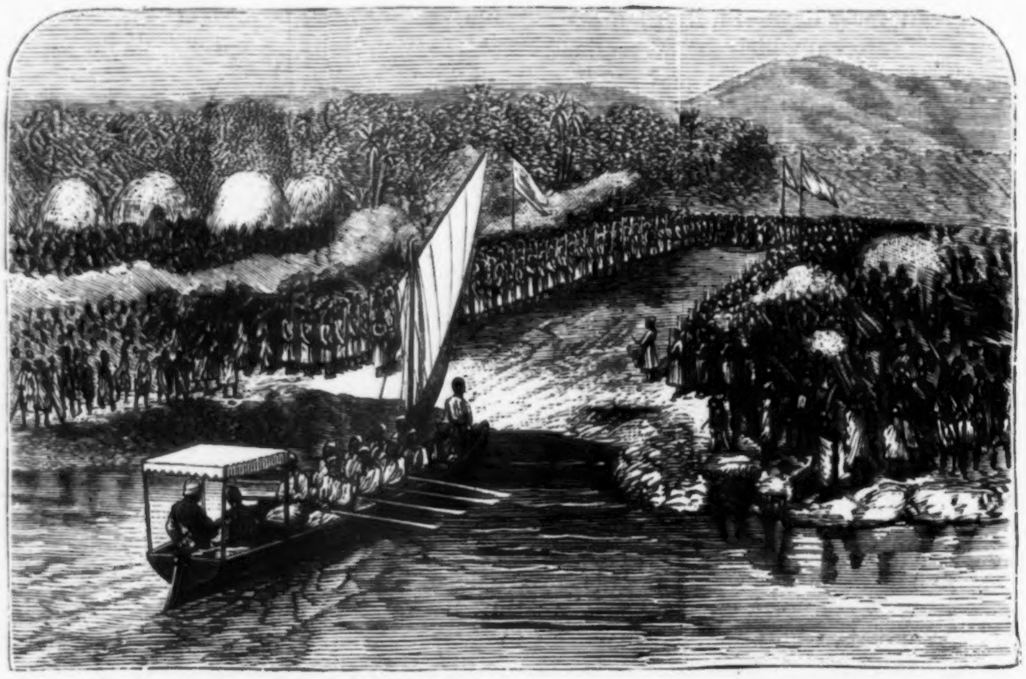


SOME MEMBERS OF STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.

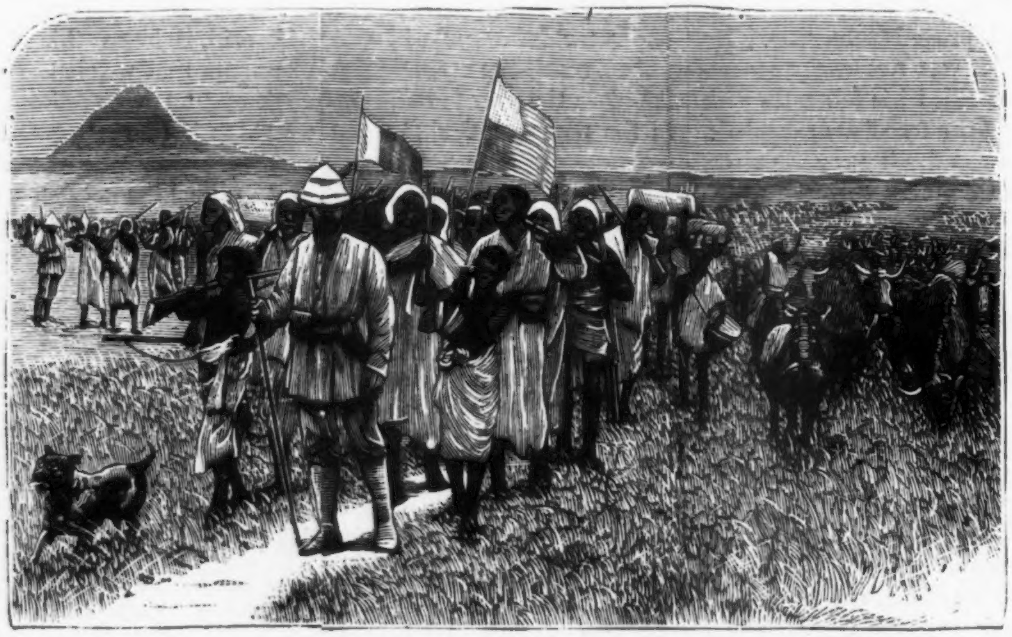
stepped forward and shouted: "In the name of God, then, master, we will follow you."

Their first attempt to navigate the river verified what they had heard of the treacherous character of the natives. They invited the white man to what is known in Africa as blood-brotherhood, and after Pocock, Stanley's associate, had gone with ten men to an island to undergo this rite, Stanley ascertained that the intention of the natives was hostile; having discovered thirty armed canoes proceeding in the direction of the island and sounding the war-cry. He was enabled, however, by a vigorous movement, to reach the island, to rescue Pocock, and to get safely down the river, as his force of 500 men, armed as they were, was too powerful for the assailants.



RECEPTION BY KING MTEZA'S BODY-GUARD.

They now passed along the river in two divisions—one by land, along the left bank, and one by water. The land party was vigorously attacked, but succeeded in defending themselves until the water division approached, when the natives retired. They now reached a part of the river where it is obstructed by a long succession of cataracts, which Stanley calls the Falls of Ukassa. Their progress was again disputed by a body of armed natives, but they succeeded in passing down the river without loss. As they continued to descend they were constantly met with hostile demonstrations and attacks throughout their course. All their attempts at friendly intercourse were met by showers of poisoned arrows, and the land party was again attacked. To add to their trials, the smallpox broke out among the Arab escort, and there were eighteen deaths in three days; whilst others of the party were attacked by dysentery, and ulcers appeared upon the limbs of many in consequence of their severe marching; so that when they had reached the distance of 125 geographical miles north of Nyangwa, their boats, in Stanley's language, "were little less than floating hospitals." Seventy-two died with the smallpox alone.



THE DASH ACROSS UNYORO.

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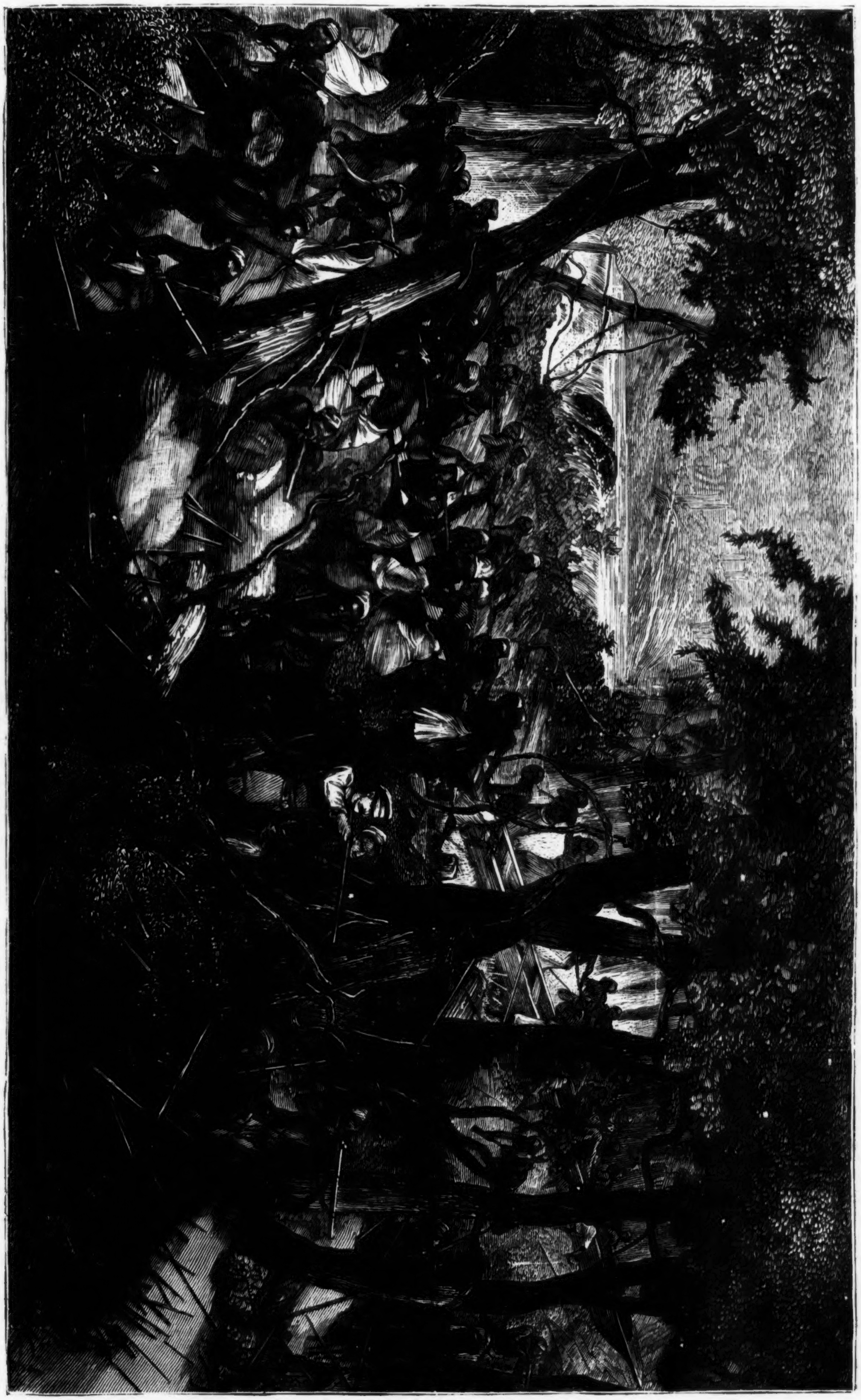

THE STANLEY EXPEDITION FORCING ITS WAY THROUGH A FOREST AT A RAPID ON THE EQUATOR.

While in this condition they were again attacked by the natives in continual assaults for two days and two nights, both by land and by water, the whole country being up in arms against them. So constant were these attacks that they were unable to bury their dead, or attend to those who, having been wounded with the poisoned arrows, had become delirious from the poison.

Having passed this peril, their Arab escort resolved to leave them, and Stanley feared that his own followers would also return; but at this critical moment, he says, they stood firmly by him. He had taken them, they said, through much trouble, and, please God, they would take him to his white brothers on the sea. As they had been faithful to the white man Livingstone, so would they be faithful to him. His own force consisted now of 146 persons, but the departure of the Arab escort was a moment of great trial. When his people heard the farewell song of the escort, as it came, in Stanley's language, "in wild and weird-like tones over the water," they wept as though their hearts would break. "It was," he says, "the saddest day I ever passed in Africa."

On January 4th, 1877, they approached a long series of cataracts, or, more properly, falls, and entered the dreaded cannibal regions. Here, he states, they were hunted, night and day, like game; breaking four times through lines of hostile canoes, brought together to obstruct their passage down the river; and they continued under these incessant attacks until they reached what he calls Baswa Falls, which is close to the Equator, 0° 32′ 36″ S. lat.

Return was now impossible, as they could not pull their vessels up against the stream, with the additional impediment of the constant attacks of the natives. For twenty-four days they had, he says, fearful work in repelling these constant attacks, and in searching for food. In getting over a distance of forty-two geographical miles, they had to go round six falls, to drag their canoes more than thirty miles by land, and to cut a track of thirteen miles through a dense forest, to transport the Lady Alice around the cataracts. After passing the cataracts, they had a short period of rest, after which the voyage upon the river was resumed, and was found safer, though the tribes on both sides still continued hostile.

At this point, which was beyond the equator, in 0° 14′ 52″ N. lat., the Congo gradually widened until it became a noble river, and when they had reached between the 24th and 25th degrees of North longitude, they came to a magnificent tributary flowing into the river, with a width of 2,000 feet, which Stanley supposed might be the Welle of Schweinfurth, or else a river from the estuary he had discovered, south of the Mwutan, Nziji, which he named Beatrice Gulf. But this tributary, which is called the Aruwema, is probably, as Dr. Petermann has suggested, the great river in the central part of North Africa, known to Barth as the Kubanda, and to Nachigall as the Dahar-Kuta, running south of Darfour and Wadai, in the vicinity of 4° N. lat., which is reported, upon Arabian information, to have a width in different parts of from two to ten miles.

As they approached the mouth of the large affluent which flowed into the river, they were suddenly attacked by a force of fifty-four armed canoes, that rushed down upon them with such fury that four of their canoes became panic-stricken. One of these hostile canoes was of great size, being propelled by about eighty paddles, and was guided by eight steersmen, with a planking in front holding about ten men, armed with spears, and a planking along its sides traversed by armed men.

"In a second, almost," says Stanley, "we were surrounded, and clouds of arrows were darted upon us for ten minutes;" but after a very severe contest, which at times was somewhat doubtful, these formidable assailants were repulsed, and the explorers proceeded in safety down the river.

He was now, however, in doubt what to do—whether to go up the great tributary which they had found—the Aruwema, which at one time, Stanley thought might be the Congo. The whole river, to increase their embarrassment, widened out at this point, and was filled with many islands; and as a passage through these islands formed an easy means of escaping, he determined to take that course, "for nature," he says, "could not sustain such a strain as we had undergone."

On reaching very near the second parallel of N. lat., the river made a great curve to the west, and then flowed southwesterly with a width varying from two to ten miles, and was filled with islands, between which he was enabled to pass with less danger. Here a new trial awaited him. All attempts to communicate with the natives had proved fruitless, and they had now before them the peril of starvation, having passed three days without food.

In this state of desperation they determined, whatever might be the consequences, to go to a village which they saw on the left bank, which they did, and where, to their great joy, they found natives who were friendly, having had some intercourse with the Atlantic coast. He asked the aged chief of this friendly people what was the name of this river. The old man answered, "Akuta-ya *Kongo.*" The great problem was solved; the Lualaba of Livingstone and the Congo proved to be the same river.

They were, yet, however, 850 miles from the Atlantic coast, having come, thus far, 900 miles along the river from Nyangwa. After a needful period of rest, and obtaining supplies, they again set forth, supposing that all their perils were now passed; but in three days afterward, on entering the dominions of a powerful chief, fifty-four canoes, more formidable than any which they had yet encountered—for they were armed with muskets*—came and attacked the nineteen canoes of the expedition; upon which a desperate running fight took place, the result of which was several times very doubtful, and was continued for the long space of twelve miles down the river; this being the last of thirty-two separate attacks that had been made upon them since leaving Nyangwa.

Their further course down the river was attended by no more hostile assaults from the natives; but a peril of a different character now awaited them. After they had passed a distance of about 1,480 miles, the river straightened and became narrow, between close-meeting cliffs of naked, craggy rock; and its further course was obstructed for a considerable distance by a succession of cataracts and whirlpools. Being deceived, Stanley says, but in which he is certainly mistaken, by Captain Tuckey's map, who, in 1816, had explored the Congo from its mouth to a point somewhat below these cataracts, they proceeded confidently along this part of the river, which has thirty falls and rapids, in descending which Pocock, Stanley's white companion, and the ten natives who were with him, lost their lives, having been carried over the cataract; and Stanley, in the *Lady Alice*, and those who were with him, escaped the like fate

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* On the 14th of February, 1877, Mr. Stanley arrived among the tribe of Bangala or Mangala negroes, who live on the right bank of the Livingstone River in latitude 1 deg. 16 min. 50 sec. Sixty-three canoes met the hardy explorers in the stream, and, without warning, attacked them with muskets and missiles. Stanley immediately returned the fire, allowing his boat to float with the current. The battle lasted from noon to sunset, when, after a floating fight of ten miles, the fierce assailants drew off. This was the thirty-first fight of the expedition, and the last but one.

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almost by a miracle. After getting through all this, they were again brought to the very verge of destruction for the want of food; but fortunately a messenger whom they had sent in advance to Embomo, a trading place situated on the river below the cataracts, reached the agency of some Liverpool merchants, who promptly sent abundant supplies, which reached the explorers when they were on the very verge of famine, and thoroughly broken down by exhaustion, fatigue, and the want of food. They finally reached Embomo, from which communication with the Atlantic coast is easy, and which they reached in August, 1877, having made a journey from Nyangwa down the river to its mouth, of about 1,800 miles, and passed fifty-seven cataracts.

Stanley's own words will best describe their condition through the principal portion of this terrible journey. "On all sides," he says, "death stared us in the face; cruel eyes watched us by day and by night, and a thousand bloody hands were ready to take advantage of the least opportunity. We defended ourselves like men who knew that pusillanimity would be our ruin among savages to whom mercy is a thing unknown. I wished, naturally, that it might have been otherwise, and looked anxiously and keenly for any sign of forbearance or peace. My anxiety throughout was so constant, and the effects of it, physically and otherwise, have been such, that I now find myself an old man at thirty-five."

It will be remembered that, when we saw Mr. Stanley here in the Society, his hair was black; it is now said to be nearly white. Of the 350 men with whom he left Zanzibar, in 1874, but 115 reached the Atlantic coast, and 60 of those, when at the journey's end, were suffering from dysentery, scurvy and dropsy. He was on the Congo from November 1st, 1876, to August 11th, 1877—a period of over nine months; so that his promise to the native followers was fulfilled, that he would reach the sea before the close of the year.*

It remains but to refer to the geographical knowledge which has been obtained by this remarkable exploration. The entire area drained by this great African river, Stanley computes at 860,000 square miles, 450,000 square miles of which is taken up by the great basin and the maritime regions of the west. The source of the Congo, as now ascertained, is in the high plateau south of Lake Tanganika, in a country commonly called Bisa, or Ubisa. It issues from Lake Bembo, called by Livingstone, who discovered it, Bangwelo. This lake is a large body of shallow water, and is the residuum, as Stanley thinks, of an enormous lake that existed there at a former period. After issuing from Lake Bembo, the river is known by the name of the Luapula, which, after a course of nearly 200 miles, empties into Lake Moero, which is a body of water of about 2,800 square miles. Issuing from this latter lake, it takes the name of Lualaba, and has an important tributary called the Kamalonda. Under the name of the Lualaba, the river flows in a direction north by west, with a breadth of about 1,400 yards at Nyangwa. Stanley computes its distance, from its extreme source in Eastern Bisa to Nyangwa, at 1,100 miles, and its course from there to the Atlantic at 1,800 miles, or, in all, 2,900 miles; showing it to be among the largest rivers of the world. A short distance north of Nyangwa the river inclines east of north, and has many impediments, such as high spurs from the hills along its banks, and wild places of foaming water. Here, along the river banks, fishermen dwell, called Wagenya, a crafty, treacherous, cowardly tribe, inaccessible to any gentle influence. Beyond them there is a large, courageous tribe, called the Warongora, who inhabit a considerable extent of the river on the right bank. As the river inclines to the west beyond the equator, in 27° E. long., are the cannibals, or warlike Bakasu, upon whom he says a congress of bishops and missionaries could produce no effect. At 26° E. long. the river begins to receive great affluents, and there are many smaller streams constantly visible in descending. In his opinion it drains the entire western portion of the lake regions as far as 4° N. lat. He thinks, from the great width of the Aruwimi, that that river will prove of immense value hereafter, as it is open to any vessel on the Upper Congo. He thinks they may have passed many other important tributaries in the region of the equator, as the Congo spreads out there to an enormous breadth, having sometimes a dozen channels, and which, at first, he mistook for distinct rivers. The resistance he met with he attributes to the fact that no tribe penetrates beyond its own limits, trading being conducted from tribe to tribe, the balance of power being pretty evenly maintained between them.

On the left bank of the river, in about 20° E. long., the Ikelemba flows in from the south, which, he says, is the greatest affluent of the Congo, and which he thinks is the Kasai, which Livingstone crossed in his journey in 1854.†

The water of this great southern tributary, which is of a tea color, does not mingle with the silvery color of the Congo until after a distance of 130 miles from its mouth; and it is, he says, the union of these two rivers which gives to the lower Congo its light brown color. After passing 18° E. long., they came to a stream 500 yards wide, called by the natives Nakutu, but which he thinks is the Kwango of Cameron. As they descended beyond 17° E. long., the Congo spreads out into an enormous breadth and then slowly contracts between hills, when it thunders down,

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* Among the incidents connected with Stanley's second expedition, is the loss of his attendant, Kalulu, whom he purchased at Unyanyembe, and placed at school in England. He was a bright boy, thoroughly devoted to the explorer, and of great assistance to him. Mr. Stanley thus describes his fate: "I led the way down the river, and in five minutes was in a new camp in a charming cove, with the cataract roaring loudly about 500 yards below us. A canoe came in soon after with a gleeful crew, and a second one also arrived safe, and I was about congratulating myself for having done a good day's work, when the long canoe which Kalulu had ventured in was seen in mid-river, rushing with the speed of a flying spear toward destruction. A groan of horror burst from us as we rushed to the rocky point which shut the cove from view of the river. When we had reached the point, the canoe was half-way over the first break of the cataract, and was then just beginning that fatal circling in the whirlpool below. We saw them signaling to us for help; but, alas! what could we do there, with a cataract between us? We never saw them more. A paddle was picked up about forty miles below, which we identified as belonging to the unfortunate coxswain, and that was all."

† Before Stanley had reached the Atlantic coast, intelligence was received by the Lisbon Geographical Society that a Portuguese merchant had found the source of the Congo, in a river which takes its rise in a spring, twenty days' march in an easterly direction from Melange, on leaving which, according to his information, the river flows to the north, and is then called by the natives Kassi, until it crosses the territory of Lunda, when it takes the name of Nzare, very like the Congo's ancient name of Zaire. This is evidently the river which Livingstone crossed, and considered a branch of the Congo, and which Cameron found in about 11 deg. 12 min. south latitude, and 21 deg. 10 min. east longitude, in crossing the water-shed where rise the sources of the Liambai, an upper branch of the Zambesi, and which river he represents conjecturally upon his map as rising in about 12 deg. south latitude, and 19 deg. east longitude; and thence running north with many affluents, to what he marks as the position of Lake Sankorra, in 5 deg. south latitude, and 22 deg. east longitude, which lake, he supposed, was connected with the Congo.

The course of the Portuguese traveler eastward is difficult to trace in the imperfect account given of it; but what he probably met with was one of the sources of this river, which would seem to run somewhere near the position where Stanley found the Ikelemba flowing into the Congo,

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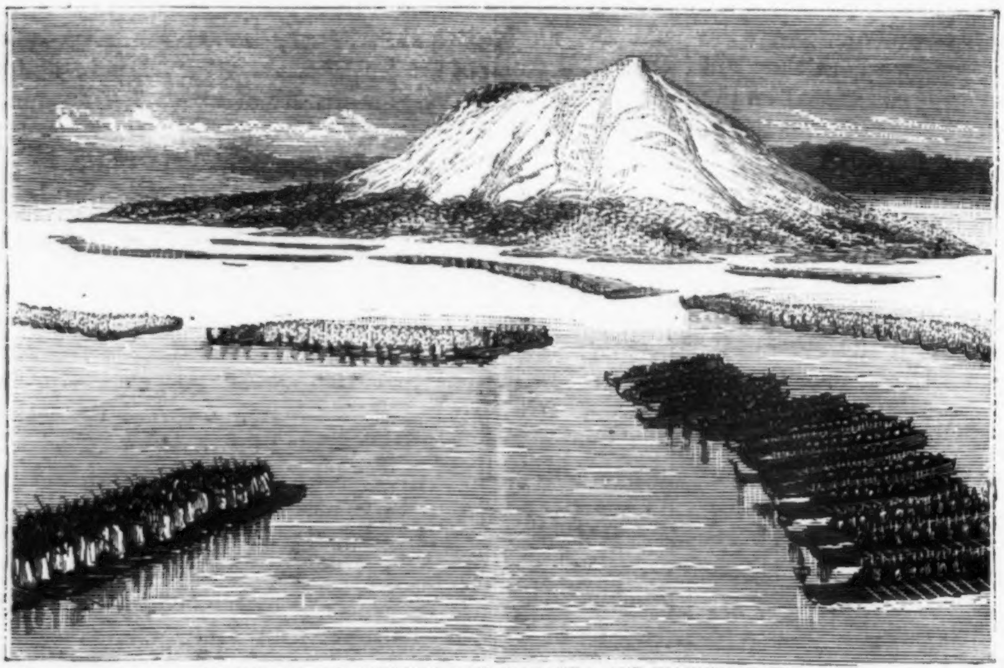
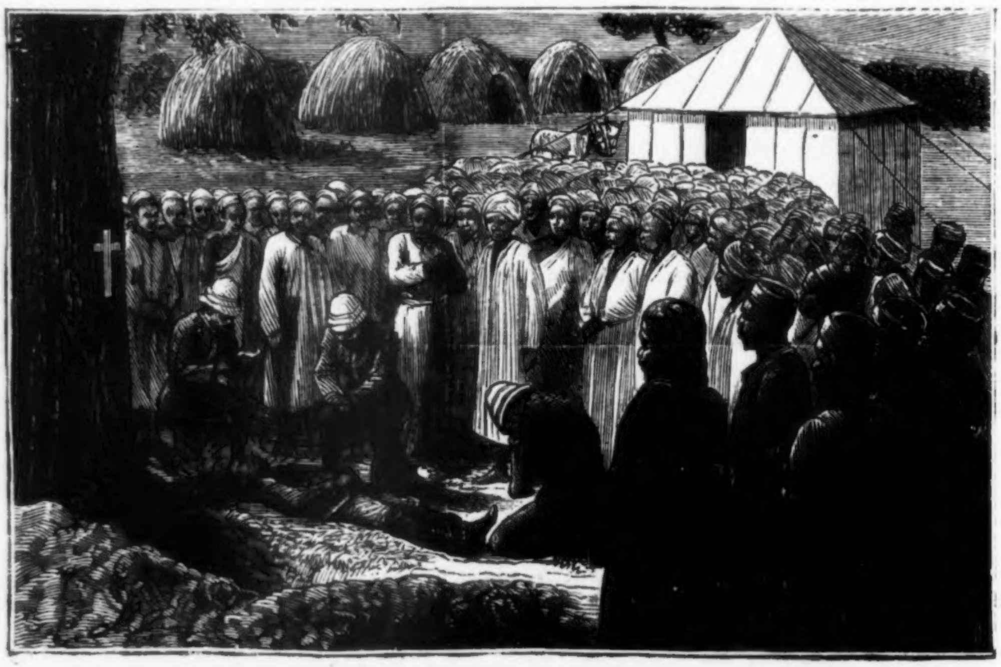


NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE WAGANDA AND WAVUMA TRIBES.

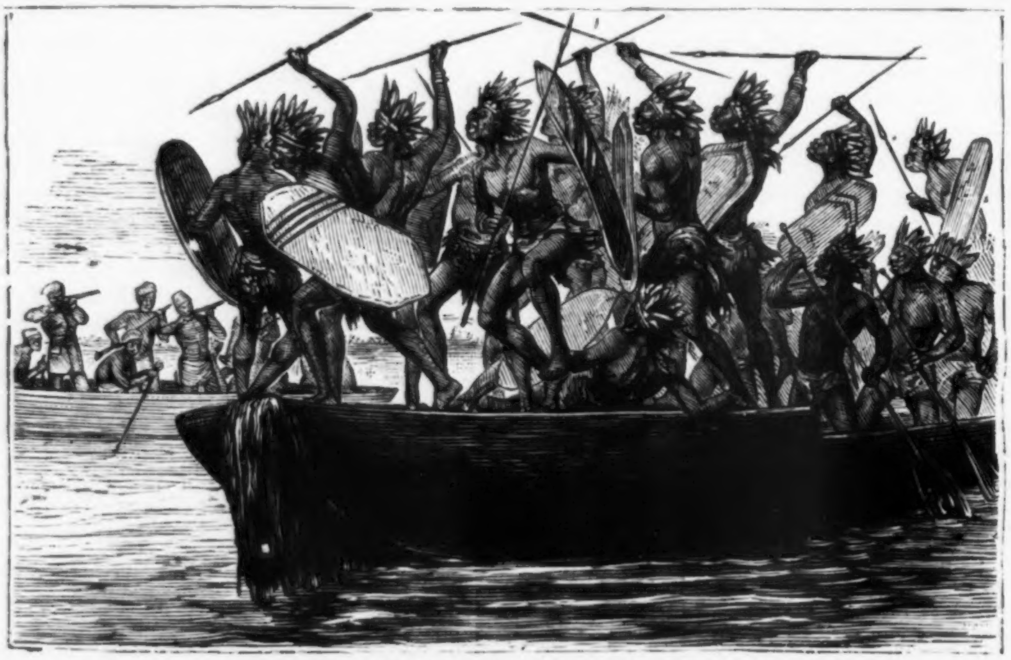
steep after steep, for 180 miles, and then flows as the majestic and calm lower Congo. In this 180 miles it has a fall of 585 feet.

He found the people in this region very friendly. It is navigable for 110 miles from its mouth to the first rapids and beyond them for 835 miles; while the great affluents he estimates which flow into it from the north and south would give 1,200 miles, and perhaps more. He estimates its greatest affluent, the Ikelemba, to be over 1,000 miles in length, the Nukutu or Kwango to be over 500 miles; while there are four or five others which, from their breadth, he thinks, should be navigable for great distances.



THE BURIAL OF EDWARD POCOCK IN HOSTILE TURU.

The Nile, he says, has greater length than the Congo, but that the Congo could furnish water for three Niles, and that it is a much more valuable river for commerce than the Nile, as the Congo has its rapids concentrated in two places, and is not, therefore, like the Nile, frequently interrupted by rapids. The upper rapids, where all navigation westward on the Upper Congo terminates, has six great falls, while the lower series has sixty-two important falls and rapids, with many minor ones.

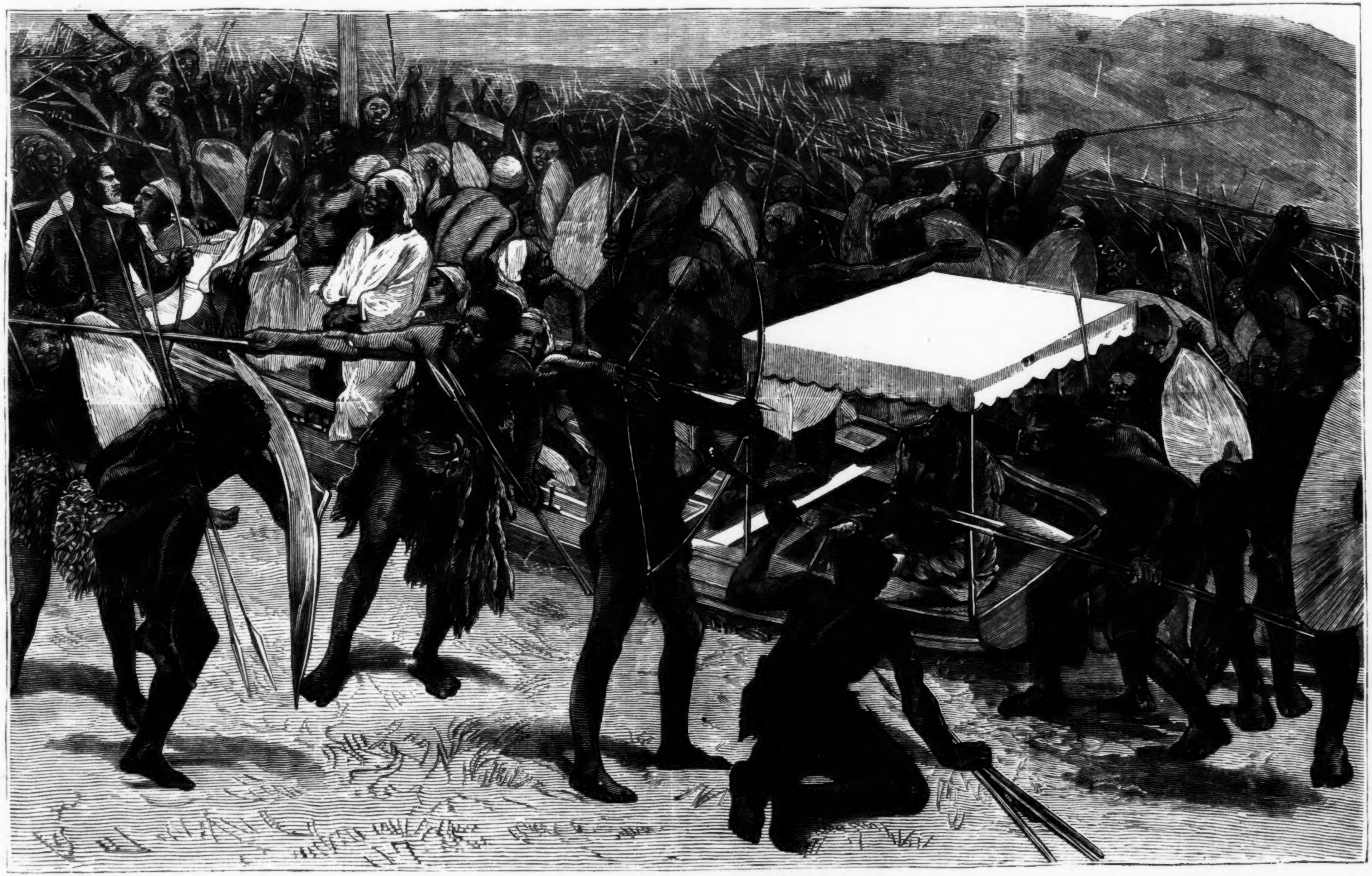


THE GREAT WAR CANOE ON THE CONGO RIVER.

Once above the lower cataracts, he says, we have the half of Africa before us, with no interruption, like the desert regions of the Nile, but one vast, populous plain; no part of Africa with which he is acquainted being so thickly inhabited.

The term villages, he says can scarcely be applied, for it is a collection of dwellings; an there are towns in some places two miles long, with one or more broad streets, and rows of neat and well-built houses, superior to anything to be found in Eastern Africa.

Fault has been found with Mr. Stanley, especially in England, for the warlike contests and destruction of savage life that attended his exploration, which it has been said will make it difficult for any future explorer to follow in the same direction; and which the objectors attribute to a too ready



BUMBIREH HOSPITALITY—THE NEGROES PULLING STANLEY'S CANOE ASHORE.

disposition on his part to employ fire-arms, instead of trying conciliatory measures. In this respect an unfavorable comparison has been made between his journey across Central Africa and that of Lieutenant Cameron, in whose track any one may hereafter peacefully follow. But the conditions in the two cases were not the same, and this condemnation of Mr. Stanley is, in my judgment, very unreasonable.

What Stanley encountered in the regions traversed was what the people of Nyangwa told both Livingstone and Cameron they must expect to find if they attempted to follow the Lualaba in its course to the north, and that it should be so in the vicinity of the equator was to be expected, independent of their information. For a century at least, and probably long before, Arab slave-traders have harried and desolated the interior of Central Africa, north and south of the equator, in the prosecution of their cruel and infamous traffic, but have never been able in their slave raids to penetrate the region in the vicinity of the equator, either from the north or from the south, even with the advantage of fire-arms; having always been resisted by the warlike people who dwell there.

Strange, moreover, as it may appear, the cannibal tribes of Africa, as we know from the journeys both of Du Chaillu and Schweinfurth, are highly intelligent, brave and honest; and when Stanley, a white man with a body of followers, entered their country, the conclusion on their part was a most natural one—that he and his party were slave-traders, whose attempt to get into the country was to be resisted by every means within their power. He was therefore attacked in the beginning and continued to be attacked until he came to that part of the river where natives dwelt who had intercourse with the Atlantic coast, and as he has stated, and as there is every reason to believe, he acted throughout entirely on the defensive.

In no other way would it have been possible for him to have followed the river as he did for 1,800 miles, and none but a man of his indomitable perseverance, courage, sagacity and tact could have carried through such an exploration, which is one of the most remarkable on record. When his exploration of the Congo is taken in connection with what he previously did in tracing the far southern sources of the Nile, in the river Shimeeya, that flows into the southern part of Lake Ukerewe (Victoria Nyanza), and the tributaries of that river; his successful circumnavigation of Lake Ukerewe; the investigation of its tributaries, especially the Kitangule, or Kagera, and what he ascertained in respect to Lake Tanganika, both on his first and his last examination of it, it may be truthfully said that no one man has ever, in explorations upon the land, done so much for the acquisition of geographical information. In respect to the great water-system of Africa, in its connection with the mystery of the Nile and the mystery of the Congo, he has solved an enigma that has engaged the attention of the world for ages, and fixed his name in the foremost rank of geographers, explorers and travelers.

"As we look over the muster-roll," says Sir Rutherford Alcock, "and those who formed this heroic band pass one by one before the mental vision, headed by the veteran martyr and missionary, Livingstone himself, and in the foremost rank Burton, Speke, and Grant, by whom the great lakes and 'the mystic fountains of the Nile' were unvailed; Baker and Gordon following close, with the White Nile and Albert Nyanza emblazoned as the trophies of their prowess; Cameron, who spanned Africa in his stride; and Stanley, with the tribute of the Congo in its vast sweep to the Atlantic in his hand—it seems more like a dream than sober reality that such achievements have been crowded into a quarter of a century, and are the work of a single generation.

"Yet so it is; and if a feeling of doubt or incredulity should arise in any mind as to the vastness of the labor bestowed, and the distances traversed through previously unknown regions, both north and south of the equator, within that brief period, by adventurous explorers at the hazard of their lives, a glance at the map recently issued by the Exploration Committee of the Royal Geographical Society will suffice to dispel any lingering skepticism.

On this sketch-map all the various routes taken by African travelers, singly or in expeditions, have been carefully marked in broad red lines. The effect is rather that of a railway-map of a civilized country in Europe, with its many intersecting lines proceeding from every point of the compass, than the itinerary of routes taken by hardy explorers across vast regions of that *terra incognita* of which Dean Swift wrote in the last century

> "Geographers in Afric map
> With savage pictures fill their gaps,
> And o'er uninhabitable downs
> Place elephants for want of towns."

Nor was the accusation wholly unfounded. The ancients apparently knew little or nothing of Equatorial and Central Africa beyond some reports and traditions of great inland lakes, recorded by Ptolemy in the second century.

In the days of the Pharaohs, we know from Herodotus that the rulers of Egypt and Ethiopia desired in vain to discover the sources of the Nile. The secretary of Minerva in the city of Saïs had merely a fable to relate about "two hills with conical tops, Crophi and Mophi, between which," he said, "are the fountains of the Nile—fountains which it is impossible to fathom. Half the water runs northward into Egypt, half to the south toward Ethiopia."

Diodorus Siculus, much later, could get no better information from the learned priests at Memphis. Neither Phœnicians, Greeks, nor Romans, when the latter held sway in Egypt, knew anything of the interior of Africa beyond a few unreliable reports of slaves, brought from unknown regions. Nero sent an exploring expedition up the Nile, which got no further than Khartoum.

It was not until the Arabs, and after them the Turks, came upon the scene, and the introduction of the camel enabled the Arab traders to traverse the Great Sahara and penetrate to the Soudan with their caravans, that more positive knowledge was obtained. Some settled on the Niger, others wandered from kingdom to kingdom, while adventurers among them often established their rule over native tribes and their chiefs,

Down the eastern coast as far as Zanzibar they found royal dynasties still extant. They no doubt penetrated to the very centre of Africa and along the two coasts, as far as Senegal and Gambia on the west, and to Sofala on the east, and planted colonies at Mombas, Melinda, and other places. It was from the Arab sources of information, and from the Portuguese at a later date on the west coast—*teste* Duarte Lopez's map in Pigafelta's "*Congo*"—that Europe derived all her information as to the interior and great inland lakes, some of which found a place in the maps of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But even this was lost in the succeeding ages, and it was not until the great maritime discoveries of the Portuguese in the fifteenth century, that Africa beyond the Mediterranean littoral assumed any importance.

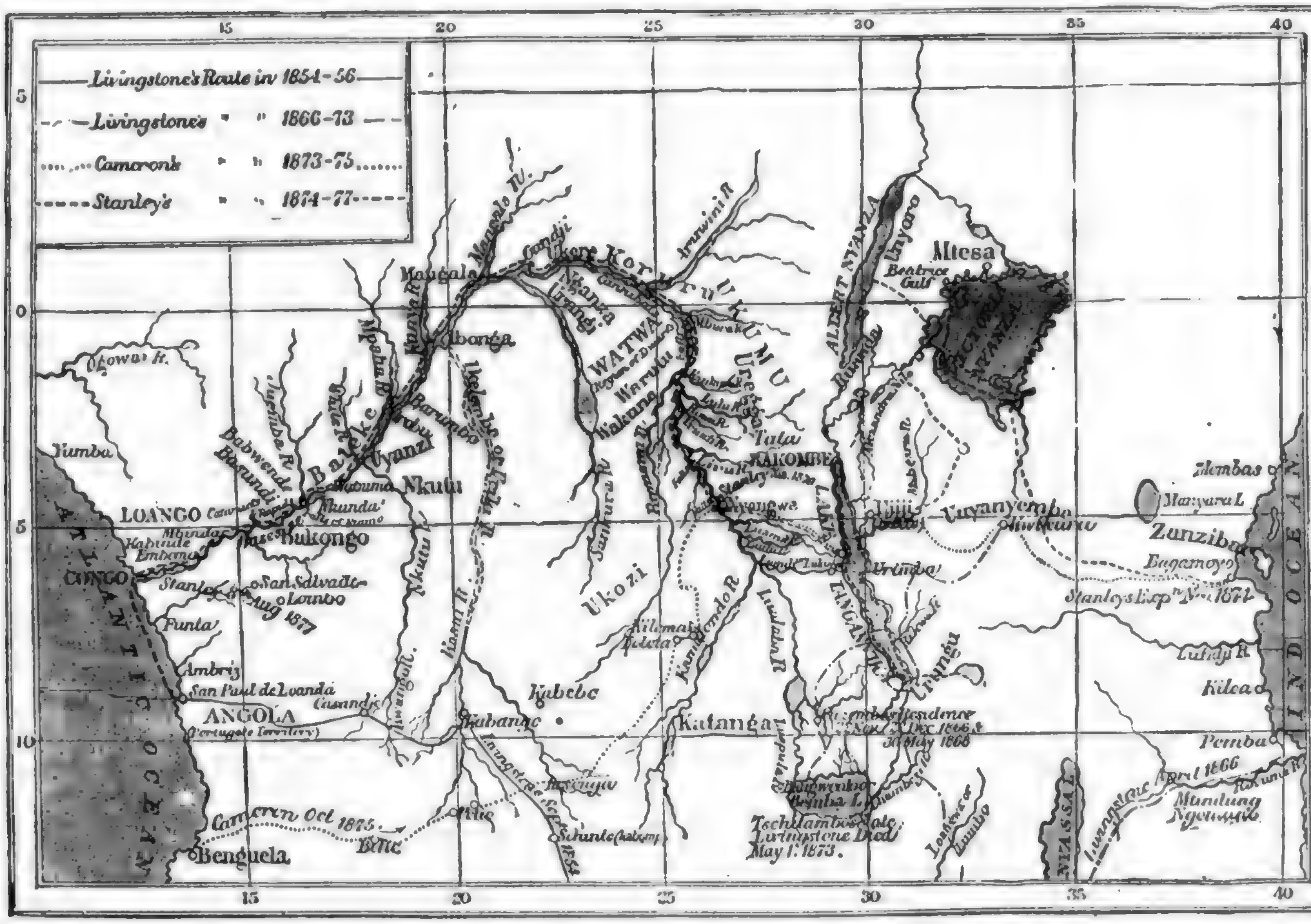
When it ceased to be the granary of Italy, and was covered by the Pashaliks of Turkey, it lost all its value. But the discoveries of the Portuguese along the west coast, under Prince Henry, first led to the importation of slaves to Europe, and subsequently, after the discovery of the New World and the West Indies, to the slave-trade on a vast scale for the labor market there.

One of the objects which Mr. Stanley's brilliant exploit in tracing the Congo will do much to advance, is a continuous line of communication between the east and the west coast of the continent, south of the equator, with Nyassa or Tanganika, midway, as central depots and connecting-links. Subsidiary lines through the lake regions, which would connect the trunk road with the Nile Basin—the lower course of the Congo to the north and the Zambesi country to the south—might debouch at convenient points on the seacoast.

Whether this great trunk road should be maintained by the establishment of a series of permanent posts under European superintendency, or whether it might be sufficient—at any rate as a commencement—to appoint native agencies at certain intermediate points, and to rely on the efforts of individual travelers and the influence of local traffic to keep up a regular communication along the line, would depend on the degree of public support accorded to the undertaking by Great Britain alone, or several countries in conjunction.

From $25,000 to $50,000 spent annually for the next few years, in surveying and exploration, it is estimated, would go a long way, if not entirely suffice, to open one or more direct and practicable roads from the east coast to the lakes, and a trunk-line across the continent—1,400 miles of which might be by steam navigation on the river Congo, as we now know. Of course, the first cost of steamers and road-making would have to be provided in addition. What means might be required to connect the Congo and the Zambesi, or their tributaries, it would be premature yet to say. Cameron has spoken of a short canal; possibly a railroad might be practicable in parts. In any case, there is but this missing link to be filled up to establish direct, though interrupted, water communication (on account of the number of cataracts and necessary portages) across the continent. From the mouth of the Zambesi, on the eastern coast, to the mouth of the Congo, on the western, the greater part may be traversed by navigable rivers. The lakes would, in such a system, become subsidiary, and stretch the lines of commerce from the Zambesi and Congo northward to the Nile and the Mediterranean, and thus put the three oceans—the Atlantic, the Indian and the Mediterranean—in connection the whole length and breadth of the continent. Can this be? it will be asked; and is it possible such vast results might be effected in the next few years, and at an outlay of less than one-tenth of the sum this country has continued spending annually for more than fifty years, and for the attainment of only one of the objects here contemplated? Many sober-minded people will probably ask this question with more or less of incredulity. Yet not only is this possible, but railroads and telegraphic lines would follow quickly on the steps of the pioneers who should make practicable wagon-tracks, though of course at a greater expenditure of capital. The trade that must spring up would, however, readily supply what might be needed.

No doubt there are some who will be disposed to treat all such forecasts of a possible future for Africa as purely visionary, or little better than the hallucinations of enthusiasm and a lively imagination. Mr. Stanley speaks with the advantage, which can scarcely be too highly estimated, of personal observation and great experience as a traveler through Central Africa, from sea to sea, and in many regions never before trodden by the foot of a white man. His opinions, therefore, are deserving of great consideration, and can only be called in question with some diffidence. He expresses, however, a very decided opinion against attempting


Livingstone's Route in 1854-56
Livingstone's " " 1866-73
Cameron's " " 1873-75
Stanley's " " 1874-77
15
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25
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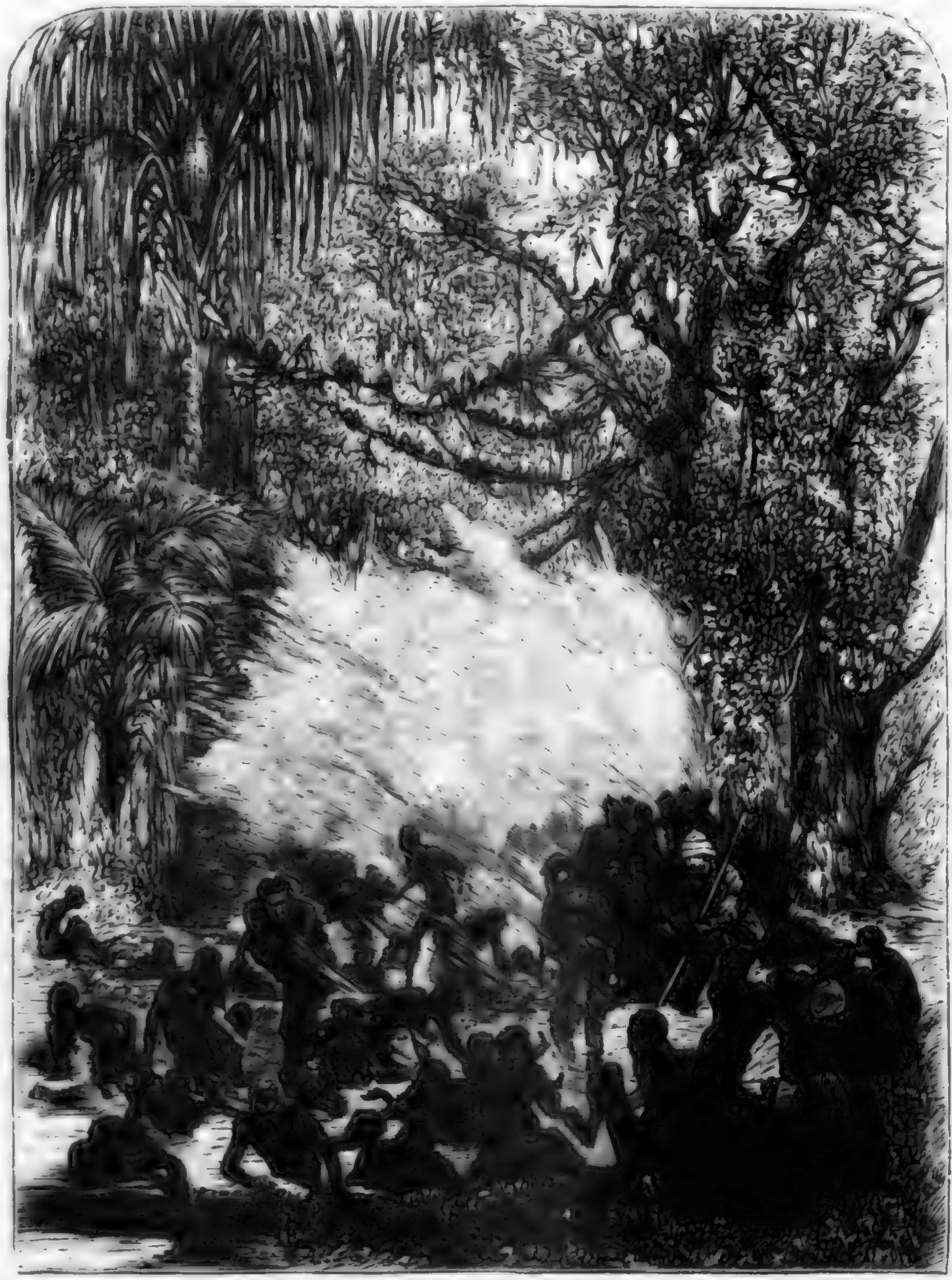
Ogowai R.
Yumba
LOANGO
CONGO
Kabinda
Embomma
Bukongo
San Salvador
Lombo
Stanley Aug 1877
Punta
Ambriz
San Paul de Loanda
Casandje
ANGOLA
(Portuguese Territory)
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Cameron Oct 1875.
Benguela
Bihe
Nkutu
Nkunda
Uyanzi
Bateke
Babwendi
Barumbo
Ibonga
Mangala
Gandji
Ukere
Nganza
Ukongo
WATWA
Warulu
Wakama
Ukozi
Kasai R.
Kabebe
Kabango
Schinte
Kilemba
Katanga
Bangweolo
Bemba L.
Tschitambo's Vale
Livingstone Died
May 1st 1873.
Moero
Urungu
NYASSA L.
Livingstone April 1866
Pemba
Kiloa
Lufiji R.
Rovuma R.
Mandung
Ngomano
Stanley's Exp'n Nov 1871
Bagamoyo
Zanzibar
INDIAN OCEAN
Manyara L.
Mombas
Unyanyembe
Ujiji
Urimba
Tala
KAKOMBE
Nyangwe
Uregga
UKUSU
Aruwimi R.
ALBERT NYANZA
Unyoro
Mtesa
Beatrice Gulf
VICTORIA NYANZA
Rusizi
TANGANIKA

MAP OF THE REGION EXPLORED BY MR. STANLEY.

to push trade from the east coast, based upon the condition of the tribes on the two sides of the continent. Gathered into large kingdoms, governed despotically, and subject to the rule of one chief, in east Central Africa, and infinitely subdivided in the west, from Lake Tanganika to the mouth of the Congo River, he says: "The people are gathered in small, insignificant districts, towns or villages, each governed by its respective chief, all animated by an intense thirst for trade; but equally distinguished for their idolatry, hostility to each other, and foolish pride." From these relative conditions of the eastern and western populations, Mr. Stanley arrives at the conclusion that the two sides of the African continent should be acted on by two different influences. The missionary would be the more powerful agent, and by his labors afford the most fitting means of approach, on the eastern side; while on the western side the trader should precede the missionary.



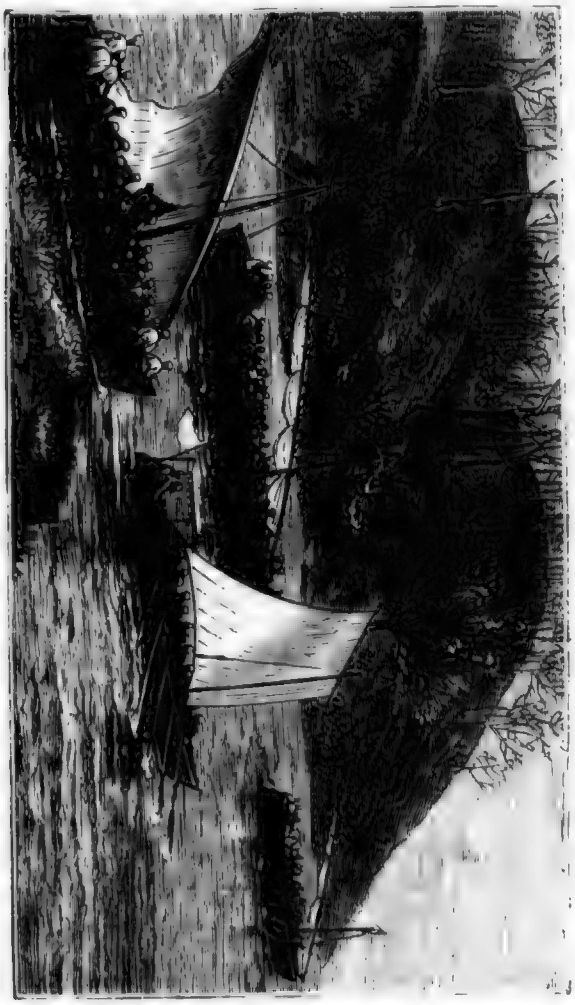
THE STANLEY EXPEDITION AT THE HOT SPRINGS OF MTAGATA.

But there are other conditions, both of a physical and political character, which point to a somewhat different conclusion. The approach to the great inland seas of Central Africa would appear to be much easier, both for trader and missionary, from the east coast than the mouth of the Congo on the west, with its numerous cataracts.

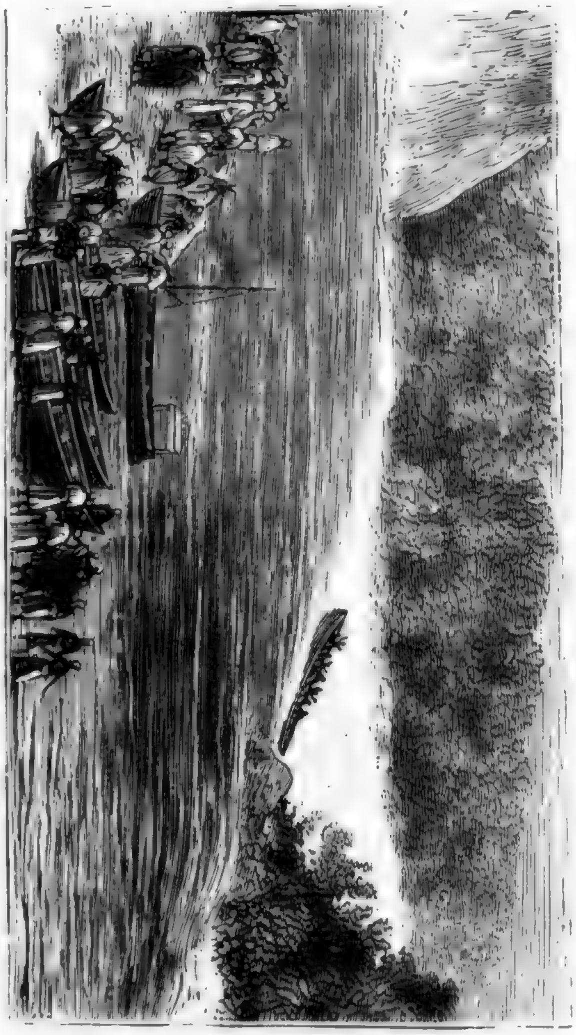
For the labors of the missionary, undoubtedly the great kingdom of Mtesa, with a population of 5,000,000, according to Mr. Stanley, would afford a favorable basis. Mtesa himself might be converted by one effort, since he is so well-disposed, and has asked for missionaries to be sent to him. All his subjects might be converted in the same manner—as all barbarous nations of Europe were converted after Constantine had led the way. There are, besides, the kingdoms of Ruanda, with a like population; of Urundi, with 3,000,000; Asagara, and many others. By all means let missionaries hasten to prosecute their labors in these several territories. They can have no similar prospects in western Central Africa. In the first place, there are well-beaten trade-routes approaching the lakes in several directions from the coast opposite Zanzibar. A bullock-wagon road has already been formed by the Rev. Mr. Rogers, and is being rendered practicable. Facilities for a barter trade have existed from old date in this direction, which can scarcely be found on the western side. The many subdivisions of the land among a thousand small tribes and petty chiefs, some ruling over "a hundred-acre field," and hostile to each other, must go far to make any combinations for a large trade or security impracticable. The first condition of such a trade is a free transit, or the power of entering into valid engagements with those in possession of the land for a secure passage, with regulated rates or duties of transit. This would seem to render the approach from the mouth of the Congo to the point where the uninterrupted navigation of steamers might begin, a slow operation, and one which for a long time must be of doubtful issue.

I would say in conclusion, that whoever earnestly and truly desires to benefit the millions of this slave-haunted continent, where all laws, human and divine, are habitually outraged—whoever hopes to heal this "open sore of the world," as Livingstone designated the slave-trade, where "all the land is foul with monstrous wrong"—must join in the prayer that whatever be the cost or difficulty of the efforts now making, they may prove successful.

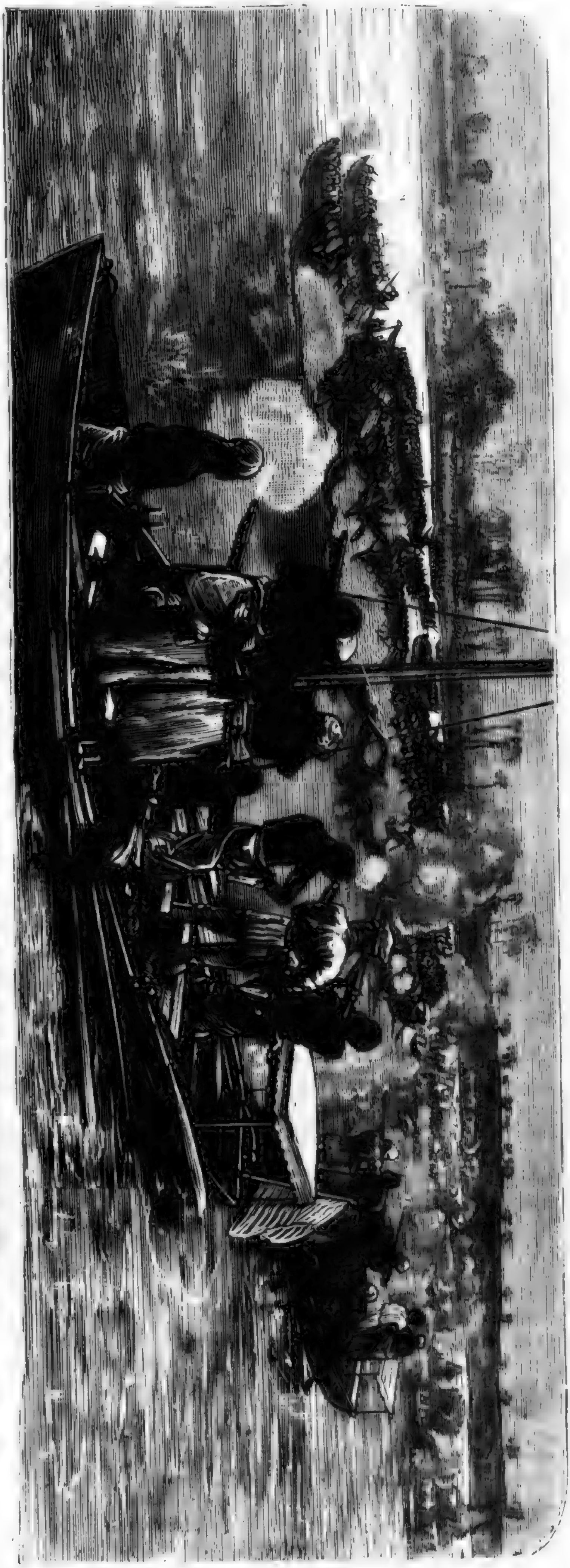
An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.



CROSSING LAKE TANGANIKA.



DEATH OF KALULU WHILE DESCENDING A RAPID.



THE STANLEY EXPEDITION'S THIRTY-FIRST FIGHT—OBSTINATE ENGAGEMENT WITH THE BANGALA NEGROES IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE GARDENER BIRD.

In a recent number of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, a very curious account is translated for that journal, and illustrated with engravings by a traveler in New Guinea—Signor Odoardo Beccari—of a new species of Bower Bird, very similar in its habits to the Australian Bower Birds of which Mr. Darwin gives so striking an account in the second volume of his "Descent of Man."

This new Papuan variety is called the *Amblyornis inornata*, and is, in fact, a bird of Paradise in plain clothes, without the gorgeous costume that is usually associated with that name.

"It is," says Signor Beccari, "about the size of the ordinary turtle-dove, and both the male and the female appear to have a plumage of the most unostentatious description—their feathers only show a few different varieties of brown. But it would be a very mistaken inference to suppose that bright coloring is not enjoyed and valued by these birds. They appear, indeed, to be birds of great capacity for the plastic arts. They are wonderful actors—in the sense of presenting accurately the voices and notes of a great variety of other birds, so as to deceive completely those who are in search of them.

"It is a clever bird," says Signor Beccari, "called by the inhabitants *Buruk Gurea*—Master Bird—since it imitates the songs and screamings of numerous birds so well, that it brought my hunters to despair, who were but too often misled by the bird. Another name of the bird is *Tukan Robon*, which means 'a gardener,' and in fact, the chief peculiarity of the bird is its great taste for landscape gardening, in which art it seems to excel almost all the Bower Birds." Signor Beccari apparently regards the bower he describes as the bird's "nest," but unless the New Guinea variety differs in this respect from the other kinds of birds of this description, he was probably mistaken in this. Mr. Darwin says, distinctly, "The bowers, which, as we shall hereafter see, are highly decorated with feathers, shells, bones, and leaves, are built on the ground for the sole purpose of courtship, *for their nests are formed in trees.*"

We should think it most likely that this is the case also with the New Guinea species. And if so, the beautiful arbors described and illustrated by Signor Beccari are mere places of social resort, like our marquees or tents for picnics; and though so much more beautiful, are much more endurable also; for Signor Beccari says that the Amblyornis bowers last for three or four years, which our marquees, even in that climate, scarcely would. And the beauty of the structure shows how far superior these birds are to human beings in their æsthetic architecture.

They select for their bowers a flat space round a small tree, the stem of which is not thicker than a walking-stick, and clear of branches near the ground. Round this they build a cone of moss of the size of a man's hand, the object of which does not seem to be explained, but may be perhaps merely to make a soft cushion round the tree in parts where the birds are most likely to strike against it. At a little height above this moss cushion, and about two feet from the ground, they attach to the tree twigs of a particular orchid (*Dendrobium*), which grows in large tufts on the trunks and branches of trees, its twigs being very pliant, and weave them together, fastening them to the ground at a distance of about eighteen inches from the tree all round; leaving, of course, an opening, by which the birds can enter the arbor. Thus they make a conical arbor of some two feet in height, and three feet (on the ground) in diameter; with a wide ring round the moss cushion for promenading; and here they are sheltered from the elements, and have a pavilion of the most delicate materials. They appear to select this particular orchid for their building, because, besides the extreme pliancy, the stalks and leaves live long after they are detached from the plant on which they grow. Both leaves and stalks remain fresh and beautiful, says Signor Beccari, for a very long period after they have been plaited in this way into the roofing of the arbor.

But all birds are great architects, and the only peculiarity in this respect of the Bower Bird is that it builds separate structures for domestic life and for social amusement;—that its house is not its pavilion for pleasure, but a different kind of structure altogether. The Bower Birds, however, are still more remarkable for laying out pleasaunces round their pavilions, than even for building these special resorts for social amusement. The Satin Bower Bird, says Mr. Darwin, "collects gayly colored articles, such as the blue tail-feathers of parakeets, bleached bones and shells, which it sticks between the twigs or arranges at the entrance. Mr. Gould found in one bower a neatly worked stone tomahawk and a slip of blue cotton, evidently procured from a native encampment. These objects are continually rearranged and carried about by the birds whilst at play. The bower of the Spotted Bower Bird is 'beautifully lined with tall grasses, so disposed that the heads nearly meet, and the decorations are very profuse.' Round stones are used to keep the grass-stems in their proper places, and to make divergent paths leading to the bower. The stones and shells are often brought from a great distance. The Regent Bird, as described by Mr. Ramsay, ornaments its short bower with bleached land-shells belonging to five or six species, and with 'berries of various colors, blue, red and black, which give it, when fresh, a very pretty appearance. Besides these, there were several newly picked leaves and young shoots of a pinkish color, the whole showing a decided taste for the beautiful.'"

And now to this description is to be added Signor Beccari's description of the greatest of landscape-gardeners amongst birds, who makes himself first a lawn of moss before the bower—the Papuan grass, like all tropical grass, is probably of the poorest and coarsest kind, and quite incapable of anything like the velvet smoothness of an English lawn—and then strews this mossy lawn with the most beautiful flowers and fruits it can find, so arranged as to produce the same effect as the flower-bed of an English garden, or, more exactly, perhaps, the flower-strewn turf of an English churchyard. The Gardener Bird is very careful to keep its lawn free from any disfigurement, and, though it does not seem to have invented a garden-roller, the moss, probably, is a material which does not need such an instrument. This is what Signor Beccari says:

"Before the cottage there is a meadow of moss. This is brought to the spot, and kept free from grass, stones, or anything which would offend the eye. On this green turf, flowers and fruits of pretty color are placed, so as to form an elegant little garden. The greater part of the decoration is collected round the entrance to the nest, and it would appear that the husband offers there his daily gifts to his wife. The objects are very various, but always of vivid color. There were some fruits of a Garcinia, like a small-sized apple. Others were the fruits of Gardenias, of a deep-yellow color in the interior. I saw, also, small, rosy fruits, probably of a Scitaminaceous plant, and beautiful, rosy flowers of a splendid new Vaccinium (*Agapetes amblyornidis*). There were also fungi and mottled insects placed on the turf. As soon as the objects are faded, they are moved to the back of the hut."

So that the Gardener Bird carefully renews the beauty of his garden. Just as the gardener takes away the flowers whose bloom is over, and replaces them with new ones

XUM

whose beauty is still fresh, so the Amblyornis removes to the back of its pavilion all the faded flowers and fruits, and renews the coloring on its lawn by a fresh supply. Thus at least three of the plastic arts are pursued by this remarkable bird, and all of them, apparently, from artistic feeling, rather than from any domestic want. As we have seen, it is a great actor, deceiving the most experienced ear by rendering in turn the songs and screams of all its various companions. It is a great architect; and this, again—if the analogy of the other Bower Birds may be trusted—not in the interest of family life, but of the lighter social amusements of its tribe. And it is a great gardener, making artificially for itself a lawn of moss, and disposing on this lawn all the beautiful coloring with which the blossoms and fruits of the neighborhood supply it. Signor Beccari contrasts its habits in this way with those of the human inhabitants of the neighborhood. "I discovered," he says, "that the inhabitants of Arfak did not follow the example of the Amblyornis. Their houses are quite inaccessible from dirt."

Indeed, the sense of beauty and of art which these Bower Birds seem to possess is so great, that we may well imagine it possible that they may, to some extent, generalize upon the principles of art, and that amongst these plain, brown-clad Birds of Paradise there may be some germinal Burkes, or even rudimentary Ruskins. If such there be, what, we wonder, are the principles of beauty which recommend themselves to these winged devotees of the plastic arts? Do they, perhaps, believe, as our theorists upon art do, that there is no true art in imitation—nor, indeed, without an expression of the mind of the artist? Would they not maintain, perhaps—if they could expressly maintain anything—that the key to a true picture consists in the bird-thought—the "aviary element"—which gives it unity; that the secret of beauty in their bowers and mossy lawns, and in the flowers and fruits of various colors strewn thereupon, is never in the mere form and color, but rather in the explicit reference to the feelings of the brown birds which thus lay down their offerings, and the other brown birds to whose affections and hopes these offerings appeal? Our own artists assure us that landscape, however beautiful, is naught without the "human element" to give it meaning. Do the Birds of Paradise think the same—substituting, of course, the "aviary" for the "human" element? When he looks at the Papuan forests and fruits, does the Amblyornis think of them merely with a view to the nests or the bowers and gardens for which they are available? If he could picture nature as delicately as he can build, and as he can arrange color, would he find fault with any landscape in which there was nothing better than a human interest, unless, indeed, that human interest happened also to involve an "aviary" interest?—in other words, unless the men concerned were intending to bring about tragedies among the birds? Certainly, if the great artistic teachers of our own society are right, this should be so; and Art should have a different meaning for each species of creature capable of conceiving in any degree what Art means. Yet, so far as we can see, the ideas of beauty and art entertained by the Bower Birds, though very rudimentary indeed, are entirely of one piece and one origin with the more developed ideas of the human race.

TRAITS OF DOGS.

A VESSEL was driven by a storm on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously. Eight men were calling for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the noble animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea, fighting his way through the foaming waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it toward him. The sagacious dog knew the whole business in an instant. He dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surge and delivered it to his master. By this means a line of communication was formed and every man on board saved.

Mr. Jesse says: "An intelligent correspondent, to whom I am indebted for some sensible remarks on the faculties of dogs, remarked that large-headed dogs are generally possessed with superior faculties to others. The fact favors the phrenological opinion that size of brain is evidence of superior power. He has a dog possessing a remarkably large head, and few dogs can match him in intelligence. Besides his cleverness in the field as a retriever, he shows his sagacity at home in the performance of several useful feats. One consists in carrying messages. If a neighbor is to be communicated with, the dog is always ready to be the bearer of a letter. He will take orders to the workmen who reside at a short distance from the house, and will scratch impatiently at the door when so employed, although at other times, desirous of sharing the warmth of their kitchen fire, he would wait patiently, and then, entering with a seriousness befitting the imagined importance of his mission, would carefully deliver the note, never returning without having discharged his trust. His usefulness in recovering articles accidentally lost has often been proved. As he is not always allowed to be present at dinner, he will bring a hat, book, or anything he can find, and hold it in his mouth as a sort of apology for his intrusion. He seems pleased to lead his master's horse to the stable."

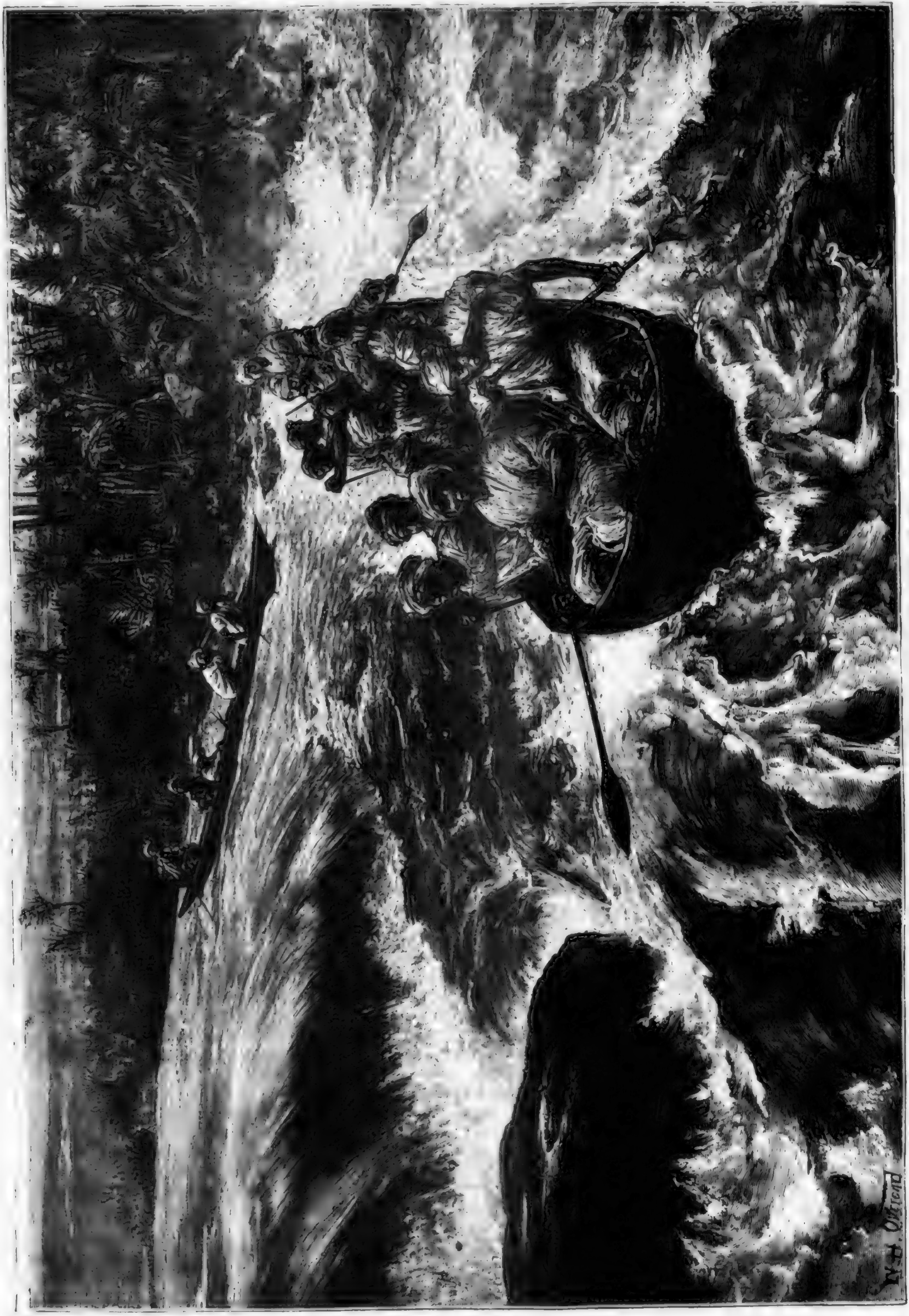
EARRINGS.

THE oldest earrings now known to be in existence are those taken from the pyramids, or tombs of the Egyptian kings. Some of these may be seen in the collections of the New York Historical Society.

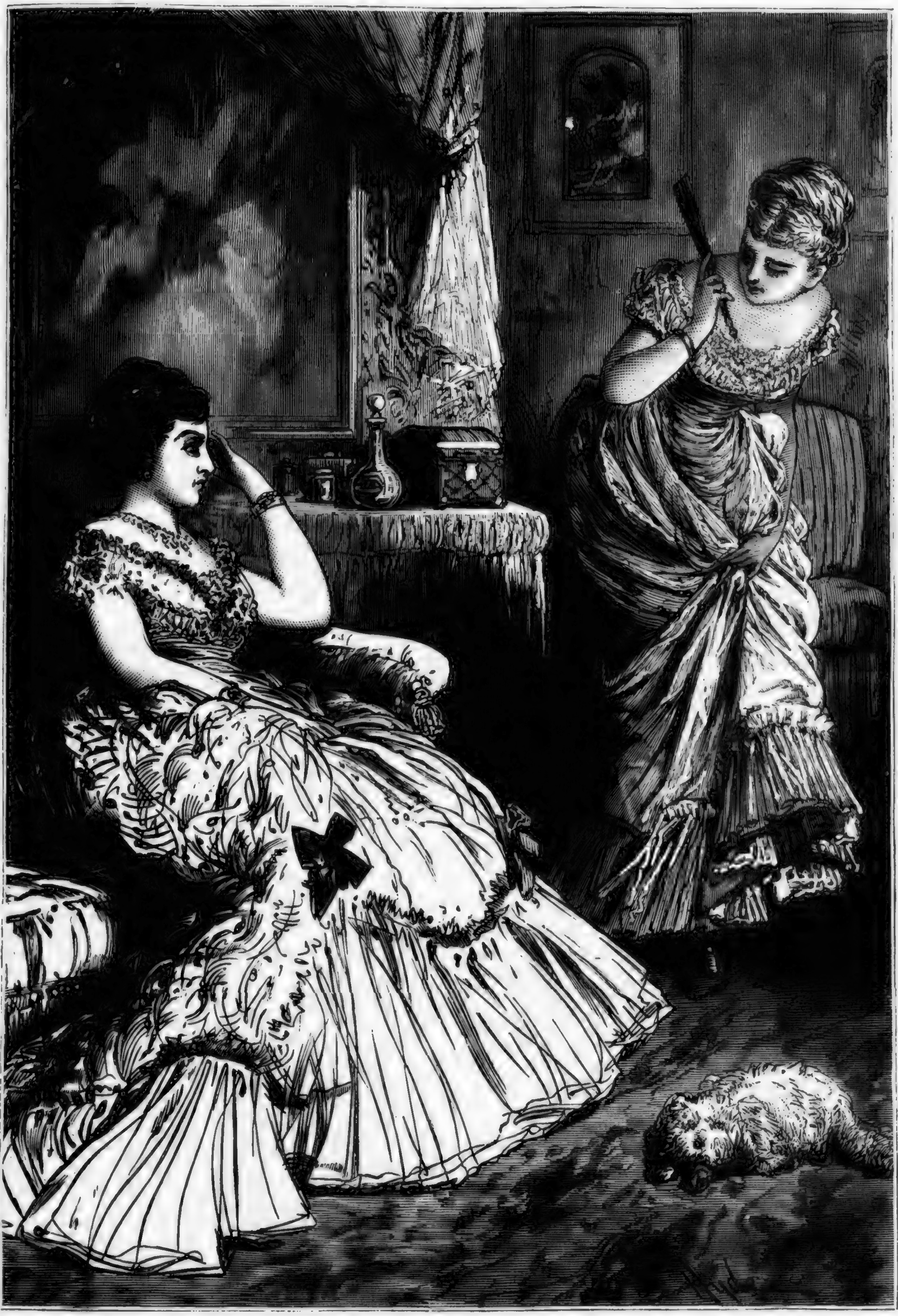
These ornaments were used among savage peoples before the earliest civilization. The beginnings of literature contain allusions to them, and fragments of sculpture, older than literature, depict them. They have usually been made of gold or silver, but occasionally, among Oriental nations, of agate, chalcedony, onyx, coral and pearls. The finest are said to be the Turkish and Persian. Except among the Hebrews, both sexes wore them in Eastern countries; and this custom exists in some parts of America.

The original form of earring seems to have been a simple circlet passed through a hole bored in the soft and partly insensible cartilaginous lobe at the lower end of the ear. These hoops of gold were sometimes three inches in diameter. Oftener they were jeweled drops, or pendants, hung from a hook passed through the ear. Much ingenuity has been spent in fashioning these drops into the forms of flowers, leaves, snakes, birds, portraits, etc.

A variety of views exist as to their use. Some regard the piercing of the ear as a relic of barbarism, unhealthy and dangerous; while many men in France and Italy, and boys in Germany, wear them, believing that they save the eyes from weakness.



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS ON THE LOWER CONGO.



BELOW THE SURFACE.—"'WAS HE NOT YOUR OLD LOVER? TELL THE TRUTH, NOW.' 'HE WAS NOT MY LOVER,' HELEN SAYS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

BELOW THE SURFACE

By Amanda M. Douglas.

"BUT I am not sure. That is the trouble."

A proud, high-bred face this is, turned toward Hubert Mallory—a grave and noble face, rather than strictly beautiful.

There is something about her unlike any woman he has ever met; an undefinable charm that makes him wish to possess this slender, fair woman, who looks as if you might twist her around your finger—whose small, dimpled mouth seems formed for kisses—whose voice has an unconsciously caressing tone in it; and yet she is steel and coldness.

"Yet you might *try*, Helen;" and a peculiar earnestness lights up his face. "Have you ever tried to love any man?"

"No, I have not," she answers, frankly; and then a rift of color steals over her fair cheek, and a soft, luminous light shadows her eyes.

"I think," she says, a moment later, as if correcting herself, "that a woman's love ought to be spontaneous. Perhaps I have too much romance—expect too complete a state of satisfaction. It seems to me that I want something more than mere liking and approval. It may be that I am not formed for love, and, Mr. Mallory, nothing could be more bitter for a woman, for *me*, at least, than to find that she had made a fearful mistake, and given esteem merely, when she was capable of a deep and passionate regard."

"I think you are a little morbid. These fiery loves burn out sooner than you are aware. I am quite willing to take your esteem for a foundation, and build on that. I am quite sure that I can make you happy. When you come to have an active interest in another person, and feel that your sympathetic presence, your strength, tenderness and affection are helping him to a higher and better life, you will cease to torment yourself with these idle scruples and fancies."

He turns then, takes both her hands in his, and, for a moment, his face makes her waver.

"Do you love any one else?"

"No," she says, with a little hesitating softness and downcast eyes, wondering if she is telling the exact truth now. If Hubert Mallory could have waited a month longer, or if she had the courage to confess that foolish old affair!

He sees that there *is* some old affair. His eyes are very keen. They had both in their talks gone down to the very depths of things, and he had been made more critical by her delicate discrimination. The charm that has drawn him so near this woman rebuffs him now. She has something to conceal, and his wife must keep nothing from him.

"Very well," he makes answer, in a dry tone. "I have offered you the love of a good and honorable man. I think you could have made yourself happy with me, but you know best, doubtless——"

"That is the bell for supper," she says, quickly, remarking the difference in his voice, and glad of an interruption; then, in a sudden, hurried fashion, "You have done me a great deal of honor, Mr. Mallory. I tried—I mean, I did not want you to——"

"Yes, I understand," bowing politely. "A strange sort of blindness seizes us men sometimes. I hope you will be happy, wherever your lot is cast,"

"And you have my best, my most fervent wishes for your happiness."

Some men would not have gone in to supper—not have chatted the half-hour afterward. His masterly command over himself raised him greatly in Helen's estimation, though he did not need that alone.

So he said good-night and good-by. He would not be back to Elwood before October.

Helen Rossiter went to her room very much dissatisfied.

Her life went on quietly enough until the last week of July, when a letter came from Aunt Vane. I must tell you that Helen was an orphan, with a fair fortune of her own. Last Summer Aunt Vane had tried to marry her to a wealthy Englishman, and failing, had "washed her hands of her."

They had taken a Summer cottage at Crofton Springs, the letter ran, and were in the midst of a charming circle. Nelly was engaged, and would be married early in the Fall. They counted on her for first bridesmaid. "And I shall be so lonesome after that, I shall want you the whole Winter. We shall expect you now on Thursday. I shall never forgive you if you disappoint us."

She decided that she would go. At twenty-three one doesn't lose all relish for gayety simply because one has declined an offer of marriage.

So Helen Rossiter, after a day's journey, reached Crofton, was met most cordially by Aunt Vane, driven homeward, and there, on the vine-covered porch, Nelly Vane kissed her rapturously, and, turning to a gentleman sitting in a shady corner, said:

"Hubert, this is my cousin, Miss Rossiter. Mr. Mallory, Helen."

"Miss Rossiter and I are old friends," was the cordial reply; "I met her at Elwood in the Spring, when I was settling my uncle's estate."

"How odd!"

Then Helen is led to her room, pretty and dainty, and Aunt Vane explains it all.

"Nelly is going to do splendidly. He belongs to the Mallorys of West Haven, the large manufacturers, you know. Perhaps you have heard? His father was worth several millions, and there are two old-maid aunts with immense fortunes. I never managed anything so nicely in my life. Why, it is only five weeks since they first met! One of the aunts is staying here. He came down first to get her comfortably settled, and he took a wonderful fancy to Nelly. She thinks him *rather* romantic"—and Aunt Vane shrugged her shoulders—"but I tell her not to trouble herself—husbands get over all that soon enough. And I've planned for them to be married soon. I don't believe in long engagements. Nelly *is* a little inclined to flirt;" and Aunt Vane glanced sharply at her niece, as if the fault was part hers. "Did you like him?" she asks, suddenly.

"Oh, yes. Oddly enough, he is an old friend of grandmother's."

"And, of course, he used to call?" Aunt Vane says, wondering if she has been wise in inviting Helen. But, then, Nelly is so much handsomer and brighter and younger, and she can easily stamp out the first sign of interference.

"I hope you will find everything comfortable. I'll send Cathy to help you unpack. Dinner is at six—will half an hour do, or shall I delay it?"

"No, I can be ready, with Cathy's help."

"It was real good of you to obey so promptly, Helen," she says, with another kiss—she is a rather effusive woman when she has a point to gain. "You need not dress much; there will only be Mr. Mallory to dinner, and afterward he and Nelly are to go to some *tableaux*. We'll have a nice, quiet evening by ourselves."

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Helen Rossiter wonders at dinner, and all the evening, in fact, how Mr. Mallory became engaged to her cousin. Nelly is a girl of no depth and but little heart, and quite deficient in the traits he used to admire most in her.

In three days' time they are domesticated and at ease.

Aunt Vane cannot detect the slightest clandestine sympathy between her niece and her son-in-law-elect, and settles to a worldly-wise content.

Helen will share other honors with Nelly—that is, keep the little side-flirtations from being so evident.

It is natural that a handsome young girl like Nelly should be fond of admiration. The mother is really proud of the daughter's belleship, yet a trifle afraid of it.

But Mr. Mallory cannot spend a whole month dancing attendance on his fair betrothed; for, being one of an eminent law firm, his presence is required occasionally on matters of importance. He wants to get away, too; this cool, calm woman, with her pansy-purple gray eyes and smooth, entrancing voice, stirs a feeling in his heart that he must fight against.

He knew, now, what had drawn him to Miss Vane. Both girls had the same slender, graceful figures, a curious likeness in voice and expression, or, at least, certain phases of expression. Miss Vane was a pure blonde, a very handsome girl; Miss Rossiter was palely fair, with less of the pink; her hair was a soft brown, her eyes that peculiar, soulful tint which seems to comprehend gray, blue and black. Yes, he understood now, and a pang of regret left him stunned with pain and ice cold.

But he was a man of the strictest honor. He would never rest until he had uprooted the old love, aware that it was much stronger than he had imagined.

"If I have been foolish, I must suffer," he said. "And since Helen Rossiter did not love me, my task will be the easier."

One evening, amid the light and brilliancy of the ballroom, as the two cousins are standing together, some one introduces a very handsome gentleman, who bows low to Miss Vane, takes a second look at Miss Rossiter, and cries, quickly:

"Why, I am delighted! You surely have not forgotten me? I claim an old friend's right!" And he takes her hand.

"I think you must have known everybody from Adam down," says Nelly, with captivating petulance. "You do nothing but meet old friends."

"But I do not date further back than the flood, Miss Vane, and you must allow that I am tolerably well-preserved at that, considering the length of the shower. Like the Irishman—the Templetons had a boat of their own;" and he bowed again, this time laughingly.

"I knew Mr. Templeton six years ago," Helen says, composedly, although her heart beats with a quick throb.

This man has been her hero for five years. If he had asked her to marry him the morning he came to say good-by to her at her guardian's home, she would have gone to the ends of the earth with him.

And this flippant, selfish man—she understands intuitively that he is all that and more—is the being by whom she has measured other men, her youth's sweet ideal. Ah, how wild—how foolish she has been! Hubert Mallory, too!

Her hand is claimed for the Lancers, and she goes through the figures mechanically. Then a waltz, and in its swift, dizzying whirl she sees Nelly and Templeton. What a strange, bewildering picture they make! He, with his raven hair and beard, his clear skin that suggests fine bronze, his elegant, supple figure, the affluence and power in every line. And this lovely Psyche, in her pure blonde tints! The melody was an inspiration to both. Never did twinkling feet translate it more exquisitely.

It is long past midnight; Nelly is pirouetting round her cousin's room.

"It was heavenly! I never waltzed with any one who had attained that perfection before. It was passion and delicacy combined. Do tell me all you know about him! Why, you are as dull as can be! Are you sleepy?"

"A little tired, I must confess."

"And you want me to go! but I won't stir a step until you answer every question. Did you ask him to call? No! I'll never forgive you, Helen Rossiter. But you need not be so afraid, I can ask him myself. Was he your old lover? Tell me the truth, now!"

"He was not my lover," Helen says, almost crossly; for that cruel temptation is still whirling through her brain. "We were boy and girl friends, I suppose—I mean that I was a girl, and was fond of dancing in those days. And that is all."

"Then, Miss Helen Rossiter, I believe you are jealous now—jealous of *me!*" And she shakes the flood of ripe-wheat hair until you fancy the sun is shining in the room. "You foolish Helen! don't you know I am engaged? There, good-night; I have tormented you enough." And she spins away, humming the most beguiling strain of the whole waltz.

Mrs. Vane is enchanted with Mr. Templeton also. When she observes Helen's little hoar-frost of distance, she asks her plainly if he has been among her rejected lovers.

"He never asked me to marry him, or even said that he loved me," Helen replies, with dignity.

"But he admires you now, that is evident. And, Helen, when a girl nears twenty-five, her best chances are over. You don't look old, fortunately, but people remember how long you have been in society. Do take my advice, dear, and be suited before you are called an old maid. The men of this year are as good as the men of any time."

Helen drew a long breath when September came—in the city matters would be different.

To the city they went. Mrs. Vane used her motherly arts to bring about a wedding-day, and it was set down for Christmas Eve. Then Mr. Mallory had to go to Baltimore on some urgent business. They are very gay at Mrs. Vane's. Nelly is bridesmaid for a friend, and must spend a week in a great house up the Hudson, and Templeton manages to be invited. He and Nelly find out then that they are madly in love.

Templeton meets Nelly at picture-galleries, parties and the like, but asks at the hall-door if Miss Rossiter is in.

"Helen," her aunt says to the latter, one day, "what *are* you going to do about Mr. Templeton? People will begin to talk presently. If you mean to marry him finally, why make such a mystery of it?"

"I do not mean to marry him. Even my vanity would not allow me to think he wanted me."

"Why does he come, then, so persistently?"

"I have never asked him to call on me. In fact, I have gone out some evenings to avoid him."

"I would make him understand, then——"

"But he never says anything to me. Indeed, I wish he would not come," she answers, earnestly, glancing at Nelly.

"Very well. I am glad to have the matter understood. Nelly, I want *you* to be a little particular, also."

"I?"—with a foolish little laugh. "Why, mamma, I was thinking, as he was Helen's friend, he might like—to stand with her. They would make such a splendid-looking couple!"

"I do not want to stand with him—indeed, I will not!"

And Helen leaves the room abruptly.

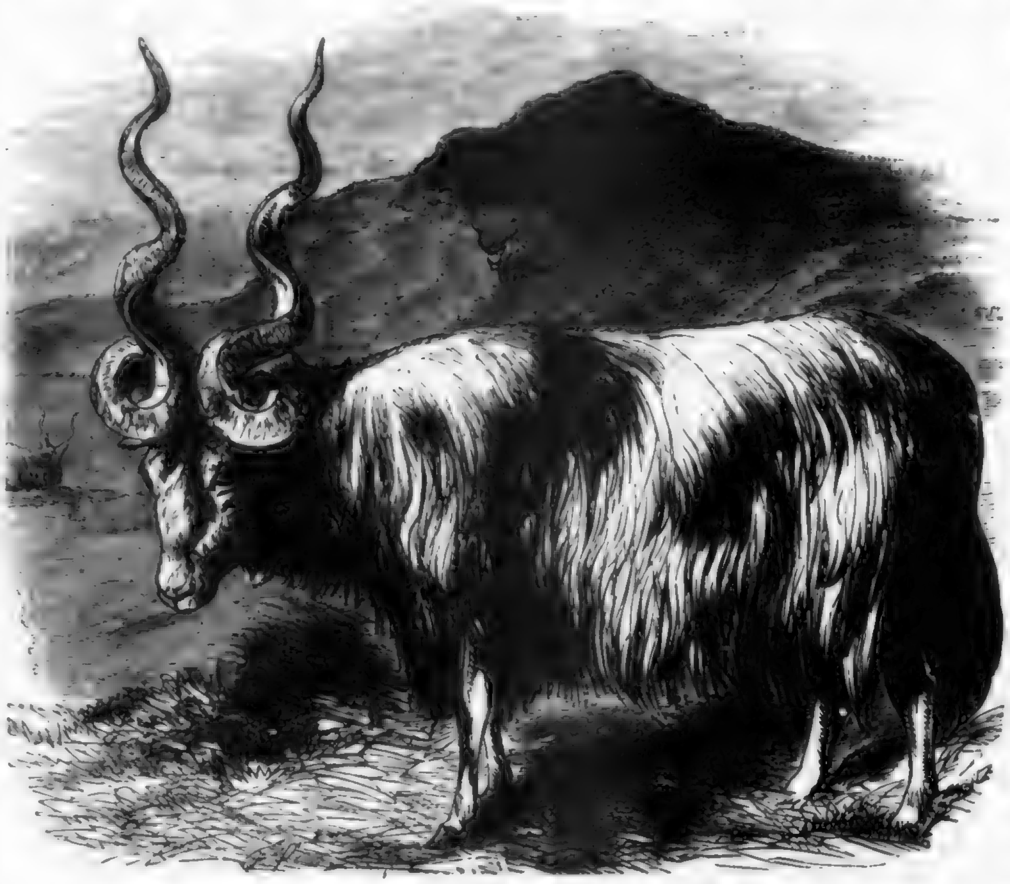
"How queer Helen has grown! Mamma, do you know that I sometimes think Helen does care a great deal for Mr. Templeton, and is—well, the least bit vexed that he doesn't love her."

The suggestion quenched Mrs. Vane's late suspicions. It may be. She fancies Nelly could not deceive *her*.

So they come to a night in November. Mrs. Vane is at her second daughter's, who has been taken suddenly ill. There is to be a grand affair at Mrs. Hardenbrook's—the first ball of the season—and she cannot get home to attend. The girls will need no chaperon there, however.

The spacious rooms in the Hardenbrook mansion have all the glitter and glow of a palace, and the queens of wealth and society are gathered there. Knots of politicians discuss new measures, new railroads, new grants. Elder women in diamonds, satin and velvet, talk scandal; the younger generation dance and flirt. Nelly is quite wild, and looks entrancingly beautiful, dancing like a Greek nymph. Helen is listening to two old dowagers who are talking of some gentleman.

"But I *know* it," says one. "She was a pretty, young German girl, who had a rich old uncle. The marriage was private. Margaret is teaching in a German-English school, and heard all the talk. The uncle died and left his money to a hospital or something, and then he would not own her. There's no question but that she is his wife. I mean to write to Margaret. Such a thing ought to be made public."



CRETAN OR WALLACHIAN SHEEP.—SEE PAGE 535.

"No daughter of mine should flirt so with him. It is shameful."

"I wonder that Mallory endures it. Miss Mallory was saying—— Ah, Mr. Kingsland!"

There was no more gossip. Helen moved away. For Mr. Mallory's sake, it must be ended. The woman he loved must be saved.

The waltz is over, and she goes in search of Nelly. She is thinking of making an appeal to Dick Templeton, for she has courage enough for anything now. But the jam increases—it is really frightful, and the silver-tongued French clocks ring out a peal for midnight. Here is Mrs. Hardenbrook, weighted with diamonds and point-lace.

"Have you seen Nelly?" Helen asks, eagerly.

"Nelly? Oh, she has gone home. She was taken suddenly ill, but she did not want you to be disturbed, so I sent my Fanchon with her. And, to tell the truth, I did not like the way she and that Templeton were going on. It won't do for her to throw over Mr. Mallory. What a crowd this is! I told Mr. Hardenbrook that we might better give two balls——"

Helen sees Templeton, and a great throb of relief runs through her soul. She tries to get to him. Is he eluding her? Then he disappears, and she orders the carriage.

Nelly has come home and gone to her room. The door is locked. Helen can get no response. Then she bethinks herself of the passage through the pantries, and hurries through.

It is as she has half suspected. There is no Nelly. A wraith-like pink silk lies on the bed, and a tumbled mass of flowers and lace. The drawers are open. She has picked up a few articles and taken her jewelry. A bit of folded paper lies here on the floor, and Helen picks it up.

> "Up-train leaves at 1.20. Wait in depot for me. Fourth Avenue entrance, ladies' room."

Shall she go and save her, or presently win back the man she loves with a strength that frightens herself? Nelly is not worthy of him. But the scandal, the disgrace, the secret *she* knows, that Templeton may have a wife! That decides her. She will keep her own soul pure and clean.

She orders the carriage again with all haste, and tearing off her party dress, robes plainly, throwing her blue waterproof over all, and taking a thick vail. It seems an age to her, and she thinks it must be almost morning. The streets are still and deserted, there is little life about the great Station, and the lights are few. Her first search is unsuccessful, and she tries another ladies' room. That, too, is solitary—no, there is a figure huddled in one corner, and she flies to it.

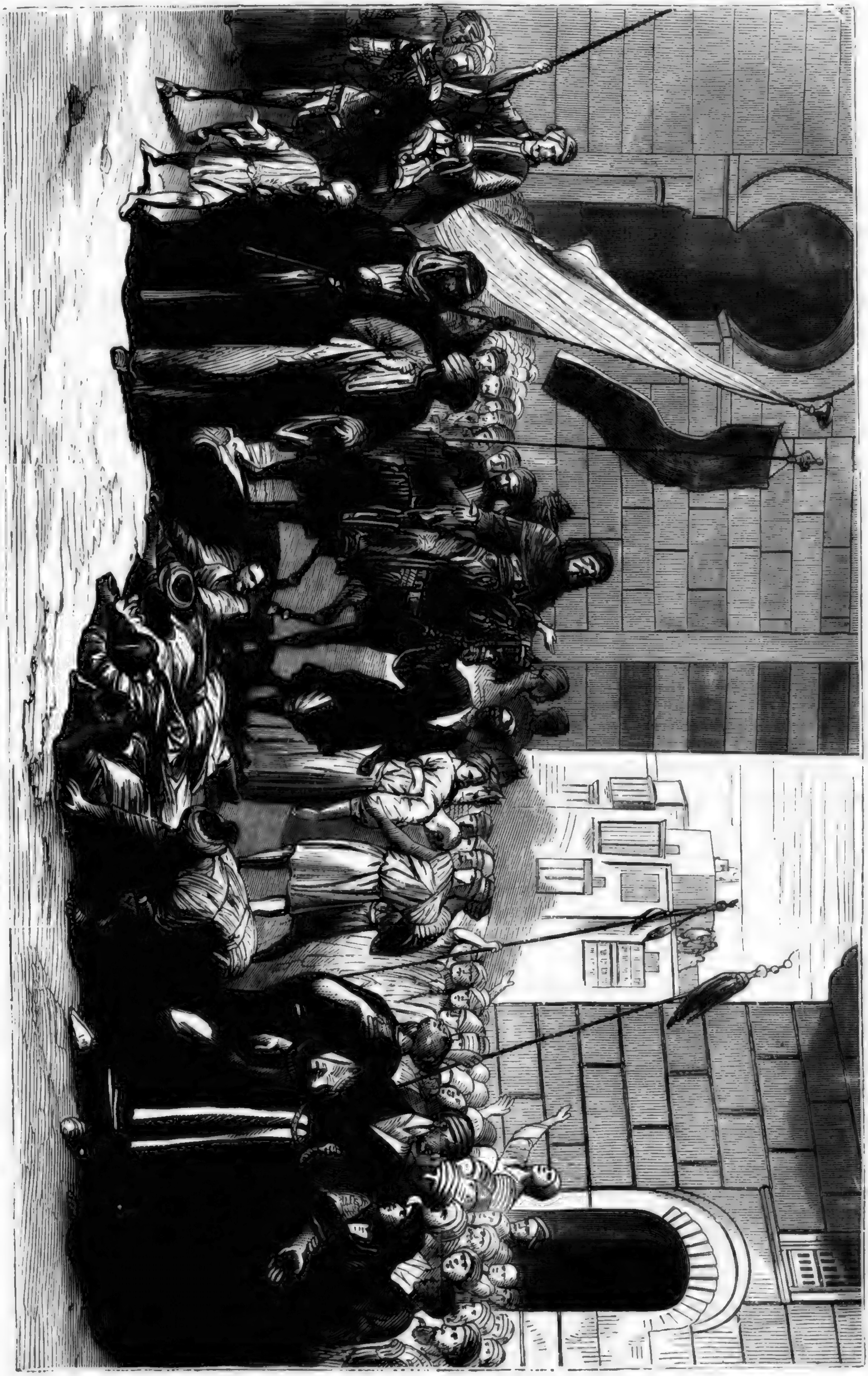
"Nelly! Nelly!"

"You are mistaken," says a constrained voice.

"No, I am not. Nelly, I have come to save you!" and she seizes the hands. "I know you mean to elope with Mr. Templeton. Nelly, I heard this very evening that he had a wife in Germany—Mrs. Judge Berdan told it. Think——"

"It is a lie!" cries Nelly. "Go and leave me. He is coming soon. I will not have you here interfering!" and the heavenly-blue eyes flash with fury, the innocent face is distorted with rage.

"I will not leave you! Think of your mother—of Mr. Mallory, to whom you have given your most solemn promise——"



THE CEREMONY OF THE DOSSEH, AT CAIRO, EGYPT.—SEE PAGE 535.

XUM

"An old stick that I hate! The idea of marrying him drives me wild. And I love Dick madly! I don't care who knows it!"

"Then, Nelly, marry him honorably, if he *can* marry you. Think what it would be to learn, six months from this, that you were no wife! You will be lost to everything. You never could regain any sort of position. And he may not be rich enough to give you the luxuries you want. You like gayety, society, dancing, amusement; what could you do, living out of the world, shunned by everybody? Think, Nelly, before you cast away your whole life!"

She might have appealed to honor and virtue and truth until morning, and not have touched Nelly's heart, as she knew full well.

A white, scared look came into the young girl's face.

"Do you suppose it is true?" she asks, gaspingly

"Some 'Margaret' that Mrs. Berdan spoke of, knew the girl. Wait and learn, Nelly. Ask him."

"No, I shouldn't like to be disgraced, and poor, and—— *Could* I get home, Helen, without any one knowing it? It was foolish, I suppose; but he is so handsome, and he coaxed so. Then he does make love so splendidly! I never thought much about his money. Oh, Helen, I can't see him again—I can't say No; manage for me, that's a dear, good cousin!" and she glanced up with the pleading eyes that played such havoc with men's hearts.

"Go in the private room, there; don't speak a word. I will see him;" and Helen pushes her in, and hurries out to the general waiting-room, for she hears a hoarse whistle and a confused ringing of bells. In her hurry she has left her vail up, and some one says:

"Good heavens, Miss Rossiter! Is any one ill?"

It is Mr. Mallory.

For an instant she is stunned. What can she do? If she could drop dead at his feet; but a healthy young woman does not die so easily. There is but one thing.

"Mr. Mallory"—and her voice trembles with intense excitement at the cruel strait in which she is placed—"Mr. Mallory, I make a woman's appeal to you. No one is ill. I came here on a matter of a private nature. The kindest and noblest thing you can do is to ask me no questions——"

Dick Templeton enters, muffled to the ears, and goes direct to the ladies' room; she must follow.

"Oh, think no evil of me!" she cries, and is gone.

She has a stormy time with Dick Templeton: he fancies that Nelly is gone, and that Hubert Mallory has something to do with it, and, with an oath, he turns to leave her.

"I'll have my revenge, you may depend upon that!"

She does not deign to answer him, but, when he is gone, drops into a seat, more dead than alive. But she knows the work is not all done. She must go out and face Mr. Mallory.

He is watching for her, very much puzzled, very curious.

She opens the door, and casts a furtive glance around. Can she go on?

Her suppliant figure touches him, and he crosses to her.

"Miss Rossiter, can I not do something for you? Oh, Helen," and there is a strain of agony in his voice, "may I not take the liberty of a friend, of a dear brother, and beg of you to break with that man? Handsome, evilly fascinating he is, but you do not know all. A gambler, a——"

"Mr. Mallory, we shall probably not speak after to-night. I ask you to forget that you have a woman's secret."

"I promise. But can I not be of some assistance? My train was belated, or I should have been in nearly two hours ago, and gone to the ball. Is Miss Vane there?"

"It is not worth while for you to go now," she says, evasively. "My carriage is here. Good-night."

"But allow me——"

It kills her to stand and talk. She feels as if she would faint with every word.

"As a favor, Mr. Mallory, I ask you to go. I have a—a maid with me," and she gasps. "Forgive me for all that seems strange. In the sight of God I have done no wrong. Oh, go!" and the anguish in her tone he never forgets.

Then the two steal out and enter the carriage. She swears the coachman to secrecy. Nelly never says a word until she is safe in her own room, when she cries hysterically, bewails the course of true love, beseeches Helen to keep her secret, and is glad that she wasn't such a fool as to throw away the Mallory diamonds and the Mallory fortune.

And this is the woman Hubert Mallory is going to marry in six weeks' time. This is the girl the world calls sweet, frank to thoughtlessness, angelic, lovely in temper, because she has an innocent, baby-face and a beguiling voice.

Helen Rossiter is quite ill for the next few days, but Mrs. Vane comes home, and she insists upon going to grandmother's for a fortnight. The quiet is such an inexpressible comfort. The clear, wholesome moral atmosphere strengthens her. She keeps away from thoughts of Hubert Mallory. Aunt Vane writes her an odd, incoherent letter, saying nothing about the marriage or her return. One snowy December day she comes to her twenty-fourth birthday, and she feels that she ought to be seventy, at least. So she puts on a black dress and a white, crimped ruff, which makes her look saintly as a nun.

"Mr. Mallory is in the parlor, my dear," says Aunt Jane "He wants to see you on some important business."

Mr. Mallory is looking as pale and worn as she. A great confusion is visible in his face, and he comes awkwardly forward, pauses, holds out his hands, and says:

"You have been ill!"

"Yes."

"Miss Rossiter, first of all I must make an apology. I cannot remember what I did or said that night at the depot. I was absolutely dumbfounded at your appearance there and your mystery. God knows I would have kept and guarded your secret sacredly to my life's end, but it is a secret no longer. I know now that you went there to save your cousin. Your nobleness and delicacy are so far above any commendation of mine that I will not attempt it. Yesterday I gathered the tangled ends of the story together and confronted your cousin with them. Your similarity of Christian names enabled her to carry on her duplicity; but it is all explained now. Our engagement has been canceled. I had been going through a slow process of disenchantment; but I should have kept faith at any cost, except for this."

She drops into a chair. Her face is crimson. There is a world of entreaty in the slender figure, in the pansy eyes, the quivering lips, even in the clasped hands.

"I want to beg your pardon for any unjust thought. I want to thank you for saving her from that fatal folly. I want to ask you——"

She covers her face with her hands, and her very breath forgets to come.

"Helen!" he cries, folding his arms about her, "what is there standing between us? I never shall love any woman as I do you. Your cousin caught me by that very fancy, the little tint of resemblance between you. But I think now that I loved you all the while. My pride has been sorely punished. I am not worthy of you, but—" and he gently removes the hands—"can you not love me a little? —or, at least, can you not tell me why?"

He does not need any words to answer him.

When the first rapture is ended—it may have been hours for aught they knew—he says:

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"Will you tell me now why you could not love me last Spring? You could trust me with a murder if you had committed it!" and he smiled.

"I will tell you," she answers, in a soft, tremulous voice. "When I was sixteen, I had nearly a year's acquaintance with Mr. Templeton. I *was* fascinated. Ah, you may frown and scold if you like. My guardian's wife stood between me and harm, for which I thank her now. Then he went abroad. I suppose I idealized him. I used to measure other men by what I fancied he was. I think it is not my nature to love easily, and yet I was almost won last Spring. I hated to tell you so foolish a story; I could not take your trust and love without it. I was not sure of myself. Fate sent him back to cross my path in a strange fashion. At the first interview I stood convicted of folly in my own sight. But it was too late."

He drew her closer, with a fond pressure.

"And you saved *her* for my sake!"

"Ah, you can never know what a horrible temptation it was to let her go!" and she shivered. "Let me tell you the whole truth. I am not as noble as you think."

But she reads her commendation in his eyes.

"Are you quite sure now?" he asks, with a good-night kiss. "I cannot afford to find *my* ideal common clay."

"Let all the years to come convince you," she answers, with solemn tenderness.

But she will not hear of any speedy marriage, out of delicacy. So there is no end of business at Elwood.

CRETAN OR WALLACHIAN SHEEP.

One of the most important of the ovine group is the Cretan or Wallachian Sheep, remarkable for the enormous development and magnificent formation of its horns.

This splendid animal is a native of Western Asia and the adjacent portions of Europe, and is very common in Crete, Wallachia and Hungary. The horns of the Wallachian sheep are strikingly like those of the koodoo, or the addax, their dimensions being proportionately large, and their form very similar. The first spiral turn is always the largest, and the horns are not precisely the same in every specimen. As a general rule, they rise boldly upward from the skull, being almost perpendicularly set upon the head; but in others, there is considerable variety in the formation of the spirals and the direction of the tips. In one specimen which was preserved in the gardens of the Zoological Society, the first spiral of the horns was curved downward, and their tips were directed toward the ground.

The fleece of this animal is composed of a soft woolly undercoat, covered with and protected by long, drooping hairs. The wool is extremely fine in quality, and is employed in the manufacture of warm cloaks, which are largely used by the peasantry, and which are so thick and warm that they defend the wearer against the bitterest cold. Even in the depth of winter the shepherd can safely lie on the ground wrapped in his sheepskin mantle. For this purpose, the skin is dressed without removing the wool.

In a state of nature, all sheep are furnished with a pair of horns, but in the cultivated races these ornaments generally become obliterated. A curious exception to this principle occurs in the many-horned varieties which are found in several parts of Asia, and which sometimes possess as many as three distinct pairs of horns. The additional or accessory appendages are slighter in their make than the true horns, and are generally placed on the upper parts of the head. Their tips almost invariably take an upward direction, while the true horns generally curl downward, and retain a portion of the tendency to a spiral form.

THE CEREMONY OF THE DOSSEH AT CAIRO.

One of the strangest Mohammedan ceremonies, and no less revolting than strange, is that of the Dosseh, at Cairo, during the ten days' annual celebration of the birth of Mohammed.

The sheikh of the Saadiyeh Dervishes, who is the khatib, or preacher, of the mosque of Hasaneyn, rides from that mosque to the house of El Bekri, superior of all the Egyptian Dervishes.

When he appears a strange scene occurs, which Alexander Bida, the French painter of Oriental life, has so strikingly depicted. A recent traveler thus describes it:

"Mighty is the shouting, thundering applause, as the chief Imaun, white-bearded, on his white Arab steed, makes his way carefully down the citadel hill; and, as he draws near the foot of the hill and directs his course toward the narrow lanes leading to the mosque of Kaloum, the faithful in attendance, men, women and children, who have assembled from all parts of Egypt to take their part in this religious drama, prostrate themselves on their faces on the road. Closely packed, side by side, all lying still now, the whole street covered, they await the prancing steed and his very venerable or right reverend-rider, and the holy carpet.

"The wild Arab horse prances over the prostrate forms, ever becoming more and more restive as he proceeds, his iron hoof here crunching down on a hard Egyptian skull, and there sinking into the yielding side of some graceful girl. On, ever faster and faster, the chief Imaun urges his steed, for the more rapidly the ride is concluded the less injury will be done. No cry of pain is heard from the sufferers; for, as the horse pushes on, the crowd behind rise and shout with all their might.

"Some are hurt, one or two may be killed, for the road all the way to the mosque of Kaloum is thus paved with human beings; but their friends and relatives believe they go straight to Paradise, if killed outright; and as to the wounded, they will go to Paradise too, some day, when fate so wills it, and in the meantime let those who ought look to them.

"'Are we not all in the hands of fate?' Such is the simple creed of the Moslem. It is all fate—life and death, and wounds and healing; all is fate."

The following observations of Madame Olympe Andouard, in her "Mystères de l'Egypte," on this ceremony, are so true and so much to the purpose, that with them I conclude:

"The present viceroy, Ismail Pasha, was brought up in Paris. He is considered civilized, and he has certainly done much already to light the lamp of civilization in Egypt. I am astonished that he does not abolish—that he does not forbid this cruel custom. It were an act of humanity to do him honor, did he forbid it; and it would be all the easier since it is not enjoined in the Koran. It only obtains in Egypt. It is a barbarous custom, not an ordinance of religion.

"It is true that the Egyptians, particularly the fanatics, pretend that the horse of the chief Imaun has the miraculous power not to wound or to kill any one. On this account they lift up the injured and force them to walk all the same; and as to the dead, they carry them off, saying the chief Imaun will cure them. If a European were to interfere, he would be abused. He could not be injured by the horse, for the honor of paving the road for that horse is reserved for true believers, and is not for a dog of a Christian."

Bida is a pupil of Eugene Delacroix, and was born in 1823. Long residence and travel in Mohammedan countries has given his pictures the utmost truthfulness.

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DARK GORDON'S BRIDE.

By D. S. Montgomery.

Young Helen has heard the fatal order,
Her English lover must banish'd be;
For Gordon, chief on the Scottish border,
Comes hither to bend the wooer's knee.

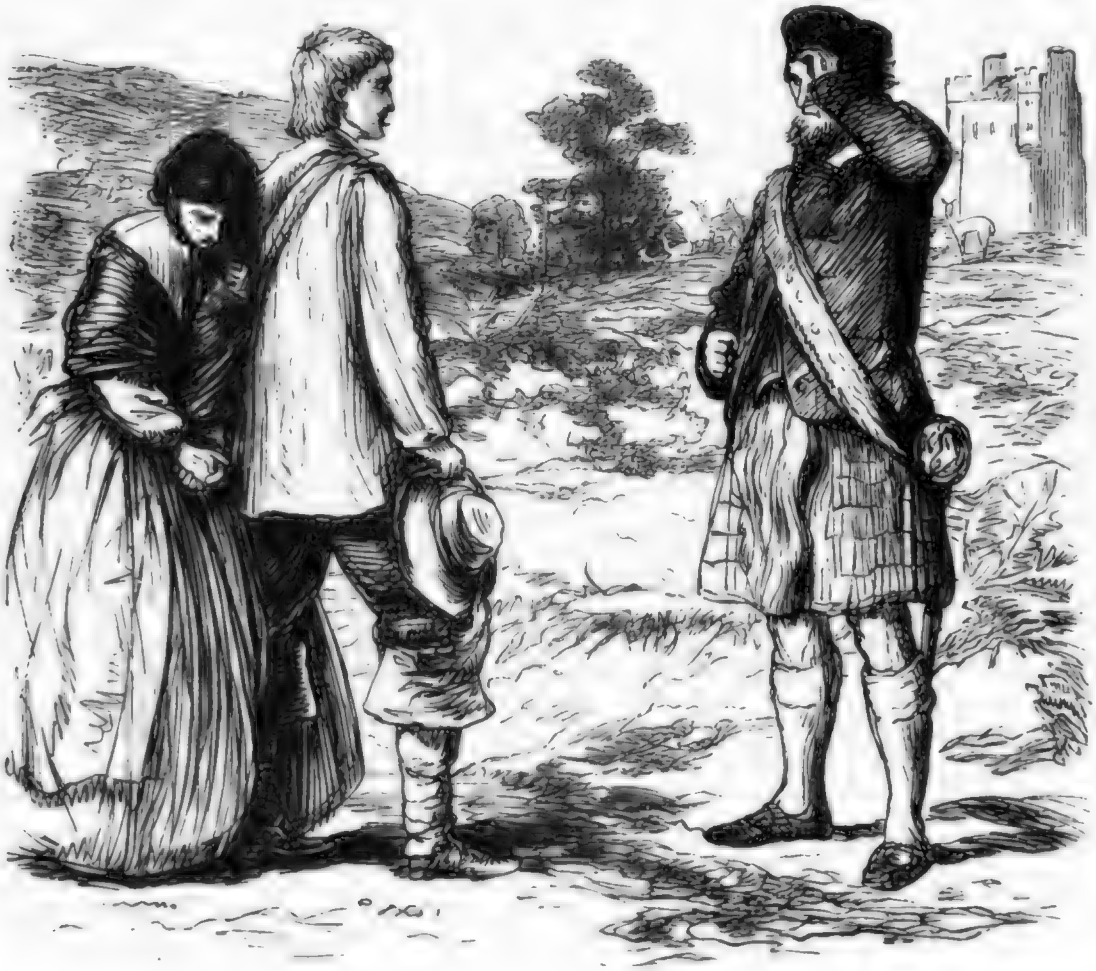
She wildly vows to the heavens above her
She'll wed young Nevill, whate'er betide;
But her father has banish'd her landless lover,
And the haughty chieftain claims his bride.

In after days they have met: far better
That parted lovers should meet no more,
When one is bound by that golden fetter,
With the love still warm at each true heart's core.

She felt the clasp of his hand so tender,
One kiss he press'd on her cheek so fair—
Hark to that curse! May heaven defend her!
Dark Gordon is standing before the pair!

Proudly he lifted his Scottish bonnet,
Oh, but his smile was dark to see;
"What ho! Sir Nevill, my life upon it,
Thou comest to win my bride from me!"

Now foot to foot, as the sun was setting,
Both lover and husband frowning stood;
The fiery chieftain's blade is drinking
The brave young Nevill's knightly blood.



So sadly he touch'd her lily finger,
Weeping she look'd on her ring of gold;
Ah, fatal thus by his side to linger!
Fatal to sigh for the days of old

"I saw thee kneeling before the altar,
My haughty rival was by thy side;
But I could not hear thy dear voice falter
When vowing to be his faithful bride!"

"What, Nevill! can'st thou be cruel-hearted?
A father's blessing I could not win,
Unless we two for aye were parted—
But oh, I have wept for that deadly sin!

"Vowing to honor, I scorned and hated,
Dreaming on all I had loved and lost;
But, ah! more bitter, more darkly fated,
That ever again our paths have cross'd!"

She tore the ring from her lily finger,
With "Nevill, beloved, I come to thee!
In the Gordon's halls no more I linger,
If this weak hand can set me free!"

She pluck'd the dirk from her bleeding lover,
She buried it deep in her breast so white—
With, "Nevill, beloved, our woes are over—
To the Gordon's thrall a glad good-night!"

The chief look'd down on the hapless lovers—
Oh, but his frown was dark to see;
"I would give the best of my lands, proud Nevill,
To hold the heart thou hast lured from me!"

He knelt him down as her life was ebbing,
On the trampled heather he bent the knee;
"I would pluck the heart from my breast, false Ellen,
For one soft smile of love from thee!"

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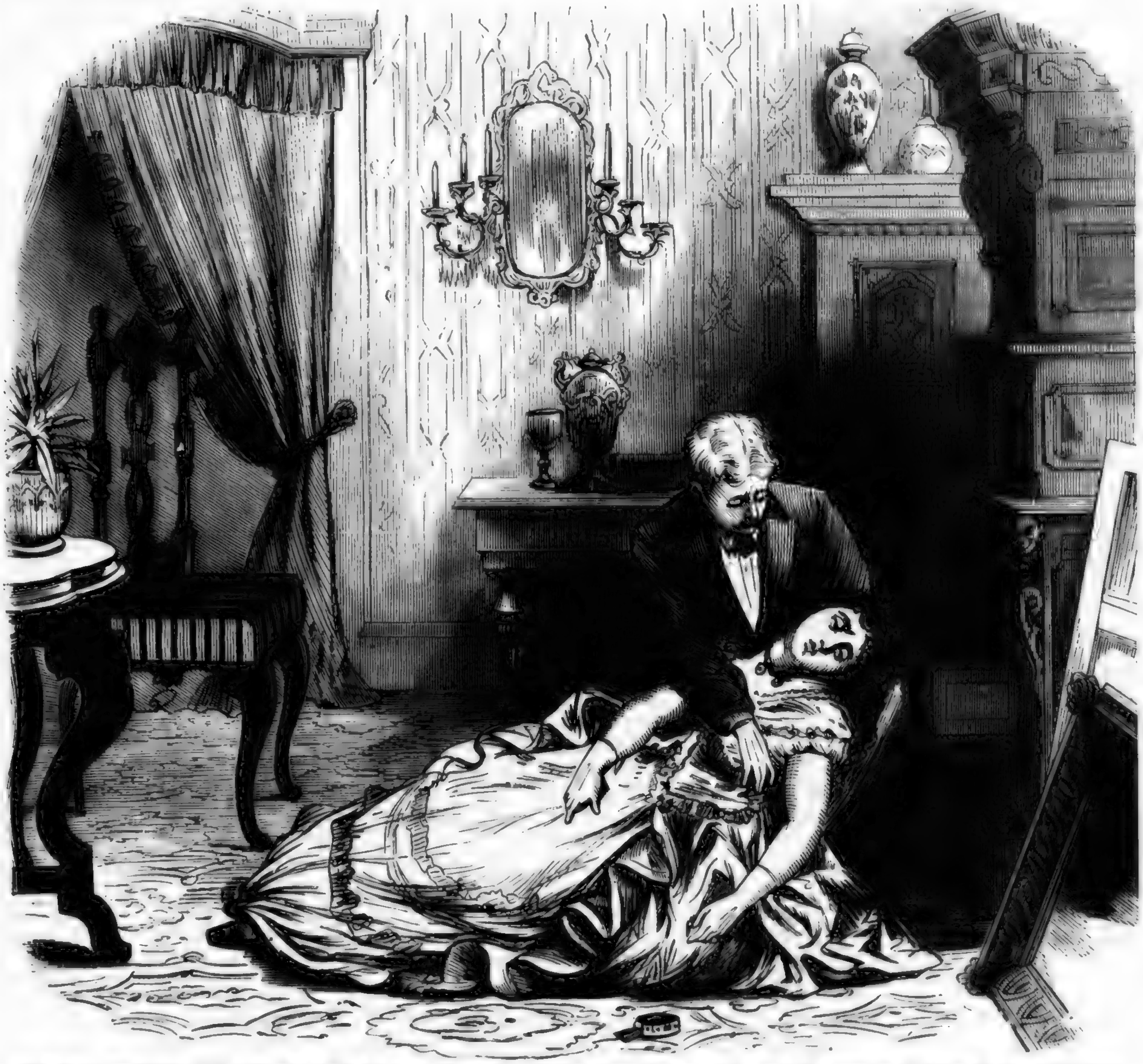

THE OPAL BRACELET.—"A LOW CRY LEFT HIS LIPS AS HE BEHELD THE FORM OF LETITIA PRONE IN FRONT OF A MASSIVE, OLD-FASHIONED CABINET, ONE OF WHOSE DRAWERS WAS WIDE OPEN."

THE OPAL BRACELET.

"What an odd idea, Florence—a bracelet instead of an engagement-ring! Was it Victor's idea, or your own?"

"My own, mamma."

Florence Atherton turned from the window out of which she had been gazing, and drew near her mother's side. Even in the vague twilight glimmer that filled, just then, the sitting-room at Eightelms, it was easy to see what an exquisite softness of expression the young girl's face wore, framed in fleecy affluence of pale-golden hair, and lighted with deep-blue, earnest eyes.

"You know, mamma, that most of my ideas are odd," Florence went on, presently, in mild, meditative tones. "I have a fancy that something which merely clasps the finger is not half so strong a love-bond as something which clasps the arm. However this may be, Victor has yielded to my wish, and has promised that I shall have the bracelet by to-night."

"Victor would give you his head, Florence, if you were only to put the request persuasively enough!" a voice in the doorway now exclaimed; and Letitia Atherton entered the room a moment later.

She was, perhaps, two years the junior of her sister Florence, and, though belonging to a wholly opposite type of beauty, was yet very fair to look upon. Her eyes and hair were of Oriental darkness; her figure, though yet scarcely developed to its utmost, prophetic of faultless symmetry and ripeness; and the *abandon* of her graceful carriage and gestures would have been sufficient to fascinate many a male heart, even if their accompanying charms had not existed.

"You are sure, Florence," asked Mrs. Atherton, "that Victor will arrive from the city this evening?"

"So he assured me," was the answer. "I always believe Victor's promises, mamma."

Later that evening, Florence's lover made his appearance at Eightelms, bringing with him the bracelet (an exquisite shackle-shaped piece of Etruscan gold, studded with fine opals), which, as we know, his *fiancée* had considered preferable to the more conventional engagement-ring.

This Victor Buchanan was a fine, manly-looking fellow, whom Florence had met, several months previously, while on a visit to some relatives in New York; and the acquaintance then formed between herself and her present lover had rather speedily ripened into an attachment. The match

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was a brilliant one for Florence, as Victor Buchanan was already the possessor of a large fortune, inherited from his deceased parents.

A month after the evening on which Florence's singular love-gage was brought to her, she became the wife of Victor Buchanan, and bade her mother and sister farewell for what promised to be at least a year's absence among the sights and diversions of a European tour.

The young bride was so perfectly happy at the thought of being finally united to one whom she almost worshiped as a god, that in her farewells there was little evidence of actual sorrow, while Mrs. Atherton bore up with admirable self-control in saying adieu to her first-born and best-loved daughter. Letitia, however, wept very bitterly.

"I am the most miserable creature in all Christendom," she wailed, on the afternoon of the day which had witnessed Florence's departure. "I don't care to live an hour longer."

"Nonsense, Lettie," said her mother, very reprovingly. "I am afraid, darling, that your sorrow springs more from envy of your sister's happiness than regret for her absence."

"Perhaps you're right," murmured the newly created Miss Atherton. "I suppose I shall have to mope here at dismal old Eightelms all the rest of my days. Why can't Auntie Wilkinson invite me to go and visit her in New York, and at least run the chance of catching a splendid husband, like Florence? But of course she won't do it. It isn't my luck that she should."

Nor did she. And a very dreary, society-less year passed over the head of our despondent Letitia. At the end of that time a fearful blow was dealt her, in the shape of her mother's sudden death.

"Auntie Wilkinson" made up for all past neglect then, by offering the poor, friendless orphan a home in her handsome Madison Avenue mansion. There the first month that followed Letitia's bereavement was passed, when, with the same suddenness that had attended her first affliction, she was called upon to bear a second.

Victor Buchanan wrote to her, from Paris, a letter filled with the wildest expressions of grief, and telling that his beloved Florence was no more. She had left a little boy, but the infant had survived its mother's death by not longer than a day.

Amid all her grief, Letitia could not but feel consoled at the intelligence which Victor's letter contained, of his purposed immediate return to New York. His face and character were more familiar than those of the comparative strangers by whom she was now surrounded, and it would be an inexpressible pleasure to meet him once more, and to hear from his lips the details of Florence's dying moments.

Auntie Wilkinson, an elderly lady, of rather strict social ideas, stood by when Victor and his young sister-in-law met; and it is safe to say that she felt immensely shocked at the affectionate fervor with which Mr. Buchanan was embraced and kissed by the beautiful young creature who seemed so overwhelmed with joy to see him.

Victor, in spite of his recent widowerhood, was but a man; and it was hard, during the long interview that followed between himself and Letitia Atherton, to shut his eyes to the fact of how a year had ripened her charms into an *ensemble* of such wondrous womanly loveliness as her sombre costume could in no ways conceal. Perhaps it was because she reminded him of the Florence whom he had adored so passionately that he now admired her with such depth of ill-concealed admiration.

Their interview, however, was of a mournful character. He described to Letitia the deathbed of his wife, and told how peacefully and resignedly her pure spirit had passed away. Her last words had concerned the opal bracelet given her on the day that their betrothal was sealed.

"Promise me, Victor," she had said, "that you will guard it sacredly, as a memory of our life together, whatever changes the years may hereafter bring to you. Promise me that no arm save mine shall ever wear it, whatever new love time may console you with."

And Victor had solemnly promised.

The young widower's visits were quite frequent at Mrs. Wilkinson's house during a space of fully four months, and the uninterrupted interviews between himself and Letitia very frequent likewise.

To Mrs. Wilkinson, nothing seemed more natural than that such visits and interviews should take place.

It was almost like the bursting of a bombshell when Victor Buchanan announced to her, one evening, that he had asked for the hand of her niece, and had received an affirmative answer.

Braving comment, they were married about three weeks later, and Letitia found herself the proud sharer of Victor's name and fortune.

It was not till after marriage, perhaps, that she confessed to herself the real truth concerning how she had loved Victor at a time when such love seemed capable of resulting in nothing except misery; nor was it till then, either, that a full realization of how perfectly her latent, though intense ambition had been gratified, made itself clear to her.

Not long after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan were installed in a superb residence, and living at a rate of expenditure that, to say the least of it, harmonized perfectly with Mr. Buchanan's liberal income.

"Recent bereavements in the family," as Letitia euphemistically expressed it, "would prevent them from entertaining for at least a year to come; but at the end of that time they hoped to do so in a manner consistent with their wealth and social standing."

And at the end of a year Mrs. Buchanan so far kept her word as to send out cards for a grand ball. For many days before it was to happen, this ball formed the subject of countless *on dits*, and was universally prophesied to be the most important similar affair of the season.

On the evening when Letitia Buchanan, robed in a dress whose richness of lace and needlework seemed wholly unsurpassable, swept through the yet vacant, but brilliantly lighted drawing-rooms of her splendid mansion, pride lent a richer color to the complexion for which many a woman would have spent thousands, and gave, perhaps, a more voluptuous swell to the superb bust, whose whiteness gleamed under sparkling diamonds and mist-like *point de Venise.*

"He loves me thoroughly," she murmured, in low, scarcely audible tones. "He has forgotten Florence's love, as though it had been the merest unsubstantial dream. I possess him utterly as my own."

Then her lips were silent for a second or two, growing a trifle firmer as they continued:

"And yet, for all that I am certain of his affection's entirely, I still mean to test it. I shall never rest until I receive *that one proof!*"

She was knocking at the door of her husband's dressing-room, presently:

"May I come in, Victor? You're dreadfully late."

He opened the door, and stood, dressed in full evening costume, before her.

"I am lost in admiration, Letitia," he murmured. "No houri was ever lovelier than you are now."

"And yet, Victor, I have a fancy that my costume needs one thing to complete it."

"What is that?"

She held up an arm, faultless enough for the Greek Phryne of old, saying:

"This needs an ornament of some kind, Victor."

"Pshaw! you're joking, love. You can count your bracelets by the score."

"I know it. But—" her beautiful lips were very close to his ear now, and those marvelous arms of hers were wreathing his neck—"there is one bracelet, Victor, that you will not give me. I mean an opal bracelet, which you keep up-stairs, in that great, old-fashioned cabinet. Shall I tell you why you will not give me this?"

"I am amazed, Letitia. You know well that it is because ——"

"Because you loved Florence better in the old days than you love me now! Don't deny it. I *know* it, Victor!"

She had turned away from him, and had buried her face in her hands.

Victor Buchanan's face was very pale, as he presently said:

"Surely, Letitia, you have not forgotten how Florence, on her dying bed——"

She interrupted him in tremulous tones at this point, revealing her face again, which looked agitated and pain-wrung. Criticised as mere skillful acting, her behavior certainly deserves praise.

"*You* have forgotten nothing about Florence. You never will forget. Oh, no, Victor! I cannot believe that you love me as I wish to be loved, until I receive this proof of it."

"You mean that I must let you wear the opal bracelet to-night?"

"Yes."

The monosyllable was pleadingly spoken, as, with a childish, impulsive gesture, she placed both hands upon his arm, and let the dark glory of her questioning eyes fall full upon his face.

He met the look with one that was restless, anxious, uneasy—the sort of glance by which a man says with all the distinctness of spoken words: "Do not implore me, or I must yield!"

"Consent, Victor—*please* consent. I only ask the favor of you for this single night. Afterward, I will return the bracelet to the cabinet, and let it remain there as long as you choose. Consider, it will be like sealing our love with a new and beautiful seal!"

She could scarcely disguise the smile of feminine triumph that rose to her lips when, after a moment or two of hesitation, he murmured:

"You know, Letitia, that I can refuse you nothing. Get the bracelet, since you are bent upon wearing it."

Leaving an eagerly-given kiss upon his lips, she hurried up-stairs as fast as her voluminous draperies would permit.

"Victory! victory!" a voice was whispering in her ears. "He loves you as though Florence had never been. He is all your own, while life lasts; and even in Heaven, after this proof of his devotion, Florence will scarcely dare to claim him!"

Meanwhile, Victor passed into his dressing-room and began pacing the floor with restless steps. He was acting faithlessly, treacherously, to the dead. He was insulting poor Florence's memory. He had even dealt his own self-respect an almost mortal blow. And yet——

At this point his meditations were sharply broken by the sound as of some falling body, on the floor directly above his chamber. He paused in the centre of the floor, and turned white, as a strange presentiment of unknown evil flashed, lightning-like, through his mind.

An instant later he was standing at the foot of the staircase up which his wife had hurried, and was calling "Letitia! Letitia!" in somewhat unsteady tones.

No answer. Rapidly, and impelled by a now growing sense of alarm, he ascended the stairs.

A quick passage through the brilliantly lighted upper hall brought him to the door of the room into which he knew that his wife had but recently entered.

A low cry left his lips as he beheld the form of Letitia prone in front of a massive, old-fashioned cabinet, one of whose drawers was wide open.

"Letitia, for God's sake, what has happened?"

He was kneeling at her side now, and had placed one of her hands between both his own. But while in the act of doing this, something had dropped, with a faint sound, from his wife's effortless fingers. It was the opal bracelet.

A second cry, far louder than the first, left his white lips. With trembling hands he raised the beautiful, fallen head, and saw upon one of its pearly, blue-veined temples a deep-purple mark, as of some heavy blow. Then he felt for her heart, and presently knew that it had ceased to beat.

Had the dead Florence dealt vengeance from beyond her grave?

Victor Buchanan believes so to this day, though friend after friend has tried to persuade him of the folly of so believing, and has pointed to one of the sharp oaken abutments at the foot of the cabinet, saying that his wife, in returning to close the cabinet-drawer, had tripped, and struck her head in falling.

He will not believe this explanation. His friends call him a monomaniac. Does he deserve the name?"

A RELIC OF SLAVERY IN JAMAICA.

In the Museum of the Society of Arts in Kingston is a terrible memento of the severity of the slave code there in bygone days. It is a cage in which, at the time of a slave insurrection in 1760, one of the convicted conspirators was hung up alive.

Round the knees, hips and waist, under the arms and around the neck, iron hoops were riveted close about the different parts of the body. Iron braces crossed these again, from the hips right over the centre of the head. Iron bars and plates encircled and supported the legs, and at the lower extremities were fixed plates of iron like old-fashioned stirrups, in which the feet might have found rest, had not a finish to the torture, compared to which crucifixion itself must have been mild, been contrived by fixing in each stirrup three sharp-pointed spikes to pierce the soles of the victim's feet. The only support the body could receive, while strength remained or life endured, was given by a narrow hoop passing from one end of the waist-bar in front between the legs to the bar at the back. Attached to the circular band under the arms, stood out a pair of handcuffs, which prevented the slightest motion in the hands; and on the crossing of the hoops over the head was a strong hook, by which the whole fabric, with the sufferer inclosed, was suspended.

Quivering in agony, there she swung, the blazing sun striking fiercely on her nakedness, quickly causing a terrible thirst to rage throughout the frame, and, while yet life was strong, the fevered blood to course madly through the swollen veins. Not long before the ants, pondering over the drops of blood which fell from her spike-pierced feet, would climb in countless myriads up the old tamarind-tree, across the branches, and down over the iron bars to the fountain of this horrid feast; while mosquitoes and sand-flies disputed with these and many other parasites which should suck fastest at the life and strength of a poor human creature, hung up to be eaten thus alive.

A spectator of the scene has left this on record:

"The two that were hung up alive were indulged, at their own request, with a hearty meal immediately before

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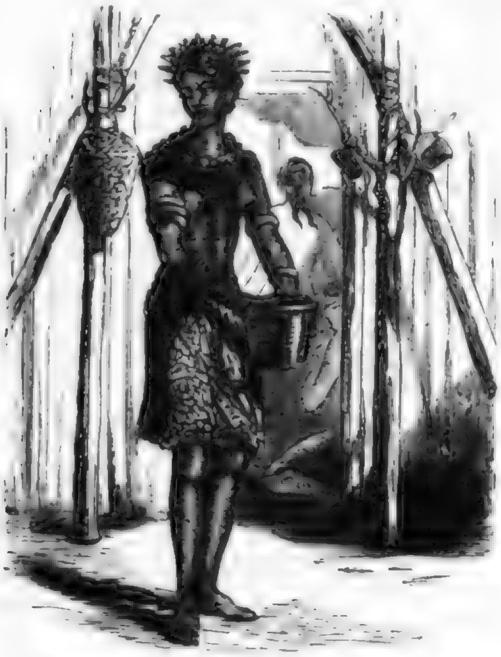


A SAKARRAN GIRL IN HOLIDAY COSTUME.

they were suspended on the gibbet, which was erected on the parade in the town of Kingston. From that time until they expired they never uttered the least complaint, except only of cold in the night, but diverted themselves all day long in discourse with their countrymen, who were permitted, very improperly, to surround the gibbet.

"On the seventh day a notion prevailed among the spectators that one of them wished to communicate an important secret to his master, my near relation, and as he was in St. Mary's, the commanding officer sent for me. I endeavored, by means of an interpreter, to let him know I was present, but I could not understand what he said in return. I remember that both he and his fellow-sufferer laughed immoderately at something that occurred—I know not what. The next morning, the eighth, one of them silently expired, as did the other on the morning of the ninth day."

A SAKARRAN GIRL IN HOLIDAY COSTUME.

The Sakarrans are a tribe of Dyaks in Borneo, and that their women are beautiful the illustration proves beyond the power of words. Boyle, who best studied the race and country, thus describes the town:

"The town of Sakarran is situated at the junction of that river with Batang Lupar. The country immediately around is flat, but here and there a solitary hill arises from the midst of the plain, and lofty mountains encircle it at a distance. The fort is a large and handsome building, surrounded by a formidable *chevaux-de-frise*, composed of ironwood stakes. At high tide, the building is partially insulated by a broad moat, over which a drawbridge is thrown; but the Tuan Mudah has planted its banks and the neighboring ground with flowers and shrubs, which remove the air of barrenness usual among the out-stations of Sarawak. The interior is pleasantly furnished, and boasts a good library; the fortmen are numerous, and their quarters large and airy, and the number of guns and rifles stored in the armory would equip a considerable force."

The eyes of a noble Sakarran girl are large and beautiful, her nose finely cut, her mouth small and expressive. The teeth are, unfortunately, dyed black, but in shape and regularity leave nothing to desire. Long, black hair and tiny feet and hands are her crowning attractions.

Her dress is rich and simple. A jacket, with a bedang or short petticoat, a golden cincture, and bracelets and anklets of golden rings—these, with flowers, render a Sakarran girl a most winning creature; her artlessness being heightened by a sort of melancholy cast.

ALLAN GREY'S MISTAKE.

"And so you could not marry a poor man, Meta?"

"No, indeed, I couldn't! Why, Allan, what on earth should I do as a poor man's wife? I have never been used to work, you know; and all poor men's wives have to work, don't they?"

"Not always, dear. I did not mean such poverty as that, exactly. But I suppose they have to be a little self-denying, and do without a great many pretty things that you might think indispensable to your comfort."

"Yes, I know; and they can't go to the opera, or buy a new dress when they want one; but when they pass a shop-window shut up their purses ever so tight, and hurry on. That's what Annie Harris does, for she told me so herself; and Annie does her own cooking, and minds her own children and sews for Mr. Harris, and them, and herself; and she couldn't even afford to subscribe this year to the circulating library, and she hasn't bought a new bonnet for a year."

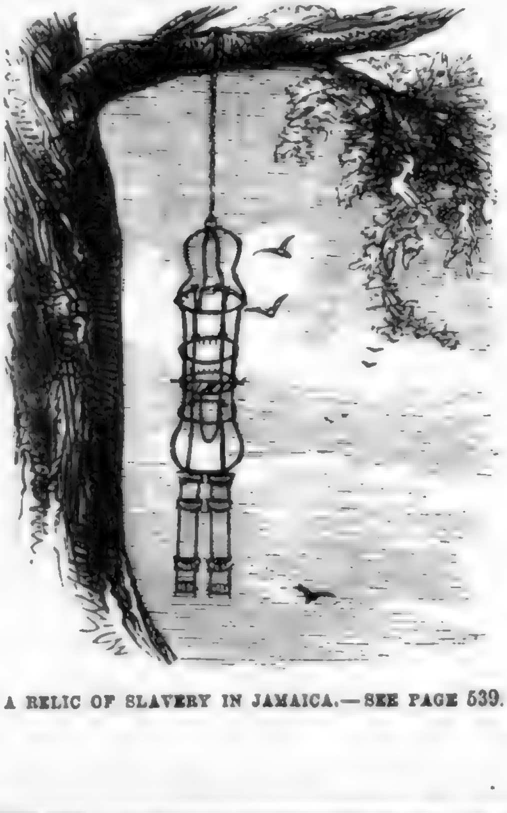
Meta Harding opened her pretty blue eyes very wide as she reached the culminating point of her distressing statement, and raised them to Allan Grey's face to meet the answering expression of horrified pity she expected to find there.

But Allan only smiled down at her a little gravely, in return.

"And yet Mrs. Harris appears to me to be one of the most cheerful, contented persons I know," he rejoined.

"Why, of course she is. It's wonderful to see how she bears up. But, then, she's a real love—there are few people like her."

"You talk as if she had great misfortunes to bear up under, Meta. It seems to me that my friend Harris has a very cozy, well-appointed little home. I never see any evidences of discomfort or neglect when I go there."



A RELIC OF SLAVERY IN JAMAICA.—SEE PAGE 539.

"Oh, Allan, everything is *very* plain. Why, they haven't even got a Brussels carpet in the parlor!"

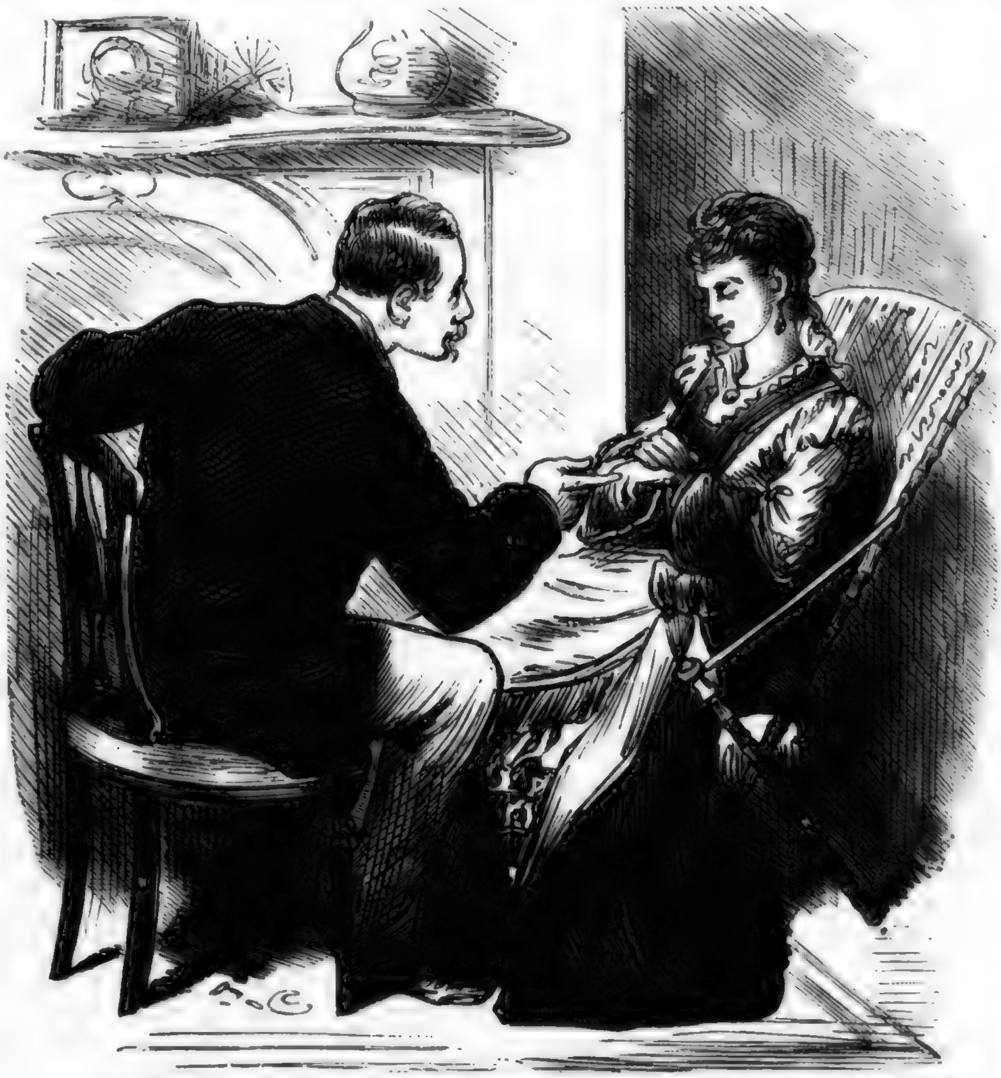
"Haven't they? I am sure I did not know it. I saw pretty, bright colors on the floor, and thought it looked very nice."

"Only three-ply, I assure you. And everything is plain and cheap all over the house. I do like nice furniture, don't you?"

"Most people do, dear; but I don't think handsome furniture, and Brussels carpets, and silk dresses, and theatre-going, and new bonnets, are *absolutely* indispensable to one's happiness—do you?

"I suppose you are laughing at me, you bad man! But if I *do* like pretty things, I am not a bit extravagant, and you know it."

"Not a bit—you never indulge in such costly trifles as this, for instance!" and he held up the dainty wrist encircled by a glittering bracelet, which cost a hundred dollars, and which Meta, seeing in a jeweler's window the day before, had taken a fancy to and bought, because "it was such a love," though her jewel-box was stored with more of such ornaments than she knew what to do with. But, then, those were "old," and she was tired of them; and this was something unique, and quite in a new style, as the jeweler had assured her; and her friend, Cora Lyle, who was shopping with her, had exclaimed: "Oh, Meta, buy it! It is charmingly pretty and *recherche;*" and so without much ado the bauble was purchased, and the bill sent in to papa.


ALLAN GREY'S MISTAKE.—"'YOU NEVER INDULGE IN SUCH COSTLY TRIFLES AS THIS, FOR INSTANCE!' AND HE HELD UP THE WRIST ENCIRCLED BY A GLITTERING BRACELET."

"Papa," was a wealthy merchant, who thought his daughter the dearest little girl in the world, and forgave her all her extravagancies, because he loved her so much that he could not deny her anything she wanted, or fancied she wanted, which came to pretty much the same thing.

Ever since her mother's death, which had occurred when she was a baby, he had devoted himself to petting and pleasing her, in consequence of which Meta thought, very naturally, that self-indulgence was the most harmless thing in the world, and that it would be very dreadful indeed not to have at least six new dresses every season, and as much pinmoney as would supply the wants of some careful housewives for a year.

Allan Grey, too, thought Meta "the dearest little girl in the world," which accounts for his having asked her, about a month previous to the time of which I am writing, to become his wife at some future day.

And Meta had accepted him, not altogether because he was rich and handsome, and admired by all the girls she knew, but also because somewhere down in the recesses of her foolish little heart there lurked a fund of warm, earnest affection and a true appreciation of her lover's intrinsic worth.

It is only justice to her to say that she could have married a much wealthier man than Allan, had she chosen to do so, for everybody knew that Will Sandford had been over head and ears in love with her for the last eighteen months, and had repeatedly laid his heart and fortune at her feet—said fortune consisting of a clear half-million in his own right, besides expectations of nobody could tell how much more when Sandford, senior—who was in the decline of life—should bid adieu to this mundane sphere.

But Meta was proof against the half-million and the great expectations, and people thought it very much to her credit that she should accept Allan Grey instead.

It has been clearly demonstrated, however, that, had he been a poor man, she could not have made up her mind so to do; nor is it likely that he would have given her an opportunity, for he was far too proud to run the risk of being considered a fortune-hunter.

Allan, dearly as he loved his little *fiancée*, was not quite blind to her vanities and weaknesses, and occasionally took her somewhat to task for them, as on the present occasion, when the display of her elegant but unnecessary purchase had led to a slight disquisition, on his part, on the folly and uselessness of such unprofitable extravagance.

Meta, half smiling and half pouting, listened to his lecture with a very good grace, partly because it was so novel to her, and partly because, as she said, "it was so funny to hear him scold."

"But, my darling, I am not dreaming of scolding you," he replied. "I have scarcely a right to do that yet, and certainly not in the present case. But I only want you to acknowledge that this pretty toy, which you will soon get tired of, was rather a useless thing to throw away a hundred dollars on, when you could have spent the money so much more wisely in some other way."

"On poor people, do you mean?" she asked. "Papa does all that, you know; he gives a great deal in charity, though, of course I wouldn't speak of it to anybody but you. And I would not be so wicked as to refuse anybody in distress, if I knew about them—I hope you don't think I would, Allan? I am not quite as bad as that."

"I am sure of it, love," Allan answered, thinking how charming she looked with the tears starting into her childlike blue eyes, and that wistful, half-aggrieved expression on her face as she made the appeal; and his little lecture was quite over for that evening, nor did the occasion of it recur again to his mind.

But that night, as he walked home under the stars, their conversation came back to his memory, and he was conscious of a vague feeling of dissatisfaction, a longing for something he was not quite sure of having obtained.

He had been brought up with very prudent, sensible ideas in regard to money, and though he was the most generous-hearted man in the world when occasion required, he never indulged in willful waste, or threw away a dollar simply for the pleasure of throwing it away.

But it was not the knowledge of the difference of Meta's ideas on the subject, or the thought that she might expect too much from him when they were married, that troubled him now.

He knew he had ample means of satisfying her wants, and was not afraid of ever giving her cause to reproach him for depriving her of anything to which she had heretofore been accustomed.

But her answer to his question, "And so you could not marry a poor man?" recurred to him perpetually, with a sense of pain, for it seemed somehow to lessen the value of his love for her, and to put it aside, as of minor importance in comparison with his wealth. It was true, he had not asked her, "Would you have been willing to marry *me* if I had been a poor man?" but would not her answer in that case have been just the same? Was her affection for him as pure, as deep, as his for her; or was her gay heart more shallow and frivolous than he liked to think? Could he look forward to having her a true, womanly helpmeet to journey with him through life, or was she a mere brilliant butterfly, fitted only for sunshine and Summer hours?

Musing thus, in not a very cheerful frame of mind, he arrived at last at his lodgings.

On a table in his room he found a note, containing only the following brief notice:

> "You are wanted at the office without delay. News of importance to communicate."

Marveling much at this summons, which was from one of his partners in business, Allan immediately repaired to his office, where news of a most distressing character awaited him.

Intelligence had been received of the failure of a large speculation; a bubble had burst, and the firm of which he was a member, among several others, was totally ruined. Even his own private fortune would probably be swallowed up in assisting to pay the claims against them.

The blow was almost too stunning a one for him to realize at first.

After a long and perplexed consultation, he hastened home in the chill, gray dawn of morning, a haggard-looking and miserable man.

It was not for himself he grieved; he could have borne the blow bravely, for he was young and strong, full of energy and hope, and in a few years at most he knew he could again work his way up. But Meta—his betrothed! How could he expect her to wait for him so long? He felt too surely that all must now be at an end between them; every sentiment of duty and honor required that he should at once release her from her promise, and bring their engagement to a close.

How dark the future looked, when all had been so bright a few hours before.

He reached his home, and, throwing himself on a sofa, buried his face in his hands.

Long he brooded over his sorrow, powerless to act in any way.

At last, with a great effort, he roused himself.

"This is mere folly!" he exclaimed. "What is the use of delaying what has to be done? Let me be a man! I cannot see Meta—I could not bear it just yet; but I can write, and I'll do it at once."

He drew a little table, with pen, ink and paper, toward him, and, after some deliberation, wrote the following lines:

> "MY OWN META—For I must call you so once more, though for the last time—when we parted last night I was a rich and prosperous man; to-day I am ruined. Our firm has failed, and I have nothing in the world that I can call my own.
>
> "Under these circumstances, there is but one course left me to pursue, and that is to give you up. I well know that you could not share a life of poverty and toil—indeed, I would not ask it. It nearly breaks my heart to write these words. I love you more than I can express—more, perhaps, than you will ever realize—but enough of this; all must be at an end now, and why dwell on thoughts like these? Our brief engagement is at an end, but you will still permit me—will you not?—to cherish its memory as a bright and beautiful dream, which shed over my life a halo of the purest happiness I have ever enjoyed.
>
> "Farewell, and God bless you, my lost love! May you be happy and blest in whatever path of life you are called to pursue, is the fervent, heartfelt prayer of one who can now only sign himself,
>
> "Your friend, A. C. G."

Allan read this note over, and was not satisfied with it; it seemed too flowery, too elaborate. He had meant to be calm and concise, keeping his own feelings in the background, instead of obtruding them selfishly upon her. But as it was written he would let it stand. He had a wretched headache, and a second attempt would probably be worse than the first. So he carried it to the nearest letter-box, dropped it in with a feeling as if he were burying a friend, and then returned home to indulge at leisure in his melancholy reflections, for he really felt too ill to make the exertion of going down to the office, before the afternoon, at any rate.

How changed everything seemed! A dull, dead blank was around him, a weight on his heart that felt as if it could never be lifted again; all was dark where it had been sunshine a few hours before. A few hours!—it seemed as though years had elapsed since last night.

How little had he thought, as he lingered with Meta on the moonlit porch to say his reluctant good-night, that it was for the last time—that those little hands would never again be placed confidingly in his; that gentle voice murmur his name, giving it the sweetest sound it had ever borne on mortal lips, no more!

How fleeting had been his dream of happiness and love! How dreary and tasteless seemed his life when robbed of its grace and glory!

The weary morning wore away, and the hour of noon rang out from the turret close by. He rose impatiently from the sofa, rang for coffee and some biscuit, but could not taste them when they came; he had eaten no breakfast, and felt faint and weary from excitement and fatigue, but loathed the sight of food.

His landlady, a kind-hearted Western woman, quite compassionated his fevered and haggard appearance.

"Dear Mr. Gray, but you do look bad!" she exclaimed. "You had better let me send for a doctor right away."

Allan smiled faintly, and assured the benevolent lady that it was only a nervous headache, which would wear off after a while.

He was, indeed, suffering from extreme nervousness; his pulse throbbed, and his blood coursed through his veins with painful rapidity. He tried to compose himself to sleep, but the attempt was vain.

Late in the afternoon, as he was sitting in an armchair near the window, he heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs leading to his rooms.

"Nobody coming to see me, I devoutly hope," was his thought.

The hope was a vain one, for the next minute there was a tap at his door, and in answer to his resigned "Come in!" his landlady flung it open, and with a beaming face ushered in—who?"

A little lady in a blue silk dress, and a hat with a most bewitching feather in it, who, without the least show of bashfulness or timidity, ran up to him and clasped her arms about his neck.

"Oh, Allan, how could you—how could you write me such a note! I'll never—never forgive you!"

She was sobbing on his shoulder.

"Meta—Meta! my love, my darling girl! What is this? What does it mean?" said Allan, too bewildered to comprehend how this state of affairs could possibly have come about.

"It means this: that you are a bad, bad, good-for-nothing person, who wants to get rid of me, and I won't be got rid of—do you hear? *Now* do you understand, ungrateful man?"

"No, I don't understand, Meta; I am afraid there is some great mistake!"

"Yes, there is a great mistake; the greatest you ever made in your life. I dare say it was my own fault" (sob.) "I made you think me a mean, selfish, heartless, mercenary little wretch" (sob), "and it was shameful in you to believe me, and I never thought you would have acted so" (sob, sob); "but I'll show you that I am just as good and forgiving as I can be—and I've a great mind never to forgive you or love you any more!" With which very lucid and consistent speech, Miss Harding hid her face and cried more than ever.

"But Meta, my dear, dear girl! do you know that I'm a ruined man?"

"Of course I know it! Papa knows it (see papa there; you didn't think I would be so improper as to come to a gentleman's room without him, did you, sir?) and he says it's all the same; and you are just as silly as can be."

"Pardon me, my dear Meta," blandly interposed Mr. Harding, of whose presence Allan had been in total unconsciousness; "that was by no means my expression; I only said——"

What he said, and what Allan said in return, is too long to be repeated here. Suffice it to say, that Allan, in the strength of his newly restored love, felt equal to making a dozen new fortunes; but as one will be sufficient for his needs, let us hope that it will not be long before he succeeds in attaining it.

He is already on the road to renewed prosperity. He has been married now for over a year, and in all the Queen City of the West there is not a happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Allan Gray.

THE GORILLA AND OTHER APES.

By Richard A. Proctor.

About twenty-five centuries ago, a voyager called Hanno is said to have sailed from Carthage, between the Pillars of Hercules—that is, through the Straits of Gibraltar—along the shores of Africa. "Passing the Streams of Fire," says the narrator, "we came to a bay called the Horn of the South. In the recess there was an island, like the first, having a lake, and in this there was another island full of wild men. But much the greater part of them were women, with hairy bodies, whom the interpreters called "Gorillas." But, pursuing them, we were not able to take the men; they all escaped, being able to climb the precipices; and defended themselves with pieces of rock. But three women, who bit and scratched those who led them, were not willing to follow. However, having killed them, we flayed them, and conveyed the skins to Carthage; for we did not sail any further, as provisions began to fail."

In the opinion of many naturalists, the wild men of this story were the anthropoid or man-like apes which are now called gorillas, rediscovered recently by Du Chaillu. The region inhabited by the gorillas is a well-wooded country, "extending about a thousand miles from the Gulf of Guinea southward," says Gosse; "and as the gorilla is not found beyond these limits, so we may pretty conclusively infer that the extreme point of Hanno was somewhere in this region." I must confess these inferences seem to me somewhat open to question, and the account of Hanno's voyage only interesting in its relation to the gorilla, as having suggested the name now given to this race of apes. It is not probable that Hanno sailed much further than Sierra Leone; according to Rennell, the island where the "wild men" were seen was the small island lying close by Sherbro, some seventy miles south of Sierra Leone. To have reached the gorilla district after doubling Cape Verd, which is itself a point considerably south of the most southerly city founded by Hanno, he would have had to voyage a distance exceeding that of Cape Verd from Carthage. Nothing in the account suggests that the portion of the voyage after the colonizing was completed had so great a range. The behavior of the "wild men," again, does not correspond with the known habits of the gorilla. The idea suggested is that of a species of anthropoid ape far inferior to the gorilla in strength, courage and ferocity.

The next accounts which have been regarded as relating to the gorilla are those given by Portuguese voyagers. These narratives have been received with considerable doubt, because in some parts they seem manifestly fabulous. Thus, the pictures representing apes show also huge flying dragons with a crocodile's head; and we have no reason for believing that bat-like creatures like the pterodactyls of the green sand existed in Africa or elsewhere so late as the time of the Portuguese voyages of discovery.

Purchas, in his history of Andrew Battell, speaks of "a kinde of great apes, if they might so bee termed, of the height of a man, but twice as bigge in feature of their limmes, with strength proportionable, hairie all over, otherwise altogether like men and women in their whole bodily shape, except that their legges had no calves." This description accords well with the peculiarities of gorillas, and may be regarded as the first genuine account of these animals. Battell's contemporaries called the apes so described Pongoes. It is probable that in selecting the name Pongo for the young female gorilla lately at the Westminster Aquarium, the proprietors of this interesting creature showed a more accurate judgment of the meaning of Purchas's narrative than Du Chaillu showed of Hanno's account, in

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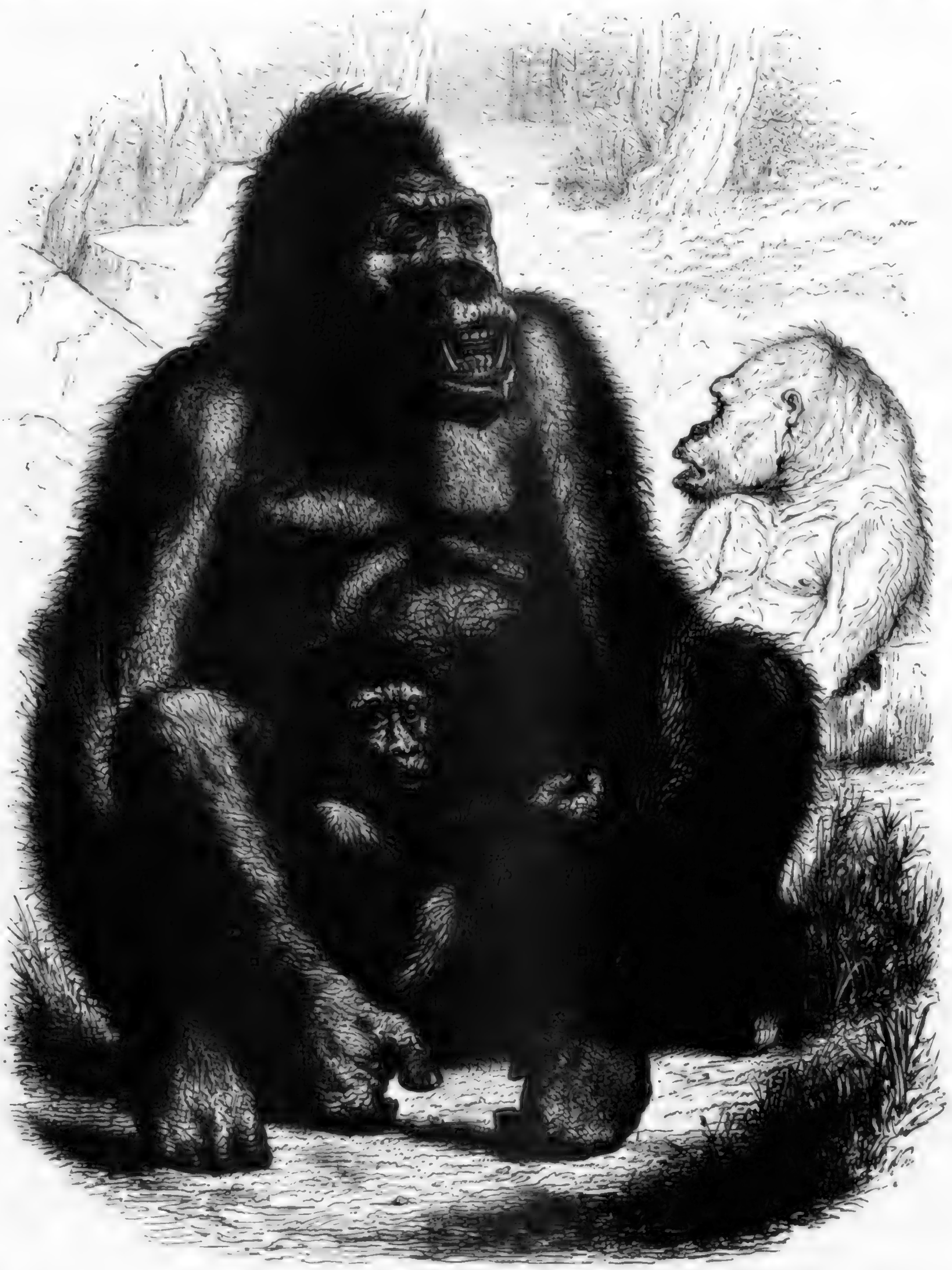
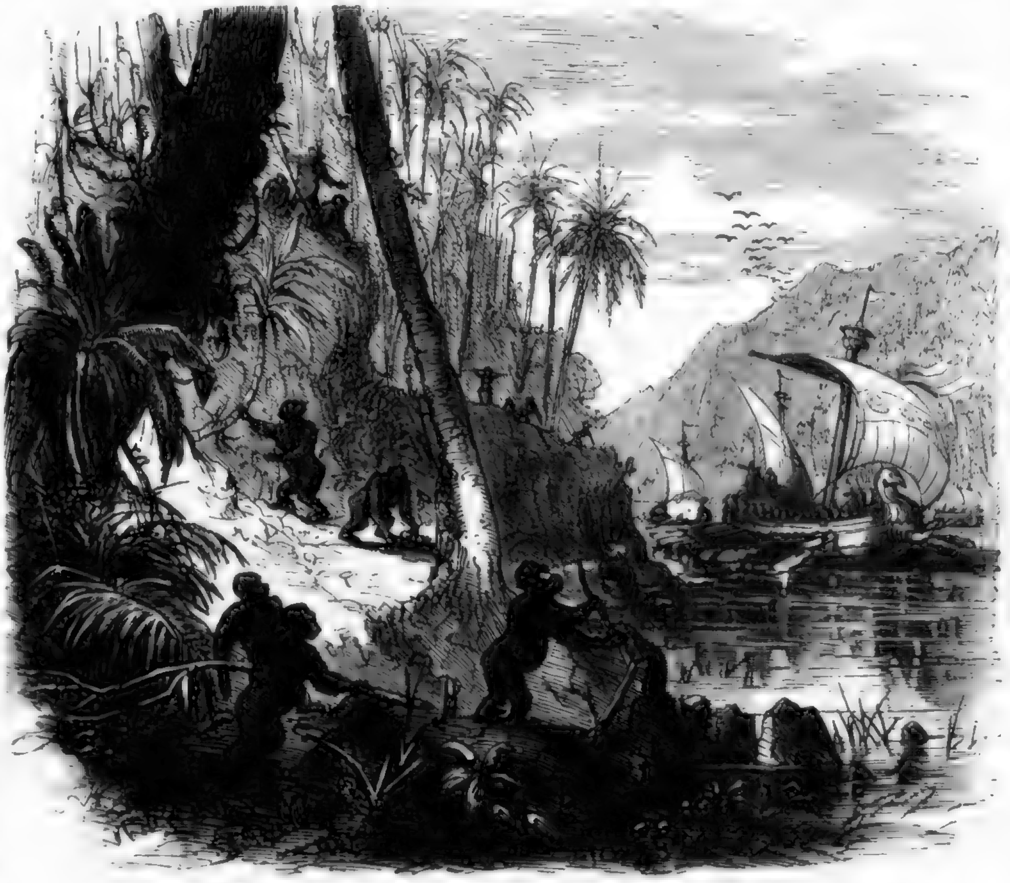
calling the great anthropoid ape of the Gulf of Guinea a gorilla.

I propose here briefly to sketch the peculiarities of the four apes which approach nearest in form to man—the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang-outang and the gibbon; and then, though not dealing generally with the question of our relationship to these non-speaking (and, in some respects, perhaps, "unspeakable") animals, to touch on some points connected with this question, and to point out some errors which are very commonly entertained on the subject.



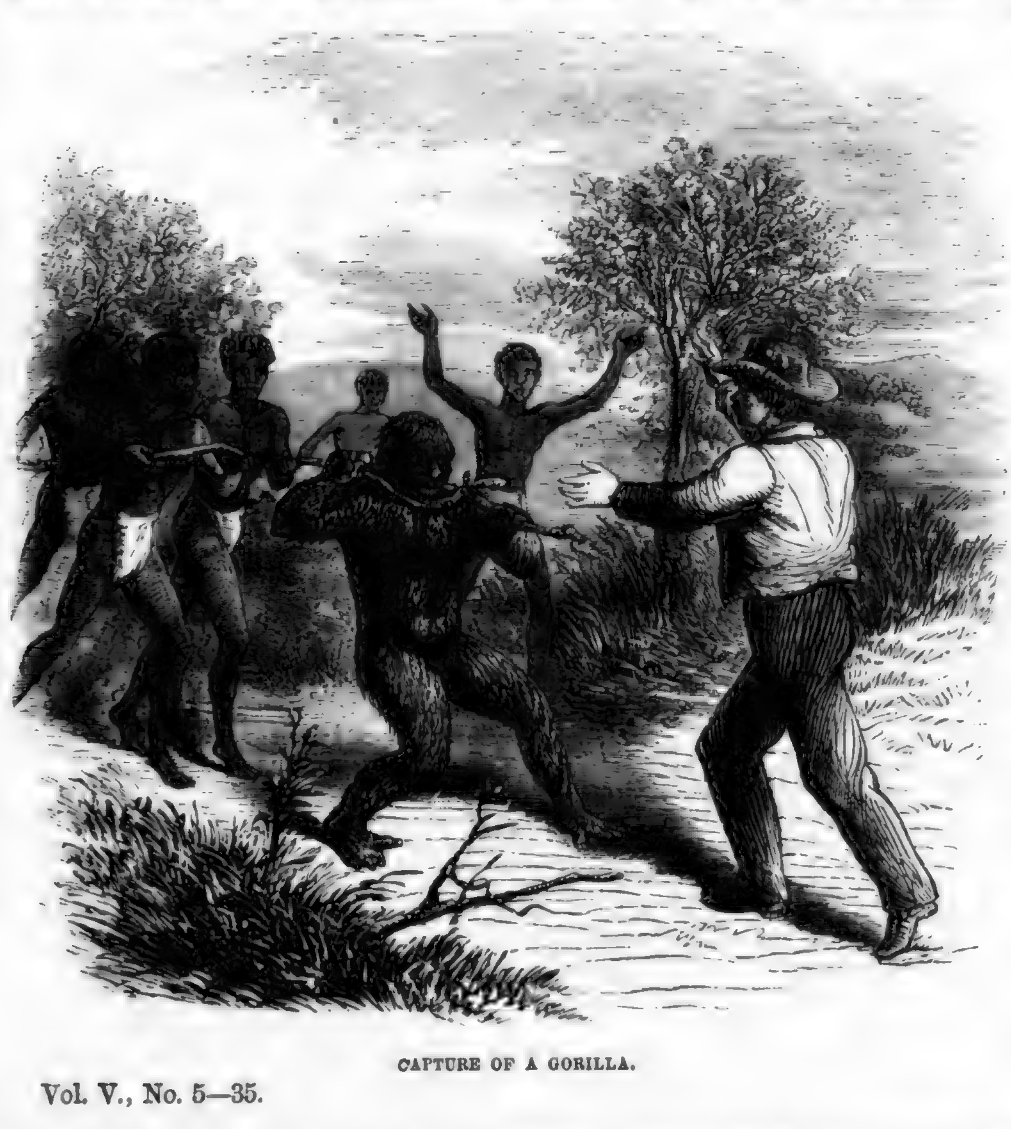
GORILLAS WITH THEIR YOUNG ONE.

It may be well, in the first place, to point out that the terms "ape," "baboon" and "monkey" are no longer used as they were by the older naturalists. Formerly the term "ape" was limited to tailless simians having no cheek-pouches, and the same number of teeth as man; the term "baboon" to short-tailed simians with dog-shaped heads; and the term "monkey," unless used generically, to the



THE GORILLAS DISCOVERED BY HANNO, THE CARTHAGINIAN.

long-tailed species. This was the usage suggested by Ray and adopted systematically thirty or forty years ago; but it is no longer followed, though no uniform classification has been substituted for the old arrangement. Thus Mivart divides the apes into two classes: calling the first the *Simiadæ*, or Old World apes, and the second the *Cebidæ*, or New World apes. He subdivides the *Simiadæ* into (1) the *Siminæ*, including the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang and gibbon; (2) the *Semnopithecinæ;* and (3) the *Cynopithecinæ;* neither of which subdivisions will occupy much of our attention here, save as respects the third subdivision of the Cynopithecæ, viz., the *Cynocephali*, which includes the baboons. The other great division, the Cebidæ, or New World apes, are for the most part very unlike the Old World apes. None of them approach the gorilla or orang-outang in size; most of them are long-tailed; and the number and arrangement of the teeth are different. The feature, however, which most naturalists have selected as the characteristic distinction between the apes of the Old World and of the New World is the position of the nostrils. The former are called Catarhine, a word signifying that the nostrils are directed downward; the latter are called Platyrhine, or broad-nosed. The nostrils of all the Old World apes are separated by a narrow cartilaginous plate or septum, whereas the septum of the New World apes is broad. After the apes come, according to Mivart's classification, the half-apes or Lemuroids.



CAPTURE OF A GORILLA.

I ought, perhaps, to have mentioned that Mivart, in describing the Lemuroids as the second sub-order of a great order of animals—the Primates—speaks of man as (zoologically speaking) belonging to the first sub-order. So that, in point of fact, the two sub-orders are the Anthropoids, including the Anthropos (man), and the Lemuroids, including the lemur.

The classification here indicated will serve our present purpose very well. But the reader is reminded that, as already mentioned, naturalists do not adopt at present any uniform system of classification. Moreover, the term *Simiadæ* is usually employed, and will be employed here, to represent the entire simian race, *i. e.*, both the Simiadæ and the Cebidæ of Mivart's classification.

And now, turning to the Anthropoid apes, we find ourselves at the outset confronted by the

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question, Which of the four apes, the gorilla, the orang-outang, the chimpanzee, or the gibbon, is to be regarded as nearest to man in intelligence? So far as bodily configuration is concerned, our opinion would vary according to the particular feature which we selected for consideration; but it will probably be admitted that intelligence should be the characteristic by which our opinions should be guided.

The gibbon may be dismissed at once, though, as will presently appear, there are some features in which this ape resembles man more closely than either the gorilla, the orang-outang, or the chimpanzee.

The gorilla must, I fear, be summarily ejected from the position of honor. Though he is a much larger animal than the chimpanzee, his brain barely equals the chimpanzee's in mass. It is also less fully developed in front. In fact, Gratiolet asserts that the orang's brain is the culminating form of the gibbon type, and the chimpanzee's the culminating form of the macaque type. This does not dispose of the difficulty very satisfactorily, however, because it remains to be shown whether the gibbon type and the macaque type are superior as types to the baboon types. But the baboons are all brutal and ferocious, whereas the gibbons are comparatively gentle, and the macaques docile and even playful.

Still, it seems tolerably clear that the choice as to the race of apes which must be regarded as first in intelligence, and therefore as on the whole the most manlike, rests between the orang-outang and the chimpanzee. "In the world of science, as in that of politics," said Professor Rolleston, in 1862, "France and England have occasionally differed as to their choice between rival candidates for royalty. If either hereditary claims or personal merits affect at all the right of succession, beyond a question the gorilla is but a pretender, and one or other of the two (other) candidates the true prince. There is a graceful as well as an ungraceful way of withdrawing from a false position, and the British public will adopt the graceful course by accepting forthwith and henceforth the French candidate"—the orang-outang. If this was intended as prophecy it has not been fulfilled by the event, for the gorilla is still regarded by most British naturalists as the ape which comes on the whole nearest to man; but probably, in saying "the British public will adopt the graceful course" in accepting the orang-outang as "the king of the Simiadæ," Professor Rolleston meant only that that course would be graceful if adopted.

Before the discovery of the gorilla, the chimpanzee was usually regarded as next to man in the scale of the animal creation. It was Cuvier who first maintained the claim of the orang-outang to this position. Cuvier's opinion was based on the greater development of the orang-outang's brain, and the height of its forehead. But these marks of superiority belong to the orang only when young. The adult orang seems to be inferior, or at least not superior, to the chimpanzee as respects cerebral formation, and in other respects seems less to resemble man. The proportions of his body, his long arms, high shoulders, deformed neck and imperfect ears are opposed to its claims to be regarded as manlike. In all these respects, save one, the chimpanzee seems to be greatly its superior. (The ear of the chimpanzee is large, and not placed as with us; that of the gorilla is much more like man's.)

As to the intelligence exhibited in the conduct of the chimpanzee and orang-outang, various opinions may be formed according to the various circumstances under which the animals are observed. The following has been quoted in evidence of the superiority of the chimpanzee in this respect: "About fifty years ago a young chimpanzee and an orang-outang of about the same age were exhibited together at the Egyptian Hall. The chimpanzee, though in a declining state of health, and rendered peevish and irritable by bodily suffering, exhibited much superior marks of intelligence to his companion; he was active, quick, and observant of everything that passed around him; no new visitor entered the apartment in which he was kept, and no one left it, without attracting his attention. The orang-outang, on the contrary, exhibited a melancholy and a disregard of passing occurences almost amounting to apathy; and, though in the enjoyment of better health, was evidently much inferior to his companion in quickness and observation. On one occasion, when the animals were dining on potatoes and boiled chicken, and surrounded as usual with a large party of visitors, the orang-outang allowed her plate to be taken without exhibiting the least apparent concern; not so, however, the chimpanzee. We took advantage of an opportunity when his head was turned to observe a person coming in, to secrete his plate also. For a few seconds he looked round to see what had become of it, but, not finding it, began to pout and fret exactly like a spoiled child, and, perceiving a young lady, who happened to be standing near him, laughing, perhaps suspecting her to be the delinquent, he flew at her in the greatest rage, and would probably have bitten her had she not got beyond his reach. Upon having his plate restored, he took care to prevent the repetition of the joke by holding it firmly with one hand, while he fed himself with the other."

Perhaps the soundest opinion respecting the relative position of the gorilla, chimpanzee, and orang-outang with reference to man, is that which places the gorilla nearest to the lower tribes of man now inhabiting Africa; the chimpanzee approximating, but not so closely, to higher African tribes, and the orang-outang approximating, but still less closely, to Asian tribes. It appears to me that no one who takes a *general* view of these three races of anthropoid apes can hesitate to regard the gorilla as that which, on the whole, approaches nearest to man; but it is to a much lower race of man that the gorilla approximates, so that the chimpanzee and the orang-outang may fairly be regarded as higher in the scale of animal life.

If we consider young specimens of the three animals, we are unmistakably led, in my judgment, to such a conclusion. I have seen three or four young chimpanzees, two young orangs and the young gorilla lately exhibited, and I cannot hesitate to pronounce Pongo altogether the most human of the three.

A young chimpanzee reminds one rather of an old man than of a child, and the same may be said of young orangs; but the young gorilla unmistakably reminds one of the young negro. Repeatedly, while watching Pongo, I was reminded of the looks and behavior of young negroes, though not able in every case to fix definitely on the feature of resemblance which recalled the negro to my mind. One circumstance may be specially noted, not only as frequently recurring, but as illustrating the traits on which the resemblance of the gorilla (when young, at any rate) to the negro depends. A negro turns his eyes where a Caucasian would turn his head. The peculiarity is probably a relic of savage life; for the savage, whether engaged in war or in the chase, avoids, as far as possible, every movement of body or limb. Pongo looks in this way. When she thus cast her black eyes sideways at an object, I found myself reminded irresistibly of the ways of watchful negro waiters.

The four anthropoid apes, full-grown and in their native wilds, differ greatly from each other in character.

The gorilla occupies a well-wooded country extending along the coast of Africa from the Gulf of Guinea southward across the equator. When full-grown he is equal to a man in height, but much more powerfully built. The largest male seems to have been at least six feet two in height; so that, making allowance for the shortness of the lower limbs, the dimensions of a full-grown male may be said to equal those of a man of eight or nine feet high, and it is only in their length that the lower limbs are disproportionate to the gigantic trunk. In the thickness and solidity of their bones, and in the strength of their muscles, these limbs are quite in keeping with the rest of the body. When upright, the gorilla's arms reach to his knees; the hind hands are wide, and of amazing size and power; the great toe, or thumb, measures six inches in circumference; the palms and soles, and the naked part of the face, are of an intense black color, as is also the breast. The other parts are thickly clothed with hair of an iron-gray, except the head, on which it is reddish-brown, and the arms, where it is long and nearly black. The female is wholly tinged with red.

Du Chaillu gives the following account of the aspect of the gorilla in his native woods: "Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along in a silence which made even a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with a tremendous barking roar; then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently stood before us an immense gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great, muscular arms, with fiercely glaring, large, deep-gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me some nightmare vision; thus stood before us the king of the African forest. He was not afraid of us; he stood there and beat his breast with his large fists till it resounded like an immense bass drum (which is their mode of bidding defiance), meantime giving vent to roar after roar."

The gorilla is a fruit-eater, but as fierce as the most carnivorous animals. He is said to show an enraged enmity against men, probably because he has found them not only hostile to himself, but successful in securing the fruits which the gorilla loves; for he shows a similar hatred to the elephant, which also seeks these fruits.

We are told that when the gorilla "sees the elephant busy with his trunk among the twigs, he instantly regards this as an infraction of the laws of property, and, dropping silently down to the bough, he suddenly brings his club smartly down on the elephant's proboscis, and drives off the alarmed animal trumpeting shrilly with rage and pain."

His enmity to man is more terribly manifested. He does not, like the lion, sullenly retreat, but swings himself rapidly down to the lower branches, courting a conflict, and clutches the nearest of his enemies. The hideous aspect of his visage (his green eyes flashing with rage) is heightened by the thick and prominent brows being drawn spasmodically up and down, with the hair erect, causing a horrible and fiendish scowl. Weapons are torn from their possessor's grasp, gun-barrels bent and crushed in by the powerful hands and vice-like teeth of the enraged brute. More horrid still, however, is the sudden and unexpected fate which is often inflicted by him. Two negroes will be walking through one of the woodland paths, unsuspicious of evil, when in an instant one misses his companion, or turns to see him drawn up in the air with a convulsed, choking cry, and in a few minutes dropped to the ground, a strangled corpse. The terrified survivor gazes up, and meet the grin and glare of the fiendish giant, who, watching his opportunity, had suddenly put down his immense hind hand, caught the wretch by the neck with resistless power, and dropped him only when he ceased to struggle."

The chimpanzee inhabits the region from Sierra Leone to the southern confines of Angola, possibly as far as Cape Negro; so that his domain includes within it that of the gorilla. He attains almost the same height as the gorilla when full grown, but is far less powerfully built. In fact, in general proportions the chimpanzee approaches man more nearly than does any other animal. His body is covered with long black, coarse hair, thickest on the head, shoulders, and back, and rather thin on the breast and belly. The face is dark brown, and naked, as are the ears, except that long, black whiskers adorn the animal's cheeks. The hair on the forearms is directed toward the elbows, as is the case with all the anthropoid apes, and with man himself. This hair forms, where it meets the hair from the upper arm, a small ruff about the elbow-joint. The chimpanzees live in society in the woods, constructing huts from the branches and foliage of trees to protect themselves against the sun and heavy rains.

They arm themselves with clubs, and unite to defend themselves against the attacks of wild beasts. It is dangerous for men to enter their forests, unless in companies and well armed; women in particular are often said to be carried away by these animals, and one negress is reported to have lived among them for three years, during which time they treated her with uniform kindness, but always prevented any attempt on her part to escape. When the negroes leave a fire in the woods, it is said that the chimpanzees will gather round and warm themselves at the blaze, but they have not sufficient intelligence to keep it alive by fresh supplies of fuel.

The orang-outang inhabits Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and other islands of the Indian coast. He attains a greater height than the gorilla, but, though very powerful and active, would probably not be a match for the gorilla in a single combat. His arms are by comparison as well as actually much longer. Whereas the gorilla's reach only to the knees, the arms of the orang-outang almost reach the ground. The orang seldom attempts to walk on the hind feet alone, and when it does the hands are invariably employed for the purpose of steadying its tottering equilibrium, touching the ground lightly on each side as it proceeds."

The gorilla can scarcely be said to walk on all-fours, because he does not place the inside of the hand on the ground, but walks on the knuckles.

"The muzzle is somewhat long, the mouth ill-shaped, the lips thin and protuberant; the ears are very small, the chin scarcely recognizable, and the nose only to be recognized by the nostrils. The face, ears, and inside of the hands of the orang are naked and of a brick-red color; the foreparts are also but thinly covered with hair; but the head, shoulders, back, and extremities are thickly clothed with long hair of dark, wine-red color, directed forward on the crown of the head and upward toward the elbows on the forearms."

The orang-outang changes remarkably in character and appearance as he approaches full growth. "Though exhibiting in early youth a rotundity of the cranium and a height of forehead altogether peculiar, and accompanied at the same time with a gentleness of disposition and a gravity of manners which contrast strongly with the petulant and irascible temper of the lower orders of quadrumanous mammals, the orang-outang, in its adult state, is even remarkable for the flatness of its retiring forehead, the great development of the super-orbital and occipital crests, the prominence of its jaws, the remarkable size of its canine teeth, and the whole form of the skull, which, from the globular shape of the human head, as in the young specimen, assumes all the forms and characters belonging to that of a large carnivorous animal."

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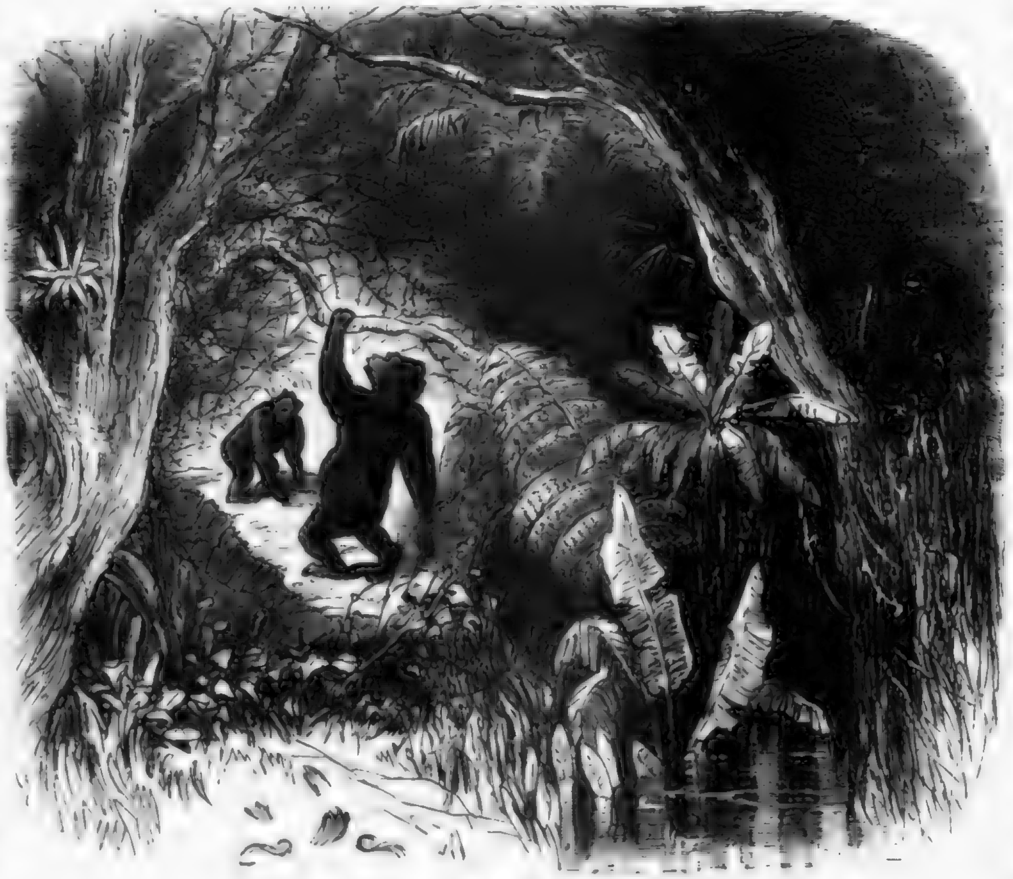
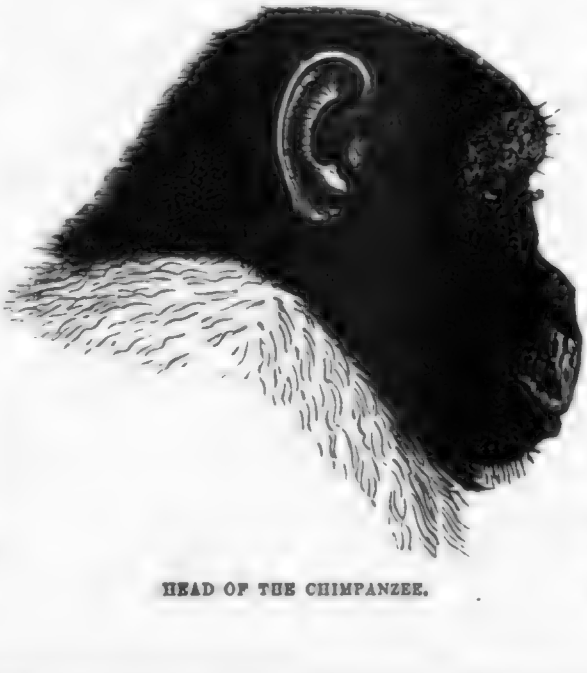


THE SPOOR OF THE GORILLA.

Unlike the gorilla and chimpanzee, the orang, even in its adult state, seems not to be dangerous unless attacked. Even then he does not always show great ferocity. The two following anecdotes illustrate well its character.

An orang-outang fully seven feet high was discovered by the company of a merchant ship, at a place called Ramboon, on the northwest coast of Sumatra, on a spot where there were few trees and little cultivated ground. "It was evident that he had come from a distance, for his legs were covered with mud up to his knees, and the natives were unacquainted with him. On the approach of the boat's crew he came down from the tree in which he was discovered, and made for a clump at some distance; exhibiting, as he moved, the appearance of a tall, man-like figure, covered with shining brown hair, walking erect, with a waddling gait, but sometimes accelerating his motion with his hands, and occasionally impelling himself forward with the bough of a tree. His motion on the ground was evidently not his natural mode of progression, for, even when assisted by his hands and the bough, it was slow and vacillating; it was necessary to see him among the trees to estimate his strength and agility. On being driven to a small clump, he gained by one spring a very lofty branch, and bounded from one branch to another with the swiftness of a common monkey; his progress being as rapid as that of a swift horse. After receiving five balls his exertions relaxed, and, reclining exhausted against a branch, he vomited a quantity of blood. The ammunition of the hunters being by this time exhausted, they were obliged to fell the tree in order to obtain him; but what was their surprise to see him, as the tree was falling, effect his retreat to another, with seemingly undiminished vigor! In fact, they were obliged to cut down all the trees before they could force him to combat his enemies on the ground, and when finally overpowered by numbers, and nearly in a dying state, he seized a spear made of supple wood, which would have withstood the strength of the stoutest man, and broke it like a reed. It was stated, by those who aided in his death, that the human-like expression of his countenance, and his piteous manner of placing his hands on his wounds, distressed their feelings so as almost to make them question the nature of the act they were committing. He was seven feet high, with a broad, expanded chest and narrow waist. His chin was fringed with a beard that curled on each side, and formed an ornamental rather than a frightful appendage to his visage. His arms were long, even in proportion to his height, but his legs were much shorter. Upon the whole, he was a wonderful beast to behold, and there was more about him to excite amazement than fear. His hair was smooth and glossy, and his whole appearance showed him to be in the full vigor of his youth and strength."



HEAD OF THE CHIMPANZEE.

The other story also presents man as at least as brutal as the orang concerned in the event. "A few miles down the river," says Wallace, "there is a Dyak house, and the inhabitants saw a large orang feeding on the young shoots of a palm by the river side. On being alarmed he retreated toward the jungle, which was close by, and a number of the men, armed with spears and choppers, ran out to intercept him. The man who was in front tried to run his spear through the animal's body; but the orang seized it in his hands, and in an instant got hold of the man's arm, which he seized in his mouth, making his teeth meet in the flesh above the elbow, which he tore and lacerated in a dreadful manner. Had not the others been close behind, the man would have been more seriously injured, if not killed, as he was quite powerless; but they soon destroyed the creature with their spears and choppers. The man remained ill for a long time, and never fully recovered the use of his arm."

The term gibbon includes several varieties of tailless, long-armed, catarhine apes. The largest variety, called the siamang, need alone be described here.

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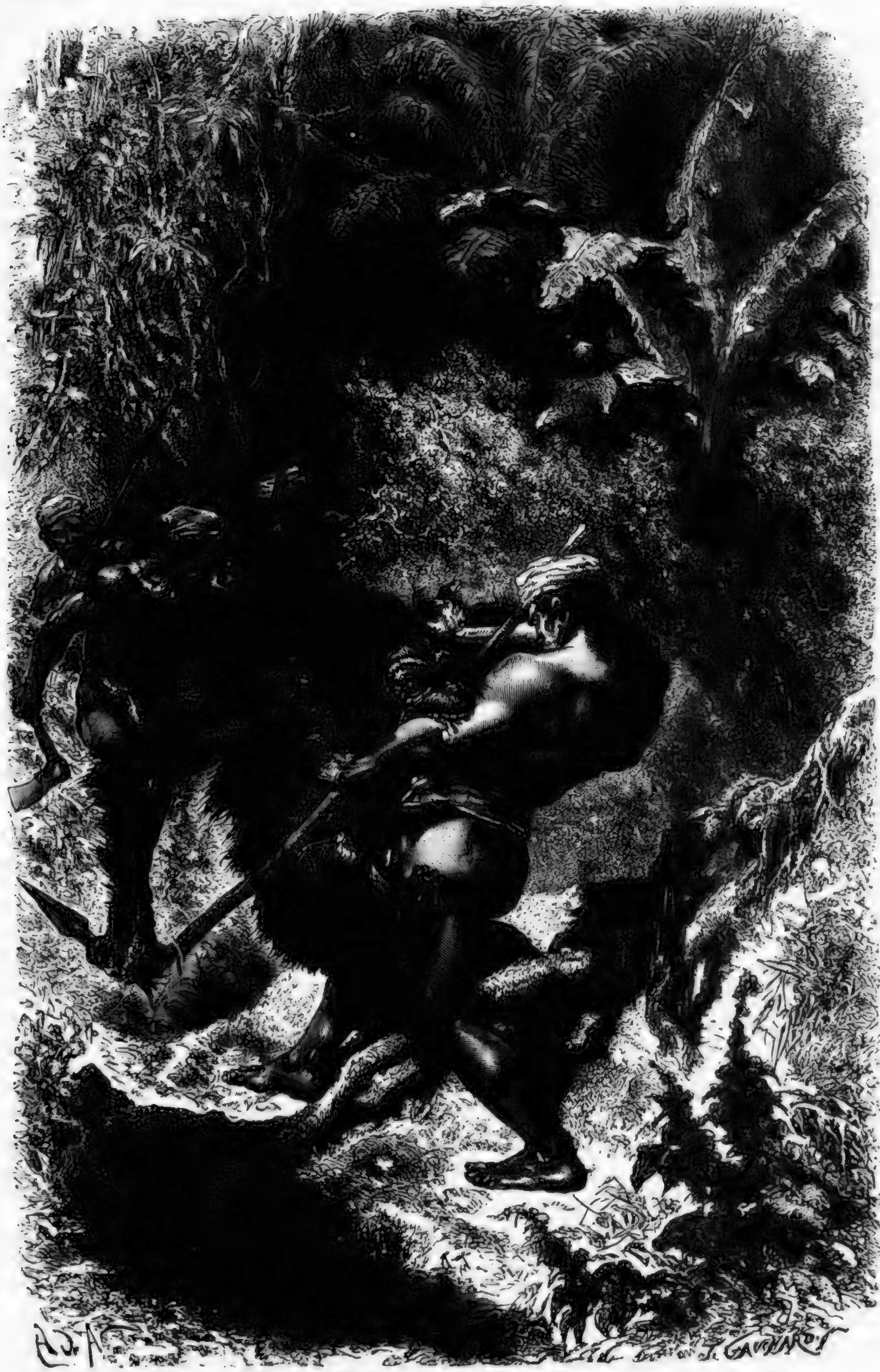

A DYAK OF BORNEO ATTACKED BY AN ORANG-OUTANG.

The siamang inhabits Sumatra. It presents several points of resemblance to the orang-outang, but is also in several respects strongly distinguished from that animal. The arms are longer even than the orang's, and the peculiar use which the orang makes of his long arms is more strikingly shown in the progression of the long-armed siamang; for the body inclining slightly forward, when the animal is on level ground the long arms are used somewhat like crutches, and they advance by jerks resembling the hobbling of a lame man whom fear compels to make an extraordinary effort. The skull is small, and much more depressed than that of the orang or chimpanzee. The face is naked and black, straggling red hairs marking the eyebrows. The eyes are deeply sunk, a peculiarity which, by-the-way, seems characteristic of arboreal creatures generally; the nose broad and flat, with wide-open nostrils; the cheeks sunk under high cheek-bones; the chin almost rudimentary. "The hair over the whole body is thick, long, and of a glossy black color, much closer on the shoulders, back, and limbs, than on the belly, which, particularly in the females, is nearly naked. The ears are entirely concealed by the hair of the head; they are naked, and, like all the other naked parts, of a deep black color. Beneath the chin there is a large, bare sack, of a lax and oily appearance, which is distended with air when the animal cries, and in that state resembles an enormous goître. It is similar to that possessed by the orang-outang, and undoubtedly assists in swelling the volume of the voice, and producing those astounding cries which, according to Duvancelle's account, may be heard at the distance of several miles."

This, however, may be doubted; for M. Duvancelle himself remarks of the wouwou, that, "though deprived of the guttural sack so remarkable in the siamang, its cry is very nearly the same; so that it would appear that this organ does not produce the effect of increasing the sound usually attributed to it, or else that it must be replaced in the wouwou by some analogous formation."

The habits of the siamang are interesting, especially in their bearing on the relationship between the various orders of anthropoid apes and man; for, though the gibbon is unquestionably the lowest of the four orders of the anthropoid apes in intelligence, it possesses some characteristics which bring it nearer to man (so far as they are concerned) than any of its congeners.

The siamangs generally assemble in large troops "conducted," it is said, "by a chief, whom the Malays believe to be invulnerable, probably because he is more agile, powerful, and difficult to capture than the rest." "Thus united, the siamangs salute the rising and setting sun with the most terrific cries" (like sun-worshipers), "which may be heard at the distance of many miles, and which, when near, stun when they do not frighten. By way of compensation, the siamangs keep a profound silence during the day. They are slow and heavy in their gait, wanting confidence when they climb, and agility when they leap, so that they may be easily caught when they can be surprised. But nature, in depriving them of the means of readily escaping danger, has endowed them with a vigilance which rarely fails them; and if they hear a noise which is unusual to them, even at the distance of a mile, fright seizes them and they immediately take flight. When surprised on the ground, however, they may be captured without resistance, either overwhelmed with fear or conscious of their weakness and the impossibility of escaping. At first, indeed, they endeavor to avoid their pursuers by flight, and it is then that their want of skill in this exercise becomes apparent.

"However numerous the troop may be, if one is wounded it is immediately abandoned by the rest, unless, indeed, it happen to be a young one. Then the mother, who either carries it or follows close behind, stops, falls with it, and, uttering the most frightful cries, precipitates herself upon the common enemy with open mouth and arms extended. But it is manifest that these animals are not made for combat; they neither know how to deal nor to shun a blow.

"Nor is their maternal affection displayed only in moments of danger. The care which the females bestow upon their offspring is so tender and even refined, that one would be almost tempted to attribute the sentiment to a rational rather than an instinctive process. It is a curious and interesting spectacle, which a little precaution has sometimes enabled me to witness, to see these females carry their young to the river, wash their faces in spite of their outcries, wipe and dry them, and altogether bestow upon their cleanliness a time and attention that, in many cases, the children of our own species might well envy.

"I have also been assured that these animals frequently become the prey of the tiger, from the same species of fascination which serpents are said to exercise over birds, squirrels and other small animals. Servitude, however long, seems to have no effect in modifying the characteristic defects of this ape—his stupidity, sluggishness and awkwardness. It is true that a few days suffice to make him as gentle and contented as he was before wild and distrustful; but, constitutionally timid, he never acquires the familiarity of other apes, and even his submission appears to be rather the result of extreme apathy than of any degree of confidence or affection. He is almost equally insensible to good or bad treatment: gratitude or revenge are equally strange to him."

We have next to consider certain points connected with the theory of the relationship between man and the anthropoid apes. It is scarcely necessary for me to say, perhaps, that in thus dealing with a subject requiring for its independent investigation the lifelong study of departments of science which are outside those in which I have taken special interest, I am not pretending to advance my opinion as of weight in matters as yet undetermined by zoologists. But it has always seemed to me, that when those who have made special study of a subject collect and publish the result of their researches, and a body of evidence is thus made available to the general body scientific, the facts can be advantageously considered by students of other branches of science, so only that, in leaving for a while their own subject, they do not depart from the true scientific method, and that they are specially careful to distinguish what has been really ascertained from what is only surmised with a greater or less degree of probability.

In the first place, then, I would call attention to some very common mistakes respecting the Darwinian theory of the Descent of Man. I do not refer here to ordinary misconceptions respecting the theory of natural selection. To say the truth, those who have not passed beyond *this* stage of error, those who still confound the theory of natural selection with the Lamarckian and other theories (or, rather, hypotheses) of evolution, are not, as yet, in a position to deal with our present subject, and may be left out of consideration.

The errors to which I refer are, in the main, included in the following statement: It is supposed by many, perhaps by most, that, according to Darwin, man is descended from one or other of the races of anthropoid apes; and that the various orders and sub-orders of apes and monkeys at present existing can be arranged in a series gradually approaching more and more nearly to man, and indicating the various steps (or some of them, for gaps exist in the series) by which man was developed.

Nothing can be plainer, however, than Darwin's contradiction of this genealogy for the human races.

does he not for a moment countenance the belief that the present races of monkeys and apes can be arranged in a series gradually approximating more and more nearly to man; not only does he reject the belief that man is descended from any present existing anthropoid ape, but he even denies that the progenitor of man resembled any known ape. "We must not fall into the error of supposing," he says, "that the early progenitor of the whole simian stock, including man, was identical with, or even closely resembled, any existing ape or monkey."

It appears to me, though it may seem somewhat bold to express this opinion of the views of a naturalist so deservedly eminent as Mr. Mivart, that in his interesting little treatise, "Man and Apes"—a treatise which may be described as specially opposed to Darwin's views but not generally opposed to the theory of evolution—he misapprehends Darwin's position in this respect. For he arrives at the conclusion that if the Darwinian theory is sound, then "low down" (*i. e.* far remote) "in the scale of Primates" (tri-syllabic) "was an ancestral form so like man that it might well be called an *homunculus;* and we have the virtual pre-existence of man's body supposed, in order to account for the actual first appearance of that body as we know it —a supposition manifestly absurd if put forward as an explanation."

How, then, according to the Darwinian theory, is man related to the monkey? The answer to this question is simply that the relationship is the same in kind, though not the same in degree, as that by which the most perfect Caucasian race is related to the lowest race of Australian, or Papuan, or Bosjesman savages.

No one supposes that one of these races of savages could by any process of evolution, however long-continued, be developed into a race resembling the Caucasian in bodily and mental attributes. Nor does any one suppose that the savage progenitor of the Caucasian races was identical with, or even closely resembled, any existing race of savages. Yet we recognize in the lowest forms of savage man our blood relations.

In other words, it is generally believed that if our genealogy, and that of any existing race of savages, could be traced back through all its reticulations, we should at length reach a race whose blood we share with that race. It is also generally believed (though, for my own part, I think the logical consequences of the principle underlying all theories of evolution is in reality opposed to the belief) that, by tracing the genealogical reticulations still further back, we should at length arrive at a single race from which all the present races of man and no other animals have descended.

The Darwinian faith with respect to men and monkeys is precisely analogous. It is believed that the genealogy of every existent race of monkeys, if traced back, would lead us to a race whose blood we share with that race of monkeys; and—which is at once a wider and a more precise proposition—that, as Darwin puts it, "the two main divisions of the Simiadæ, namely the catarhine and platyrhine monkeys, with their sub-groups, have all proceeded from some one extremely ancient progenitor."

This proposition is manifestly wider. I call it also more precise, because it implies, and is evidently intended by Darwin to signify, that from that extremely ancient progenitor no race outside the two great orders of Simiadæ have even partially *descended,* though other races share with the Simiadæ descent from some still more remote race of progenitors.

This latter point, however, is not related specially to the common errors respecting the Darwinian theory which I have indicated above, except in so far as it is a detail of the actual Darwinian theory. I would, in passing, point out that, like the detail referred to in connection with the relationship of the various races of man, this one is not logically deducible from the theory of evolution. In fact, I have sometimes thought that the principal difficulties of that theory arise from this unnecessary and not logically sound doctrine.

The analogy between the descent of races and the descent of individual members of any race requires us rather to believe that the remote progenitor of the human race and the Simiadæ has had its share—though a less share—in the generation of other races related to these in more or less remote degrees.

Let us take two persons, brother and sister (whom let us call the pair A) as analogous of the human race. Then these two have four great-grandparents on the father's side, and four on the mother's side. All these may be regarded as equally related to the pair A. Now, let us suppose that the descendants of the four families of great-grandparents intermarry, no marriages being in any case made outside these families, and that the descendants in the same generation as the pair A are regarded as corresponding to the entire order of the *Simiadæ,* the pair A representing, as already agreed, the race of man, and all families outside the descendants of the four great-grandparental families corresponding to orders of animals more distantly related than the Simiadæ to man. Then we have what corresponds (so far as our illustration is concerned) to Darwin's views respecting man and the Simiadæ, and animals lower in the scale of life. The first cousins of the pair A may be taken as representing the anthropoid apes; the second cousins as representing the lemurs or half apes; the third cousins as representing the platyrhine or American apes. The entire family, including the pair A, representing man, is descended also, in accordance with the Darwinian view, from a simple family of progenitors, no outside families sharing *descent,* though all share *blood,* with that family.

But, manifestly, this is an entirely artificial and improbable arrangement in the case of families. The eight grandparents *might* be so removed in circumstances from surrounding families—so much superior to them, let us say, that neither they nor any of their descendants would intermarry with these inferior families. And thus none of their great-grandchildren would share descent from some other stock contemporary with the great-grandparents, or—which is the same thing, but seen in another light—none of the contemporaries of the great-grandchildren would share descent from the eight grandparents.

But so complete a separation of the family from surrounding families would be altogether exceptional and unlikely. For, even assuming the eight families to be originally very markedly distinguished from all surrounding families, yet families rise and fall, marry unequally, and within the range of a few generations, a wide disparity of blood and condition appears among the descendants of any group of families. So that, in point of fact, the relations assumed to subsist between man, the Simiadæ, and lower animal forms correspond to an unusual and improbable set of relations among families of several persons.

Either, then, the relations of families must be regarded as not truly analogous to the relations of races, which no evolutionist would assert, or else we must adopt a somewhat different view of the relationship between man, the Simiadæ, and inferior animals.

One other illustration may serve not only to make my argument clearer, but also, by presenting an actual case, to enforce the conclusion to which it points.

We know that the various races of man are related together, more or less closely; that some are purer than

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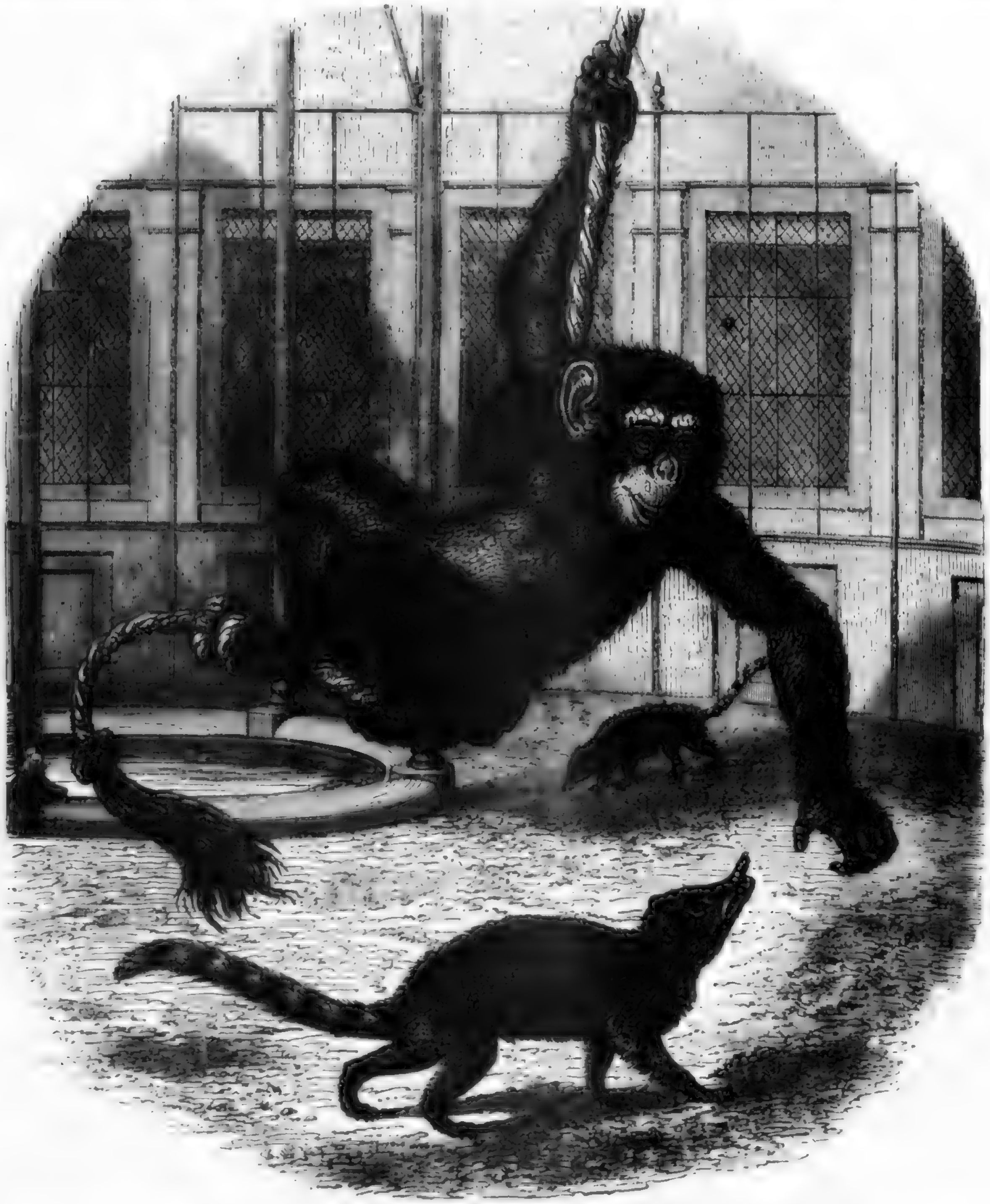
others, and that one or two claim almost absolute purity. Now, if we take one of these last, as, for instance, the Jewish race, and trace the race backward to its origin, we find it, according to tradition, carried back to twelve families, the twelve sons of Jacob and their respective wives. (We cannot go further back, because the wives of Jacob's sons must be taken into account, and they were not descended from Abraham or Isaac and their wives only—in fact, could not have been.) If the descendants of those twelve families had never intermarried with outside families in such sort that the descendants of such mixed families came to be regarded as true Hebrews, we should have in the Hebrews a race corresponding to the Simiadæ as regarded by Darwin, *i. e.*, a race entirely descended from one set of families, and so constituting, in fact, a single family. But we know that, despite the objections entertained by the Hebrews against the intermixture of their races with other races, this did not happen. Not only did many of those regarded as true Hebrews share descent from nations outside their own, but many of those regarded as truly belonging to nations outside the Jewish shared descent from the twelve sons of Jacob.



CHIMPANZEE AND COATIS.

The case corresponding, then, to that of the purest of all human races, and the case, therefore, most favorable to the view presented by Darwin (though very far from essential to the Darwinian theory), is simply this, that, in the first place, many animals regarded as truly Simiadæ share descent from animals outside that family which Darwin regards as the ape-progenitor of man; and, in the second place, many animals regarded as outside the Simiadæ share descent from that ape-like progenitor. This involves the important inference that the ape-like progenitor of man was not so markedly differentiated from other families of animals then existing that fertile intercourse was impossible. A little consideration will show that this inference accords well with, if it might not almost have been directly deduced from, the Darwinian doctrine that all orders of mammals were, in turn, descended from a still more remote progenitor-race. The same considerations may manifestly be applied also to that more remote race, to the still more remote race from which all the vertebrates have descended, and so on to the source itself from which all forms of living creatures are supposed to have descended. A difficulty meets us at that remotest end of the chain analogous to the difficulty of understanding how life began at all; but we should profit little by extending the inquiry to these difficulties, which remain, and are likely long to remain, insuperable.

THE ANDAMAN APE.

So far, however, are the considerations above urged from introducing any new or insuperable objection to the Darwinian theory, that, rightly understood, they indicate the true answer to an objection which has been urged by Mivart and others against the belief that man has descended from some ape-like progenitor.

Mivart shows that no existing ape or monkey approaches man more nearly in all respects than other races, but that one resembles man most closely in some respects, another in others, a third in yet others, and so forth. "The ear lobule of the gorilla makes him our cousin," he says, "but his tongue is eloquent in his own dispraise." If the "bridging convolutions of the orang ['s brain] go to sustain his claim to supremacy, they also go far to sustain a similar claim on the part of the long-tailed thumbless spider-monkeys. If the obliquely-ridged teeth of *Simia* and *Troglodytes* (the chimpanzee) point to community of origin, how can we deny a similar community of origin, as thus estimated, to the howling monkeys and galagos? The liver of the gibbons proclaims them almost human; that of the gorilla declares him comparatively brutal. The lower American apes meet us with what seems the 'front of Jove himself,' compared with the gigantic but low-browed denizens of tropical Western Africa."

He concludes that the existence of these wide-spread signs of affinity, and the associated signs of divergence, disprove the theory that the structural characters existing in the human frame have had their origin in the influence of inheritance and "natural selection." "In the words of the illustrious Dutch naturalists, Messrs. Schroeder, Van der Kolk and Vrolik," he says, "the lines of affinity existing between different Primates construct rather a network than a ladder. It is indeed a tangled web, the meshes of which no naturalist has as yet unraveled by the aid of natural selection. Nay, more, these complex affinities form such a net for the use of the telological *retiarius* as it will be difficult for his Lucretian antagonist to evade, even with the countless turns and doublings of Darwinian evolutions."

It appears to me that when we observe the analogy between the relationships of individuals, families, and races of man, and the relationships of the various species of animals, the difficulty indicated by Mr. Mivart disappears. Take for instance the case of the eight allied families above considered. Suppose, instead of the continual intermarriages before imagined—an exceptional order of events, be it remembered—that the more usual order of things takes place, viz., that alliances take place with other families. For simplicity, however, imagine that each married pair has two children, male and female, and that each person marries once and only once. Then it will be found that the pair A have ten families of cousins, two first-cousin families, and eight second-cousin families; these are all the families which share descent from the eight great-grandparents of the pair. (To have third-cousin families we should have to go back to the fourth generation.) Thus there are eleven families in all. Now, in the case first imagined of constant intermarrying, there would still have been eleven families, but they would all have descended from eight great-grandparents, and we should then expect to find among the eleven families various combinations, so to speak, of the special characteristics of the eight families

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from which they had descended. On the other hand, eleven families, in no way connected, have descended from eighty-eight great-grandparents, and would present a corresponding variety of characteristics. But in the case actually supposed, in which the eleven families are so related that each one (for what applies to the pair A applies to the others) has two first-cousin families, and eight second-cousin families, it will be found that instead of eighty-eight they have only fifty-six great-grandparents, or ancestors, in the third generation above them. The two families related as first cousins to the pair A have, like these, eight great-grandparents, four out of these eight for one family, being the four grandparents of the father of the pair A, the other four being outsiders; while four of the eight great-grandparents of the other family of first cousins are the four grandparents of the mother of the pair A, the other four being outsiders. The other eight families each have eight great-grandparents; two of the families having among their great-grandparents the parents of one of the grandfathers of the pair A, but no other great-grandparent in common with the pair A; other two of the eight families having among their great-grandparents the parents of the other grandfather of the pair A; other two having among their great-grandparents the parents of one of the grandmothers of the pair A; the remaining two families having among their great-grandparents the parents of the other grandmother of the pair A: while in all cases the six remaining great-grandparents of each family are outsiders, in no way related, on our assumption, either to the eight great-grandparents of the pair A or to each other, except as connected in pairs by marriage.

Now manifestly in such a case, which—save for the symmetry introduced to simplify its details, represents fairly the usual relationships between any family, its first cousins and its second cousins—we should not expect to find any one of the ten other families resembling the pair A more closely in *all* respects than would any other of the ten. The two first-cousin families would *on the whole* resemble the pair A more nearly than would any of the other eight, but we should expect to find *some* features or circumstances in which one or other or all of the second-cousin families would show a closer resemblance to one or other or both of the pair A.

This is found often, perhaps generally, to be the case, even as respects the ordinary characteristics in which resemblance is looked for, as complexion, height, features, manner, disposition, and so forth. Much more would it be recognized, if such close investigation could be made among the various families as the naturalist can make into the characteristics of men and animals.

The fact, then, that features of resemblance to man are found, not all in one order of the Simiadæ, but scattered among the various orders, is perfectly analogous with the laws of resemblance recognized among the various members of more or less closely related families.

The same result follows if we consider the analogy between various different species of animals on the one hand and between various races of the human family on the other. No one thinks of urging against the ordinary theory that men form only a single species, the objection that none of the other families of the human race can be regarded as the progenitor of the Caucasian family, seeing that though the Mongolian type is nearer in some respects, the Ethiopian is nearer in others, the American in others, the Malay in yet others.

We find in this the perfect analogue of what is required in the relationships between families all belonging to one nation, or even to one small branch of a nation.

Is it not reasonable, then, to find in the corresponding features of scattered resemblance observed among the various branches of the great Simian family, not the objection which Mivart finds against the theory of relationship, but rather what should be expected if that theory is sound, and therefore, *pro tanto*, a confirmation of the theory.

But now, in conclusion, let us briefly consider the great difficulty of the theory that man is descended from some ape-like, arboreal, speechless animal—the difficulty of building over the wide gap which confessedly separates the lowest race of savages from the highest existing race of apes.

After all that has been done to diminish the difficulty, it remains a very great one.

It is quite true that what is going on at this present time shows how the gap has been widened, and therefore indicates how it may once have been comparatively small. The more savage races of man are gradually disappearing on the one hand, the most man-like apes are being destroyed on the other—so that on both sides of the great gap a widening process is at work.

Ten thousand years hence the least civilized human race will probably be little inferior to the average Caucasian races of the present day, the most civilized being far in advance of the most advanced European races of our time. On the other hand, the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang-outang, and the gibbon will probably be extinct, or nearly so. True, the men of those days will probably have very exact records of the characteristics not only of the present savage races of man, but of the present races of apes. Nay, they will probably know of intermediate races, long since extinct even now, whose fossil remains geologists hope to discover before long as they have already discovered the remains of an ape as large as man (the *Dryopithecus*) which existed in Europe during the Myocene period;* and more recently the remains of a race of monkeys akin to Macacus, which once inhabited Attica.

But, although our remote descendants will thus possess means which we do not possess of bridging the gap between the highest races of apes and the lowest races of man, the gap will nevertheless be wider in their time. And tracing backward the process, which thus traced forward shows a widened gap, we see that once the gap must have been much narrower than it is.

Lower races of man than any now known once existed on the earth, and also races of apes nearer akin to man than any now existing, even if the present races of apes are not the degraded descendants of races which, living under more favorable conditions, were better developed after their kind than the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang, and gibbon of the present time.

It may be, indeed, that in the consideration last suggested we may find some assistance in dealing with our difficult problem. It is commonly assumed that the man-like apes are the most advanced members of the Simian family save man alone, and so far as their present condition is concerned, this may be true. But it is not necessarily the case that the anthropoid apes have advanced to their present condition.

Judging from the appearance of the young of these races, we may infer with some degree of probability that these apes are the degraded representatives of more intelligent and less savage races. Whereas the young of man is decidedly more savage in character than the well-nurtured and carefully trained adult, the young of apes are decidedly less savage than the adult.

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* The Middle Tertiary period—the Tertiary, which includes the Eocene, Miocene and Pliocene periods, being the latest of the three great periods recognized by geologists as preceding the present era, which includes the entire history of man as at present known geologically.

The same reasoning which leads us to regard the wildness, the natural cruelty, the destructiveness, the love of noise, and many other little ways of young children, as reminders of a more or less remote savage ancestry, should lead us to regard the comparative tameness and quiet of the young gorilla, for example, as evidence that in remote times the progenitors of the race were not so wild and fierce as the present race of gorillas.

But even when all such considerations, whether based on the known or the possible, have been taken into account, the gap between the lowest savage and the highest ape is not easily bridged.

It is easier to see how man *may* have developed from an arboreal, unspeaking animal to his present state, than to ascertain how any part of the development was actually effected; in other words, it is easier to suggest a general hypothesis than to establish an even partial theory.

That the progenitor of man was arboreal in his habits seems altogether probable. Darwin recognizes in the arrangement of the hair on the human fore-arm the strongest evidence on this point, so far as the actual body of man is concerned; the remaining and, perhaps, stronger evidence being derived from appearances recognized in the unborn child. He, who usually seems as though he could overlook nothing, appears to have overlooked a peculiarity which is even more strikingly suggestive of original arboreal habits.

There is one set of muscles, and, so far as I know, one only, which the infant uses freely, while the adult scarcely uses them at all. I mean the muscles which separate the toes, and those, especially, which work the big toe. Very young children not only move the toes apart, so that the great toe and the little toe will be inclined to each other (in the plane of the sole) nearly ninety degrees, but also distinctly clutch with the toes. The habit has no relation to the child's actual means of satisfying its wants. I have often thought that the child's manner of clutching with its fingers is indicative of the former arboreal habits of the race, but it is not difficult to explain the action otherwise.

The clutching movement of the toes, however, cannot be so explained. The child can neither bring food to its mouth in this way, nor save itself from falling; and as the adult does not use the toes in this way the habit cannot be regarded as the first imperfect effort toward movements subsequently useful. In fact, the very circumstance that the movement is gradually disused shows that it is useless to the human child in the present condition of the race. In the very young gorilla, the clutching motion of the toes is scarcely more marked than it is in a very young child; only in the gorilla the movement, being of use, is continued by the young, and is developed into that effective clutch with the feet which has been already described. Here we have another illustration of that divergency which, rather than either simple descent or ascent, characterizes the relationship between man and the anthropoid ape. In the growing gorilla a habit is more and more freely used, which is more and more completely given up by the child as he progresses toward maturity.

Probably the arboreal progenitor of man was originally compelled to abandon his arboreal habits by some slow change in the flora of his habitat, resulting in the diminution and eventual disappearance of trees suited for his movements. He would thus be compelled to adopt, at first, some such course as the chimpanzee—making huts of such branches and foliage as he could conveniently use for the purpose.

The habit of living in large companies would (as in the case of the chimpanzee) become before long necessary, especially if the race or races thus driven from their former abode in the trees were, like the gibbons, unapt when alone, both in attack and in defense.

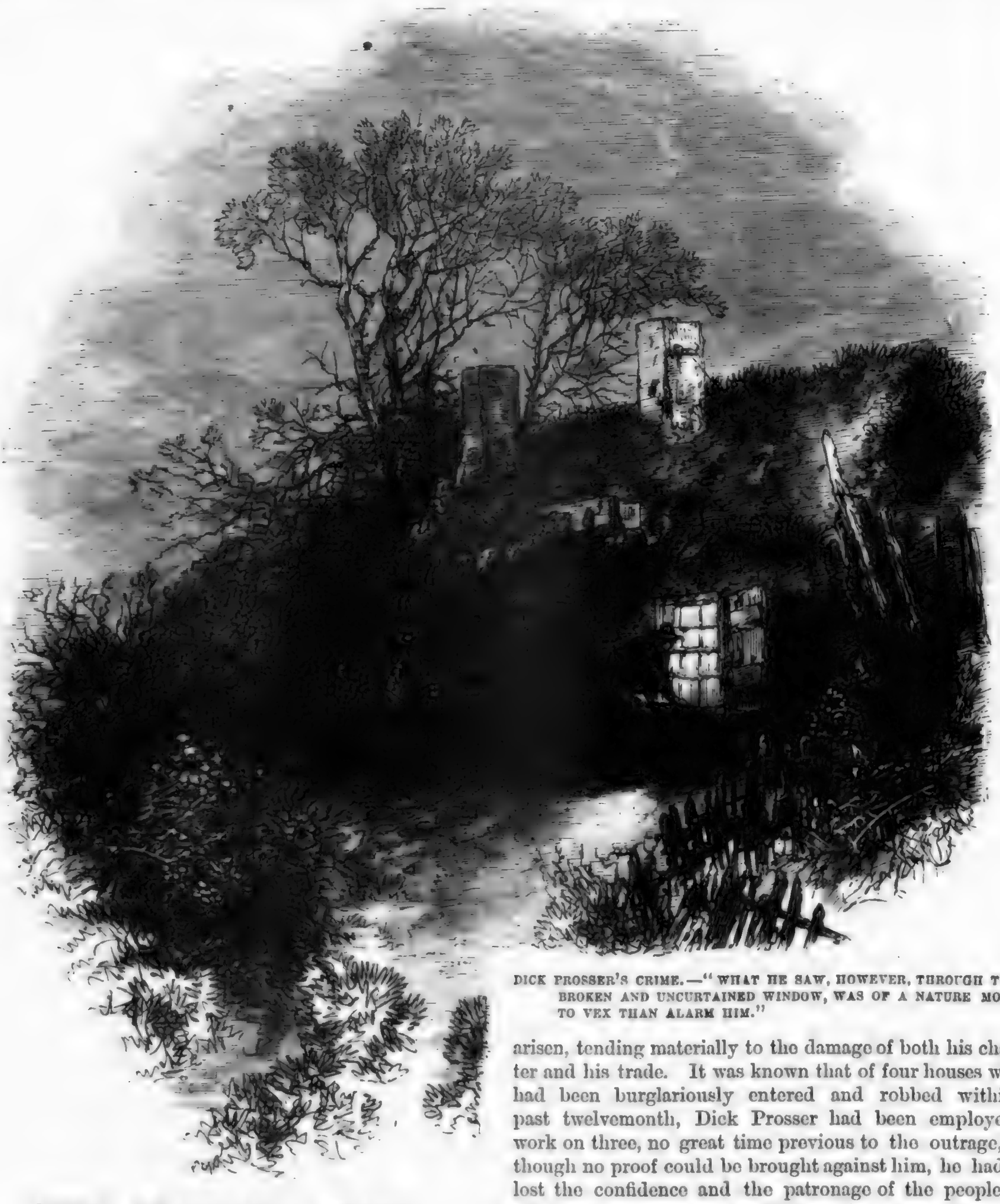
One can imagine how the use of vocal signals of various kinds would be of service to the members of these troops, not only in their excursions, but during the work of erecting huts or defenses against their enemies. If in two generations the silent wild dog acquires, when brought into the company of domestic dogs, no less than five distinct barking signals, we can well believe that a race much superior in intelligence, and forced by necessity to associate in large bodies, would—in many hundreds of generations, perhaps—acquire a great number of vocal symbols. These, at first, would express various emotions, as of affection, fear, anxiety, sympathy and so forth. Other signals would be used to indicate the approach of enemies, or as battle-cries. I can see no reason why gradually the use of particular vocal signs to indicate various objects, animate or inanimate, and various actions, should not follow after a while. And though the possession and use of many, even of many hundreds, of such signs, would be very far from even the most imperfect of the languages now employed by savage races, one can perceive the possibility—which is all that at present we can expect to recognize—that out of such systems of vocal signaling a form of language might arise which, undergoing slow and gradual development, should, in the course of many generations, approach in character the language of the lowest savage races.

That from such a beginning, language should attain its higher and highest development, is not more wonderful in kind, though much more wonderful, perhaps, in degree, than than that from the first imperfect methods of printing should have been attained the highest known developments of the typographic art. The real difficulty lies in conceiving how mere vocal signaling became developed into what can properly be regarded as spoken language.

Of the difficulties related to the origin of, or, rather, the development of, man's moral consciousness, space will not permit me to speak, even though there were much to be said beyond the admission that these difficulties have not as yet been overcome. It must be remembered, however, that races of men still exist whose moral consciousness can scarcely be regarded as very fully developed. Not only so, but, through a form of reversion to savage types, the highest and most cultivated races of man bring forth from time to time (as our police reports too plainly testify) beings utterly savage, brutal, and even ("which is else") bestial. Nay, the man is fortunate who has never had occasion to control innate tendencies to evil, which are at least strongly significant of the origin of our race.

To most minds it must be pleasanter, as certainly it seems more reasonable, to believe that the evil tendencies of our race are manifestations of qualities undergoing gradual extinction, than to regard them as the consequences of one past offense, and so to have no reason for trusting in their gradual eradication hereafter. But, as Darwin says, in the true scientific spirit, "We are not here concerned with hopes or fears, only with the truth as far as our reason allows us to discover it. We must acknowledge that man, with all his noble qualities, with sympathy which feels for the most debased, with benevolence which extends not only to other men, but to the humblest living creature, with his God-like intellect which has penetrated into the movements and constitution of the solar system—with all these exalted powers, man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin."

As it seems to me, man's moral nature teaches the same lesson with equal, if not greater, significance.



DICK PROSSER'S CRIME.—"WHAT HE SAW, HOWEVER, THROUGH THE BROKEN AND UNCURTAINED WINDOW, WAS OF A NATURE MORE TO VEX THAN ALARM HIM."

DICK PROSSER'S CRIME.

One chilly night in October a man was traversing with hasty strides a dreary moorland track, known as Cumberstone Common, on the north borders of Westmoreland, in England. A rather short, but strongly-built man, bull-necked and brawny-limbed, in whose lowering brow and quick, stealthy eye was something which instinctively reminded the beholder of a half-tamed wild beast. Nor was the association inappropriate, for Dick Prosser was known as a sullen and ferocious fellow, always picking quarrels with his companions and misusing his family, even little blue-eyed Hetty, whom no one else could have found it in his heart to be unkind to.

He was by trade a carpenter, and had formerly earned good wages in Westham, the little village whose lights he now beheld dimly across the broad moor.

But a few years since strange rumors and suspicions had arisen, tending materially to the damage of both his character and his trade. It was known that of four houses which had been burglariously entered and robbed within a past twelvemonth, Dick Prosser had been employed at work on three, no great time previous to the outrage, and though no proof could be brought against him, he had yet lost the confidence and the patronage of the people, nor did his subsequent manner of life tend to regain them. He became a drunken loafer, occasionally resorting to odd jobs as a show of gaining what he called "an honest livelihood," but frequently absenting himself from home for days and even weeks, and returning flush of money, and boasting what "good turns o' work" he could get away from home.

Recently he had removed to a lonely stone cottage on the moor, about midway between the village and Cumberstone Hall, and most people thought it a happy riddance for them. In these, however, were not included the two keepers of Sir John Keighly, who since this removal had found it necessary to redouble their vigilance over their employer's hares and partridges, and to set a spring-gun on the borders of the park nearest the stone cottage on the common. But Dick Prosser was wary, and had not yet been caught.

Prosser walked on, as we have said, with quick, impatient strides, going in the direction of his own house. He had left home at just this hour on the previous night, had done a "successful business," as he called it, and as was evident from the bag which he carried over his shoulder, but had unfortunately been detained beyond his expectations, and that through the very circumstances which he had considered most favorable to his enterprise on this occasion. The young wife of Sir John Keighly, of Cumberland Hall, had been buried on this day, and Prosser had rightly judged that on the night preceding the funeral he would have a better chance from the relaxed vigilance of the keepers. But then, excited and absorbed in his unusually successful sport, he had tarried until the early daybreak brought people passing in every direction over the moor and through the park to the Hall, where the funeral was to take place, and he found it necessary to lie *perdu*, closely ensconced in a tangled copse remote from all the footpaths until, the funeral over, the returning shades of night allowed of his making his escape unseen, and, as may be supposed, in no very good humor.

"GOOD MOUSERS."

The great stable-bell at the Hall struck nine o'clock as the poacher reached his own door, stepping cautiously and reconnoitring, as he always did, for how did he know what unwelcome emissary might be there in waiting for him?

What he saw, however, through the broken and uncurtained window, was of a nature more to vex than alarm him. Late as was the hour, his children were merrily playing, as they never played in *his* presence, and his poor, pale, meek-looking wife was sitting quietly over the little fire, chatting with a former neighbor of the village, who, from her cloak, bonnet and basket, had evidently "just dropped in for a moment" on her way home across the moor.

Prosser, cursing the ill-timed visit, and mentally promising his wife and children a "dressing all around," heard what was said as he stood hesitating at the window. They were talking about the late funeral, and the incidents therewith connected.

"Of a truth, as I told Betty Byrne," said the visitor, "'twas, in my opinion, a thing not altogether right in itself; for you see, Mistress Prosser, the diamonds was worth what would 'a set up a dozen poor families like us in comfort for a lifetime, and to my mind, 'tis a sin and a shame to throw away what could do so much good. Mistress Sanders said it made her eyes ache when she went for a last sight o' the corpse, to see them diamonds flashin' and flarin' there in the coffin on the poor dead breast that it 'ud ne'er do any good to, and the innocent face o' the little child in the pictur a-leanin' on its feyther's shoulder, and both o' them smilin' there close to the dead face o' the poor young mother and wife. Ah, well! I sca'cely wonder, seein' how she loved 'em, that she'd wish to have them two faces buried in the coffin with her; she'd feel less lonesome, likely, if dead folks can feel. Only I do think 'twould 'a been better if she'd ordered the diamonds to be taken out o' the settin' o' the pictur and sold for the benefit o' the poor. But bless me! wasn't it nine o'clock struck just now? and me dawdlin' here since eight; only *I've* no master to ill use me for it, like you, Mistress Prosser, poor thing, and more's the pity! Gie me my basket, Hetty, my pet, and mebbe I'll find something nice for you little ones afore I go. Some cold pasty, likely, and sweet cake from the funeral feast. I'd a'most clean forgot 'em, though 'twas that as mostly fetched me this way over the moor-path."

Dick Prosser kept out of the way till the good-natured gossip had finally departed. But when he entered the house a change had come over him. Instead of the "dressing" he had promised his family, and the angry oaths wherewith he was wont to greet them, he now appeared quite quiet and indifferent to their presence, and flinging down the bag of game, sulkily ordered his wife to give him something to eat at once—anything she had waiting for him, as he was half starved. And while she hastened to get out some cold game and potatoes, and a pewter mug of beer, he sat thoughtfully staring in the fire, and never even noticed the children's whispering in the distant corner to which they had retired to stealthily devour the "good things" bestowed upon them by their late visitor.

The poacher ate ravenously, and when he had finished, turned to his wife.

"You go to bed'" he said, sharply—"you and the brats. I've a mind to sit up, and mebbe go out again. I've been asleep all day under Honeywood Copse, confound it, and feel wide awake as a white owl.''

He sat there an hour longer, by which time the family were all fast asleep. Then he arose cautiously, went into an inner room, a sort of shed with a sloping roof and a low window, unlocked a wooden carpenter-chest, took out some articles which he concealed under his long, loose overcoat, and with these noiselessly left the cottage.

The night was clear and starlit, though a chill wind whistled over the moor. Richard Prosser walked on quickly and steadily, like a man who has business before him.

More than an hour of this walking brought him in sight of what appeared a huge square tower looming up dimly against the dark sky. It was the old church of St. Cuthbert-of-Omars, where the Keighleys had a vault in which for generations past they had been buried.

Richard Prosser now moved cautiously, advancing slowly, and pausing often to look around and listen. Screened by the hedgerows and undergrowth which had taken the place of the unsheltered common, he finally reached a remote point of the low stone churchyard wall, over which he looked long and carefully, turning his ear on every side as if to catch the faintest sound of voice or footstep indicating the presence of any other person; all was still, however. Even the light in the old sexton's house beyond the churchyard was out. He was deaf and feeble, and the poacher had little to fear from him or his young daughter. *They* could be silenced, if need were. What he had apprehended was lest there might be watchers to-night. To-morrow, he thought, the vault might be sealed; at present, most probably, it was only locked. Such had been the custom at interments of the Keighley family, as he had noticed when the father and mother of Sir John were buried. On those occasions there had been no watchers, neither might there be on this.

Cautiously mounting the low wall, he made his way, always silently, through the long rank grass and over the irregular mounds toward the back of the church. The vault, he knew, was not within the edifice. The old one beneath the aisle had been filled and closed up long ago, and a more modern one of white marble erected against the north wall of the church, communicating by a door with the old vault.

Dick Prosser crept twice around the church building, satisfying himself that no one was there. Then he went to the outer door of the vault and examined it, passing his hand repeatedly and carefully over it. A heavy, solid door of iron, sufficient, it would appear, to discourage any attempt at forcing an entrance. But Prosser seemed to know what he was about. Taking from beneath his heavy overcoat the articles he had brought with him—no mere carpenter's tools, by-the-by—he set quietly and deliberately to work. Now and then there was a clicking noise of his tools, or a dull, grating sound, muffled over with cloths, and at the end of two hours' unceasing labor the door of the Keighley vault was opened.

Prosser stepped in, and with some difficulty and more noise than he liked, closed the heavy door behind him. It was not often used, and turned with difficulty. Then, satisfying himself that it was so close as to betray no light or sound from within, he struck a match, lighted a small dark-lantern, and looked around.

He stood in a small ante-chamber, whence another iron door opened into the body of the vault. This door was also locked, and Prosser uttered a suppressed oath as he reproduced his tools. Now, however, he had the advantage of light, also of somewhat easier work; and in little more than an hour the task was accomplished—the door was opened. Descending a few steps, the burglar held his lantern, and again looked around.

A spacious chamber, dark and damp, and with a close, unearthly smelling atmosphere. A dozen coffins were ranged around in niches in the wall; but that of Sir John Keighley's young wife, marked by its fresh velvet pall, stood on a tressel in the centre of the apartment.

Prosser lost no time in gazing around. It must be already past two o'clock, and it was necessary that he should be home and in bed before daybreak. But he had now little to do. Hastily throwing aside the pall, he revealed an elegant rosewood coffin in a massive leaden case. The lid of the case was not yet soldered down; still it prevented his working as rapidly as he wished; so he lifted out the coffin, not without difficulty, and lowered it with one end on the ground. But as he passed to the other end, to lower that likewise, the coffin slipped from its support and fell with a crash upon the stone floor.

Richard Prosser paused, with his heart in his mouth and his blood turning to ice in his veins. He listened to those awful echoes, which sounded like thunder in his ears, and gazed, with straining eyes, first at the door, then at the coffins around; but no one entered at the door, nor did the dead forms rise up in their coffins—"as they mought," thought Prosser, with another of his grim smiles, though his heart still beat fast, "a-takin' it for the blowin' o' the last trumpet." And then he again set to work unscrewing the lid of the coffin. How fair and beautiful lay the face of the dead before him!

There were none of the usual revolting signs of dissolution, but white as marble, in her satin and muslin surroundings, her rich, golden-brown hair rippling naturally about her face, she looked, in her youth and beauty, more like a bride than a corpse.

Richard Prosser, however, saw none of this. He had eyes only for the circle of diamonds that lay there, flashing back, in dazzling brilliancy, the dim rays of his lantern. Instinctively he clutched at it, but the rigid grasp of the marble hand in which it was clasped resisted the effort. Again he essayed, tearing the cold fingers rudely away from the treasure, which it had been the dying request of the dead lady might, in case of her death, be buried with her—the miniature of her husband and child. Then, with the jeweled locket in one hand and the lantern in the other, Dick Prosser stood gazing delightedly upon his booty, and thinking how he might for the present best conceal it. To thrust it under the roots of some old tree near the church, or beneath a large stone in the common, on his way home, would, he thought, be the best plan.

But he must hurry; it was getting on fast to three o'clock. There was, in fact, not a moment to lose; so, holding fast the precious locket, he turned to leave the vault.

Now, Prosser had been standing with his back to the tressel, which was between him and the door; so, when he turned, his eye necessarily fell upon the rifled coffin.

With a cry that was scarcely human, the poacher sprang backward against the wall of the vault. Well might he, hardened ruffian as he was, quail at the sight that met his gaze; for, sitting erect in the coffin, her lips parted as if in a cry, though no sound issued from them, her eyes staring wildly before her, was the body of the dead woman.

One leap sent Richard Prosser past the horrible object to the door of the vault. A faint cry, like a call for help, came after him. His terror gave it a different tone, however, and, madly wrenching open the outer door, he dashed forth into the open air, leaped from grave to grave in his wild flight, and, flying over the low stone wall, never paused until he reached his own house, three miles away. Here, literally dashing through the closed door, he fell, exhausted and nearly dead, upon the bed beside his sleeping wife.

When, after long efforts, Ellen Prosser succeeded in restoring her husband to consciousness, he could only mutter vague and broken sentences. He had, through his flight, retained the locket, though unconsciously, in his grasp, and this alone would have revealed to his horror-stricken wife the nature of his night's occupation.

But when he began to tell of the awful apparition of the dead woman rising in her coffin, she knew not what to think. Her husband was not one to be frightened out of his wits without cause; and yet Ellen was not superstitious, and did not believe in things supernatural.

"You don't think 'twere a ghost, Richard?" she said, trembling, not at the story, but at the thought of her husband's awful crime. "Oh, Dick, Dick, man, that it should e'er ha' come to this!"

Suddenly Dick Prosser started up, wild and excited.

"Ghost! No, no, 'twere no ghost. She was alive! The falling o' the coffin woke her outen a trance; and, a thousand devils! she's alive still! Gi'e me my hat, Nellie! I'll go back. I'll make short work o' it. Neither tongue o' the dead or livin' shall tell o' me!"

But this horrible design could not be carried out; for, not only was he utterly exhausted, but, on opening the door of the cottage, the cold, gray dawn was seen breaking in the eastern sky. It was too late to think of returning to the church, and, with another oath, the wretched man re-entered his hut.

All this time, unnoticed by either parent, a pale little face, with a tangled halo of golden hair surrounding it, and great, blue eyes, wide open in wondering horror, had been peering just within the door of the shed-room, where the elder children slept. It was little Hetty, Richard Prosser's second child, seven years old.

"Yes, dang it! she's alive, if, please the devil, she's not been frightened back to death by that awful place," repeated Dick Prosser, savagely. "It's likely she'll die, though, for good, through want o' doctor's and nurse's care. And I slammed the outer door to as I came out, thank my stars, and *she'll* not be likely to open it with them small hands o' hern. Yea, yea, she'll die sure this time."

The little face disappeared from the doorway. Little Hetty scrambled like a cat through the low shed-window, and the next moment was flying, barehead and barefoot, and, indeed, but half clad, over the dark, gray moor, toward the Hall.

She knew the way, though it seemed a long journey to her. She had been there once, when the beautiful lady, leaning on the arm of her husband, who had seemed so fond of her, and leading her pretty little daughter by the hand, had stopped on the lawn to speak to her, and had given her half a crown, and told her to come again. Her father had not allowed her to do so, but little Hetty never forgot that visit; and all to-day she had been thinking sadly of the sweet lady, now dead, and of how miserable must be the poor gentleman and his little motherless girl. And now she was flying as fast as her little feet would carry her, to tell them that my lady was not dead—at least, would not be dead, if they would hurry quick to take her out of the horrible coffin.

And how they hurried, who can tell! Sir John first, on horseback, white as any corpse; and all the others, family guests and servants, following.

Dick Prosser had not shut the vault-door as securely as he had thought, or else desperation had given strength to the poor lady; for it was her husband who found her lying, white and deathlike, but still alive, thank God! alive, in the dewy grass, close beside the entrance to the vault. A few moments' delay, and it might have been too late.

"My darling—oh, my darling!" they heard him cry, as he took her in his arms; and she laid her poor, weary head on his breast, and smiled, as if peace and rest had come at last.

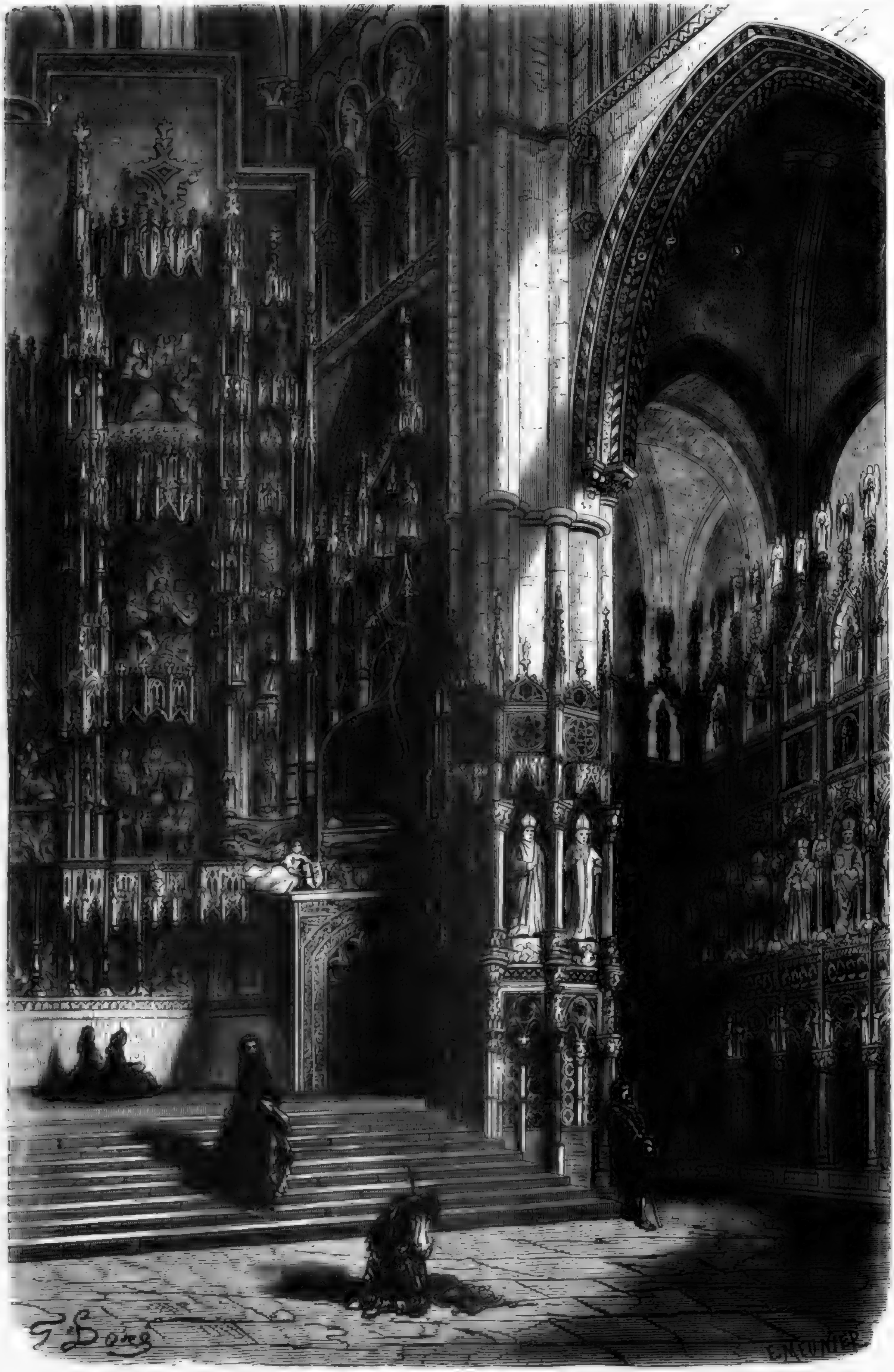
And so they took her, carefully and tenderly, into the old sexton's house, and thence, in a few days, home. And many and many a year after did she live to adorn and bless that household.

As for Dick Prosser, when they went to his cottage that day he was gone, nor did he ever after make his appearance in the country. Sir John made no attempt to have him arrested.

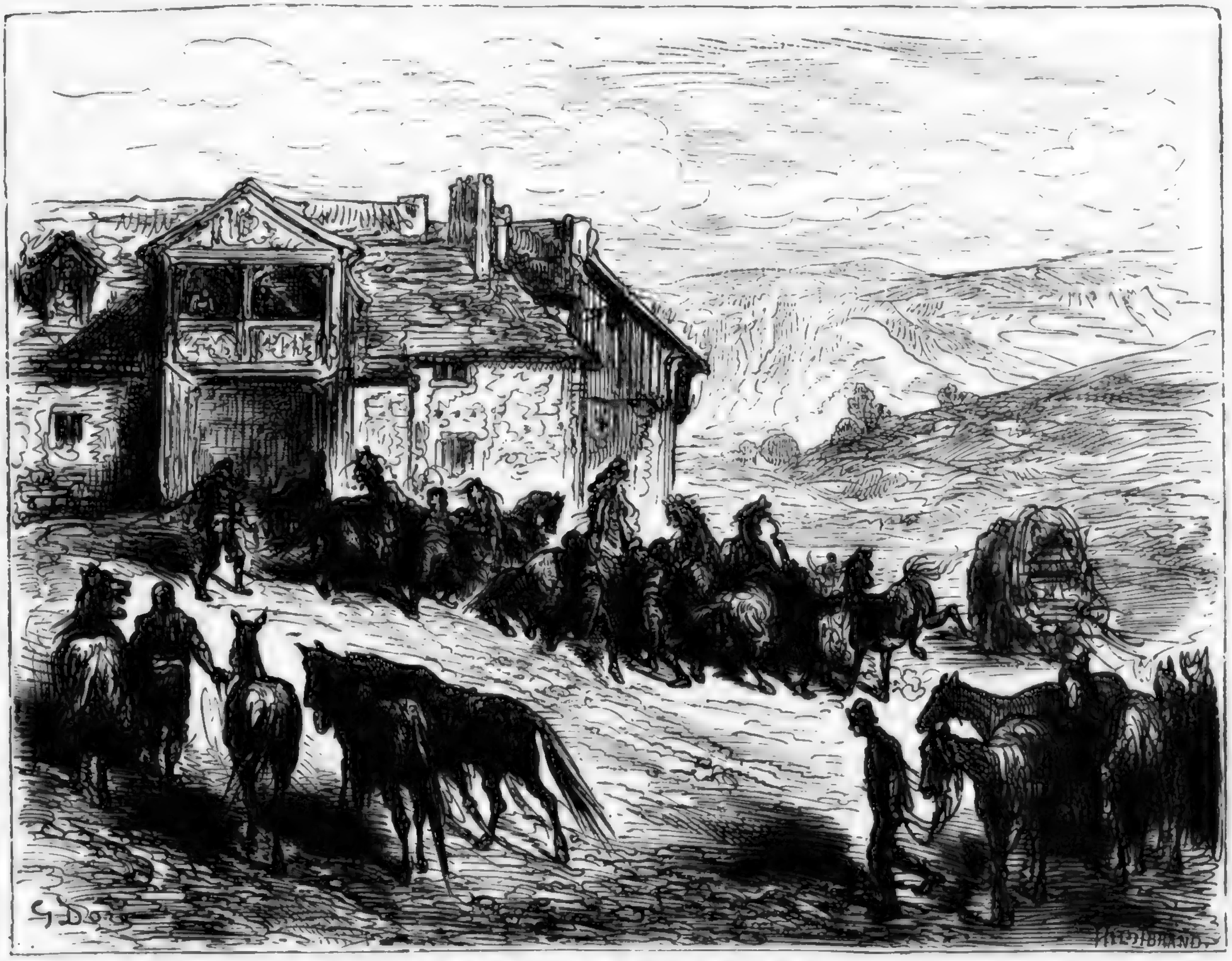
"Let him go," he said. Heinous as had been his crime, it had still led to the great blessing of having his wife restored to him, and for the sake of this the criminal was forgiven.

Little Hetty was amply rewarded by the family to whom she had rendered so great a service. She was taken to the Hall and educated for a governess, and is now the wife of a young curate in Westmoreland. Her mother and the other children were also well cared for by Sir John.

Life becomes useless and insipid when we have no longer either friends or enemies.


G. Doré
E. MEUNIER

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF TOLEDO, SPAIN.



A RELAY OF HORSES AT ILLESCAS, NEAR TOLEDO.

TOLEDO.

Sunny Spain! Land of Don Quixote and Dulcinea del Toboso, of mantillas and Murillo, of dark-eyed senoritas and haughty hidalgos, of glorious old churches and Moorish mosques, of bull-fights and boleros, of fans and cigarettes, of revolutions and brigands, of garlic and *gracias*—Spain, the sun-kissed!

It has been said by a witty French writer that Africa commences with the Pyrenees. This *mot* is sustained by the fact that Spain, with the exception of Barcelona—its Manchester—is two centuries behind that in which we now live, move, and have our being.

With Madrid but thirty-six hours from Paris, the frontier but fifteen, the difference between the peoples is so vividly marked as to cause the traveler to imagine he has been wafted over the border in that magic carpet upon which the Prince in the Arabian Nights traveled at so many hundred miles a minute; and that Hendaye is separated from Irun by at least a couple of thousand miles, instead of by so many yards; and Perpignan from Gerona a somewhat similar distance.

Spain may be struck from France by two distinct routes: Bordeaux, Bayonne, Biarritz and Hendaye, across the Bidassoa to Irun, and from thence by *a single line of rail* to Madrid—or *via* Perpignan across the Pyrenees to Gerona, and from thence to Barcelona; the one being the Bay of Biscay route, the other that of the Mediterranean.

The first line of travel is by far the most enjoyable, inasmuch as what is lost by the mountain route is amply compensated for by the charm of the customs and costumes of the Basque provinces; the acknowledged beauty of the women and the superb *physique* of the men being *sans reproche.*

There are but two classes of travelers to be met with in Spain; those who go for climate, and those who go for pleasure; the magnificent climate on the south and east coast tempting the one, the *bizarre* scenes of faded splendor and Old World indolence inviting the other.

Everybody grumbles at Spanish discomfort, but everybody leaves Spain with regret, bearing souvenirs never to be forgotten, impressions never to be erased, color-glories never to be dimmed.

There are two colors in Spain, not to be seen elsewhere—scarlet and yellow. To state this savors of absurdity, yet it is nevertheless a fact. The scarlet and yellow worn by the peasantry in Catalonia are the scarlet and yellow of Catalonia alone.

The Spaniards, if treated courteously, are a very amiable people, being especially loving toward children, but if they are 'sat upon' by presuming and insolent foreigners, especially that low class of cockney let loose from the city of London, their passions are easily aroused, and the *cuchillo*, or knife, is ever at hand to avenge an insult or wipe out an injury.

The streets in the Spanish cities are narrow, gloomy and ill-odorous—the hotels reeking with what Sir John Falstaff terms, "a rank compound of villainous smell!" No matter how costly the building, how magnificent its details, how elaborate its inner regulations, above all rises the solid stench, smiting the olfactory sense like a blow. The food, as a rule, is good, and it must in justice be added, plentiful; *table d'hote* dinners at first-class hotels extensive and prolonged.

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The beauty of the Spanish women is greatly exaggerated. Nevertheless, the soft, dark eye and the raven black hair are general, as are also the rich, red lips, with the suspicion of a moustache upon the upper one. They walk to perfection, their movements being the very poetry of motion, while their figures, when young, are either graceful or voluptuous, but when old, *Ay de mi, Alhama!* the witches in Macbeth are but Graces when compared to them.

Home life, as we understand it, the Spaniards, as a rule, know nothing of; the ladies being always either in their bed-chambers or out of doors; family gatherings scarcely ever occur, nor is there sociability of any kind among them. All meetings take place in the street, at the theatre, of which they are excessively fond, or at some of their open-air concert-gardens.

The most quaint, the most tumble-down, the most haughty, the most interesting, the most seductive, the most charming, the most Old World town in sunny Spain, is Toledo.

There are few cities which can boast so ancient an origin as Toledo, and whose history has been made the groundwork of so many absurd traditions. Some writers pretend to say that the Jews settled here after the Captivity of Babylon; others attribute its foundation to Hercules, to Jubal, grandson of Cain, who established himself on its site, 143 years after the Deluge. That which is most accurately known anent the antiquity of Toledo is, that it existed 200 years before Christ, the proconsul, Marcus Fulvius, having besieged it 190 years B.C., taken it, and placed it under Roman jurisdiction.

The monuments, of which the ruins are still visible, and the reputation enjoyed by its swords, indicate that Toledo was a place of no mean importance, although Titus Livius speaks of it simply as a little town, but in an advantageous situation. "*Urbs parva, sed loco munita.*"

When the hordes of barbarians from the North invaded the Peninsula, Toledo fell into the power of the Alains; and at the commencement of the fifth century the Visigoths took possession of it, when it became the residence of their kings, then the capital of Spain. The "Royal City," as it was termed, was enlarged and embellished by the Visigoth monarchs, notably by Wamba, a name still popular in Spain, and Toledo was rich and flourishing when the Moors made themselves her master.

Amongst the treasures acquired by the conquerors—treasures of which the chroniclers make a prodigious and detailed enumeration, were the famous table of Solomon, and twenty-five crowns of solid gold belonging to the Visigoth Kings.

Under the domination of the Mussulmans, Toledo suffered many sieges and assaults, falling, after a prolonged siege, into the power of Amron, the *alcayde* of Talavera. The city was ravaged, and amongst the atrocities committed, it is related that 400 noble Toledans who had been beguiled under pretext of an amicable banquet, were massacred at night, their bodies flung into a large pit which had been prepared, and their heads exposed on the following day to the public gaze.

Ten centuries have failed to efface the memories of that foul and infamous deed, and when a Spaniard wishes to refer to an ill-omened night, he invariably expresses himself "*una noche Toledena,*" a Toledan night. The Moorish Kings of Toledo were tolerant to the vanquished, permitting to the captive Christians and Jews the practice of their religious rites. In 1520, Toledo arrived at the climax of her greatness. She was as polished and educated a city as Seville or Salamanca. Since the thirteenth century Toledo boasts the reputation of speaking the purest Castilian—a reputation which she still retains.

In the year 1560, Philip II. took up his royal residence in the modern Madrid, abandoning the ancient capital of the Visigoth kings, since which she has gradually decayed; until the imperial city, which, in the hour of her prosperity, counted more than 200,000 inhabitants, to-day possesses scarcely 15,000.

But if Toledo has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, she is still sufficiently rich in memories and in monuments of the past, to console her for having lost her position in the first rank. There is not a city in the world that responds so accurately to a city of the Middle Ages—she is *the* picturesque and romantic city *par excellence*, and she is proud, amongst her other titles to nobility, of being, like the Eternal City, built upon seven hills.

Toledo is entered by the bridge of Alcantara, boldly thrown across the river Tagus, whose tawny waters, rushing through walls of granite, encircle the city as with a girdle. At the extremity of the bridge, stand upon rocks almost sheer, the ancient massive towers known as the *Castillo de San Cervantes;* a saintly name but little known, and one which has but little in common with that of the author of Don Quichotte. Ascending a steep and zig-zag pathway, the traveler arrives at one of the ancient gates, la Puerta del Sol, or Gate of the Sun, a splendid specimen of Moorish or arabesque architecture, well worthy to serve as the entrance of a city like royal Toledo.

Traversing the Plaza del Zocodoro, the hotel is reached, one of those quaint Spanish houses, all oaken-floored and wainscoted. The Fonda del Lino is as quaint as its surroundings. It reeks with garlic. The *commedor* (dining-room) is long, narrow and dark, as is the case in all Spanish hotels the gaunt bedrooms big, fitted up with beds white as the driven snow, and tricked out with lace and insertion and frilling; veritable poems The floors are of polished oak, black as ebony.

The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, when visiting Toledo with his suite, breakfasted at this hostelry. Twenty-seven sat down to the *déjeuner*, the little bill amounting to seven thousand reals, a real being equivalent to five cents. The landlord, upon being expostulated with, took off one thousand reals. This deduction not being considered satisfactory, he was again applied to, when another thousand were scratched out, to be followed by another, and yet another, until the sum of three thousand reals was accepted with very many thanks.

Many of the private dwellings in Toledo might literally have been taken up at Damascus and set down in this rare old Spanish town, so identical are they in design, in decorations and in general character. The nails on the doors are especially quaint, being for the most part shaped like large mushrooms, while the knockers are perfect studies. If the young bloods who distinguish themselves by knocker-wrenching in London were to try their chances here, they would secure art-treasures, the acquisition of which might plead in mitigation for the stupid and idiotic offense.

All travelers make a rush for the Cathedral, scarcely stopping to refresh at the *fonda*, so desirous are they to behold the most magnificent church in Spain. The Cathedral, one of the handsomest, and without doubt the richest in the Peninsula, dates back to the thirteenth century, its construction having been commenced by Ferdinand in 1227, continuing up to the end of the fifteenth century without any stoppage to the work, the date at which it was completed. Originally a mosque, it was rebuilt by Ferdinand and converted by him into a Christian church, being finished in 1490. Eight doors lead into the temple, which is decorated with seven hundred and fifty stained-glass windows. Although the Cathedral of Toledo is less vast than that of Seville, the aspect of the interior is grander and

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more attractive. It is divided into five naves, the middle being of prodigious height, which the lower elevation of the others causes to appear more considerable than it really is. The choir, according to the invariable usage in Spain, is placed in the centre of the principal nave, and occupies the middle of the church. In no part of the world can anything be seen more unique, more beautiful or more effective than the white marble screen, its row of white angels, with half-folded wings, guarding the sanctuary of the high altar, and standing out sharp and clear against the magnificent dark background formed by the arched naves and matchless painted glass, which, in depth and brilliancy of color and beauty of design, exceeds even that of Seville.

The choir is exquisitely carved, both above and below; the stalls divided by red marble columns. Of the seventy stalls, half are carved by Vigarny and half by the celebrated Berrugueti, each figure of each saint being a study in itself. The stalls for those of superior rank, which date from the end of the fifteenth century, present subjects so quaint, so interesting and so numerous, that several hours will scarcely suffice to examine them in detail. They for the most part, it is true, represent jousts, tournaments, battles and sieges, rudely executed enough, but with curious details of the costume, arms and armor of the Christians and Moors of that epoch. Forty-five stalls are sculptured with subjects of this nature, but the most interesting are those representing different episodes in the taking of Granada, the last stronghold of the Saracens. The superior stalls, enriched with marquetries of wood and incrustations of marble of different colors, may be cited as the best specimens of wood-sculpture of the period of the Renaissance. Upon the stalls of the archbishop is the oft-repeated symbol of the Virgin placing the chasuble upon the shoulders of Saint Ildefonso.

The legend of the "Casulla" is devoutly believed in Toledo. Saint Ildefonso, Archbishop of Toledo in the sixteenth century, wrote a work in honor of the Virginity of the Mother of God—"De Virginitate Sanctæ Mariæ." The Holy Virgin, wishing to exhibit her approval of the work of the devout priest, descended from heaven and assisted whilst he was performing his office, seated in the archiepiscopal stall. This stall, it is stated, has never since been occupied, save upon one occasion, when a profane and impious person dared to violate its sanctity by sitting down, on which he was immediately expelled by unseen hands. In the chapel of the patron saint of Toledo is to be seen the stone, surrounded by red marble, upon which the Queen of Heaven placed her feet, with the Latin inscription: *Adorabimus in loco ubi steterunt pedes ejus*—"We adore thee in the spot where thou didst place thy sacred feet." A railing protects the holy flag, but an opening enables the faithful to touch it with the tips of their fingers, which they then piously convey to their lips.

The Moorish altar still remains at which Ferdinand and Isabella heard mass after their conquest of the Saracens.

Amongst the numerous chapels of the Cathedral, the Capilla Muzarabi is unique. It is thus named because here are celebrated daily the offices and divine sacrifice according to the Mosarabic rite, which is likewise called the apostolic or Gothic. The name Mosarabs was given to the Christians who, after the Conquest, lived beneath the Mussulman domination. They followed the rite in use at the time of the Goth kings, which differs in many points from that of the Roman.

It would appear that after the conquest of Toledo by the Christians, the Mosarabic rites were a subject of interminable contests. King Alphonso VI., and Queen Constance, at the solicitation of the Papal legate, were desirous of establishing the Roman ritual in the Cathedral. The clergy, the nobility and the people addressed themselves to the King in order to induce him to revoke his decision. The matter was referred by his Majesty to the arbitration of the sword, and two champions were chosen, one for the Mosarabic ritual, the other for the Roman. The combat took place and, to the great joy of the Toledans, the defender of the Mosarabic ritual was declared the conqueror. The King and the legate refused, however, to acknowledge the victory, and proposed the test of fire, which was accepted by the Toledans. This test consisted of placing a Roman missal and a Mosarabic missal upon a hot brazier, that best resisting the action of the fire to obtain the preference. Again did the Mosarabics gain the day, and as a consequence it was decided that six of the churches in the city should be devoted to the practice of the Mosarabic ritual. But two of these churches retain the ancient ritual of Alcala di Henares.

The Capilla Mayor, in addition to containing the tombs of the ancient kings of Spain, preserves that of the celebrated Cardinal Mendoza—the great Cardinal—Archbishop of Toledo. It was well becoming to place in sepulchre with the kings of Spain the potential prelate who partook of power with Ferdinand and Isabella. Adjacent to the Capilla Mayor stands the famous altar called El Transparuto.

To describe this *bizarre* monument of ugliness were but waste of time; its confusion of angels, columns, clouds and rays of sunshine—marble and bronze. This altar is simply a blot on the high art of the noble pila.

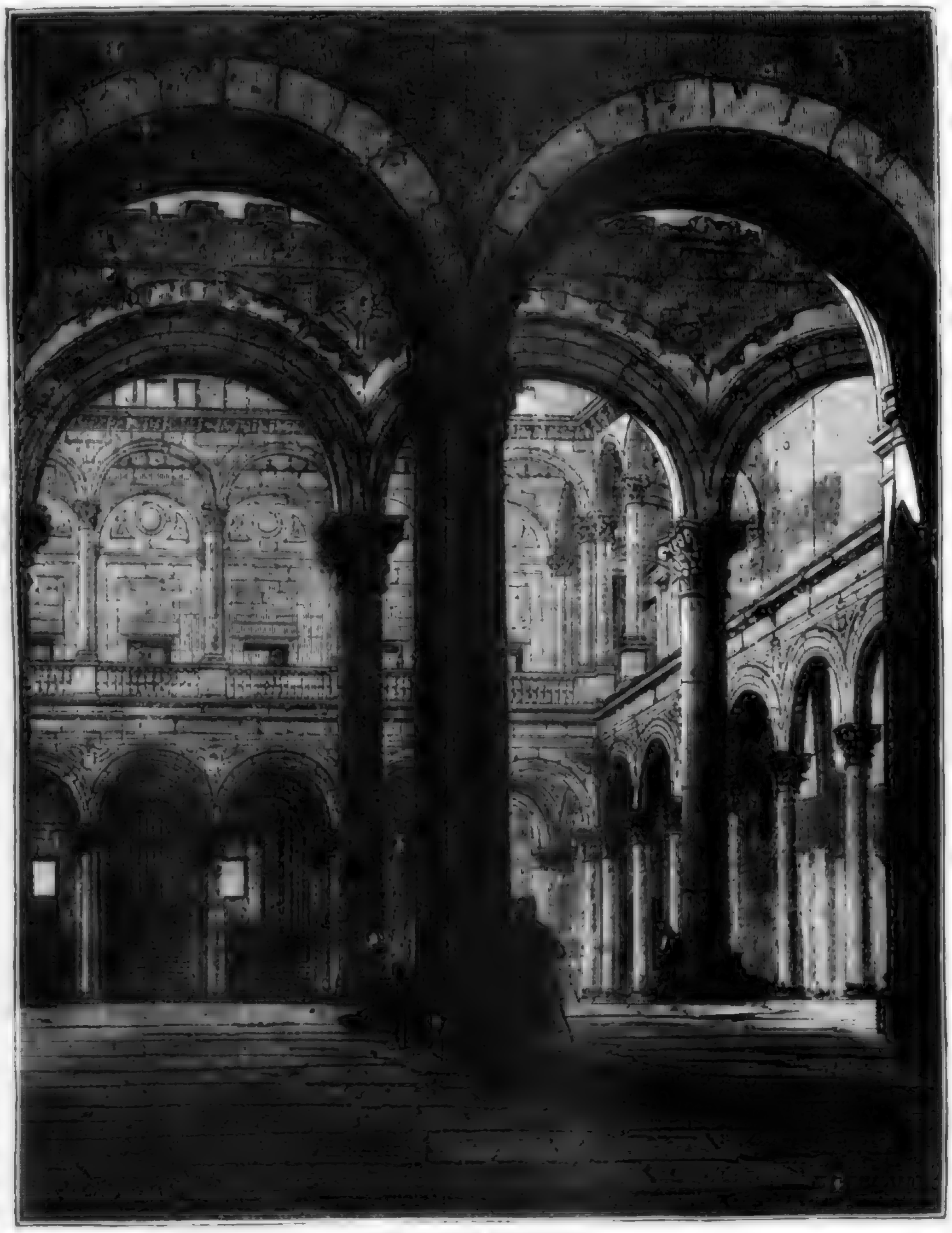
In the Capilla de la Virgin del Sagrario is a statue of the Virgin, very ancient, and highly venerated. According to tradition, this statue was in existence before the epoch of the Goth kings, who, when the city fell into the power of the Moors, hid it in a pit that it might not fall into their hands, where it remained for nearly four centuries, being then discovered through the intervention of a miracle. Like many of the ancient statues of the Virgin to be seen in Spain, this is of wood covered by a plate of silver, with the exception of the face and hands.

In 1808, the Cathedral was robbed by the French, under that foe of Art and Wealth, General la Houssaye, of such treasures as seem to have been accumulated in no other church to the same extent. Paintings by the finest artists, when, if they could not be carried off, were torn to pieces or burnt; the church plate melted down, the better to remove it; the jeweled ornaments taken; nothing, in short, slipped through their fingers that once touched their hands. The only things they did not destroy were the windows: they had much to do, and perhaps had no time to waste at the last; so the windows still remain. And what glorious windows! what exquisite coloring, what softness and depth of richness! Nowhere can their rainbow-tinted bits of glory be surpassed.

Fragments of Saracenic art peep out everywhere, especially in the Salar Capitular, or chapter-room, oblong in form, and one hundred feet in length; its breadth being in proportion; the doorway of which is an exquisite specimen of the finest Moorish work; as is likewise the ceiling. In this chapter-room are two admirable portraits of Cardinal Ximenes and Cardinal Mendoza, both taken from life. Amongst the paintings is Giordano's "Miraculous Apparition of the Virgin to Saint Ildefonso."

The treasures of the Cathedral of Toledo, the richest in Spain, were for some years placed in two safes, called the Cuarto de la Custodia, and el Ochavo. In consequence of several robberies, the beautiful golden crown, enriched with precious stones, given in the thirteenth century by Saint Ferdinand, having been spirited away, the treasures are now deposited in another portion of the Cathedral. In this treasure house is the famous tabernacle entirely composed of silver, the largest in the world. It contains two hundred and sixty statuettes of different dimensions, and its construction occupied nine years. Another tabernacle is also to be seen, not a whit less interesting, since it is of pure gold, and made by order of Isabella the Catholic, out of the first ingots that Christopher Columbus brought from America. After the death of Isabella, Cardinal Ximenes purchased the precious tabernacle and presented it as a gift to the Cathedral of Toledo.

The famous robe and cloak of the Virgin del Sagrario is exhibited, a marvel of richness and of broidery. The tissue has entirely disappeared beneath the embroidery of gold, of pearls, of diamonds, of rubies, of emeralds, and of other precious stones, which may be reckoned by thousands. Three hundred ounces of gold were employed in the thread alone, and the small seed pearls that form the edging to the embroidery, are of equal weight. This rich robe, the like of which no queen possesses, is also adorned with a quantity of loose precious stones, which have not been laid on, owing to want of space.



THE ALCAZAR OF TOLEDO.

El Vestido del Nino, or the Cloak of the Infant, is of the same splendor as that of the Virgin Mother; nine persons having been exclusively employed for the space of one year in embroidering it.

A colossal golden crucifix is also of note, as well as a Gothic archiepiscopal cross that belonged to Cardinal Mendoza, to which a remarkable historical souvenir attaches itself, as being that which was planted in the fortress of the Alhambra when the Spaniards took possession of Granada the 2d of January, 1492.

Close to the holy water fount at the south entrance is a little marble slab attached to the pillar, and on it a small, soft leather cushion. This cushion is used by parents who, too poor to pay the expenses of their children's funerals, place the bodies on the cushion in order to their being interred at the expense of the Chapter. The cloisters to the north of the Cathedral are very lofty and fine, and decorated with frescoes; and the doors, with their magnificent bronze bas reliefs, in the style of the Florentine baptistery, and gloriously carved portals, are on a par with all the rest.

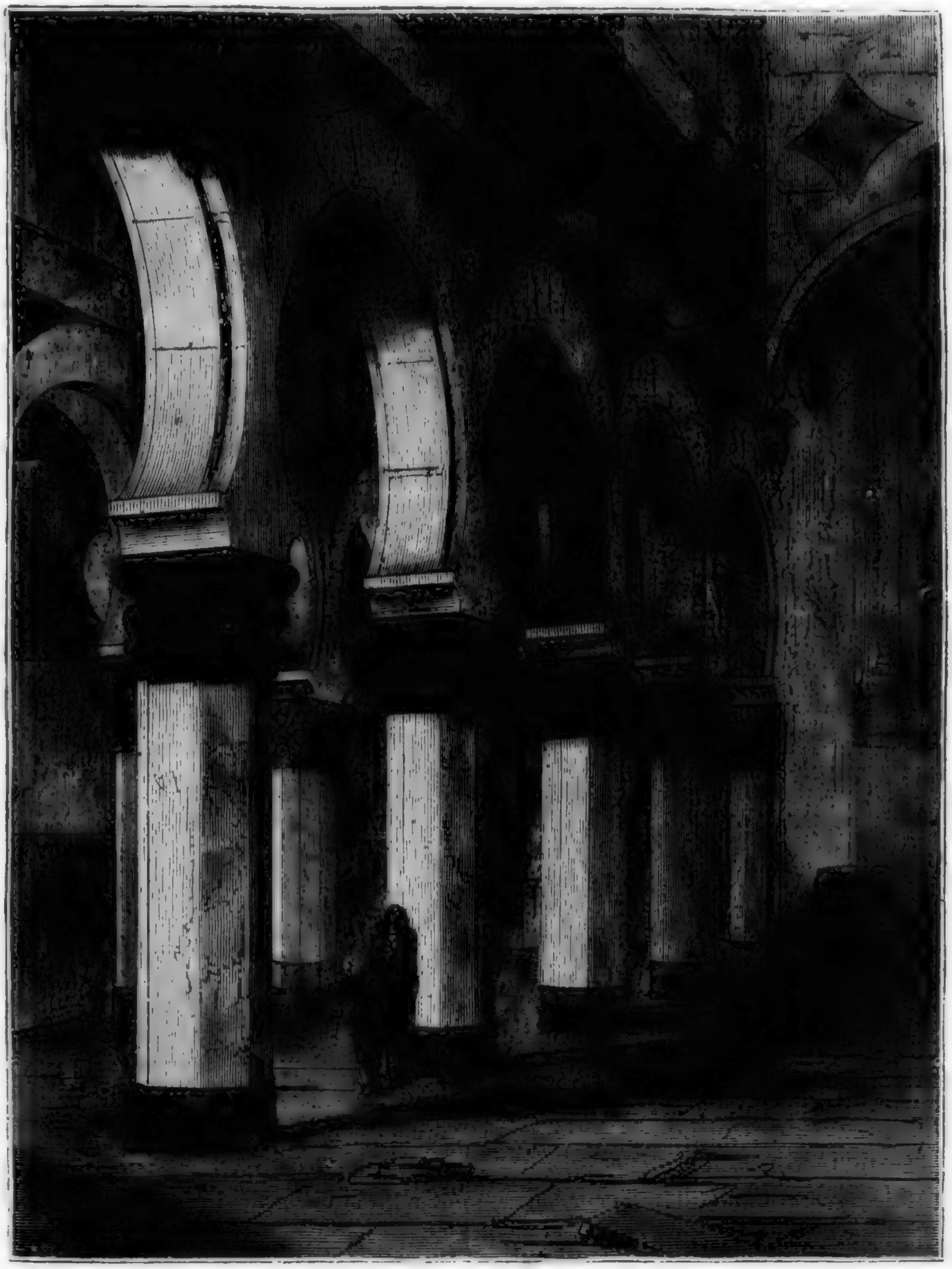
The Puerta del Perdon and the Puerta de los Leones especially, are unique in their gorgeous details and in the great beauty and lifelike expression of the figures. The Chapter library is in good order, and contains some very fine editions of French and Latin writers; a Bible belonging to Saint Isadore; the works of Saint Gregory; a fine illuminated Bible given by Saint Louis; a missal of Charles V.; a choice Talmud and Koran, and some very interesting MSS. In the interior are many good pictures.

The principal street in Toledo is the Calle de la Feria, in which are situated the most showy and most attractive stores. This street leads to the Plaza del Zocodoro. It was in the Plaza that the bull-fights were held in the olden times, as well as the *autos da fé* of the Inquisition. Toledo was the city *par excellence* of the Holy Office; the archbishop enjoying by right the title of Inquisitor-General. Upon the Zocodoro was also held the market, and mass was celebrated in a little chapel which still exists, in an arcade that gives upon the Plaza, called la Capilla del Criste de la Sangre. The mass was offered up in this particular church, in order to enable those who came to buy, and those who came to sell, to attend it without prejudice to their worldly affairs.

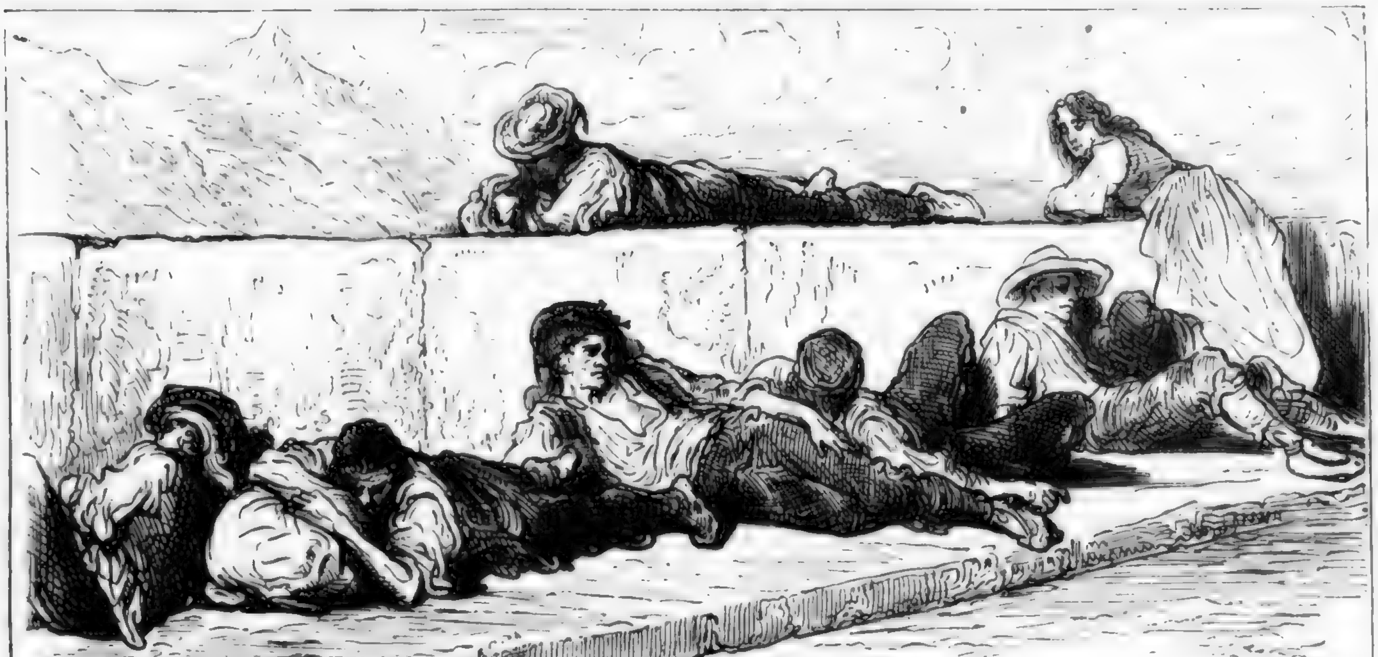
The Plaza was also a rendezvous of gossips, seekers of news and "loafers," as well as for those whom Cervantes describes as "that numerous body comprised under the name of *picaros*," for he refers in one of his novels to the insolent mendicants, the counterfeiters and the cutpurses of the Zocodoro.

A slight ascent from the Zocodoro takes the traveler to the Alcazar, built upon one of the highest of the seven hills of Toledo, a towering point that commands the Tagus. This remarkable palace was commenced in 1534, by Alfonso de Covarrubias, the celebrated Spanish architect of the Renaissance. The principal façade, which occupies one of the sides of a vast quadrilateral, is ornamented with great richness. Upon each of the remaining façades is still seen, in the remains of the ancient ornamentation, what a magnificent edifice the palace must formerly have been.

Unfortunately, the Alcazar is in a condition of decay that is painful to witness. Grand staircases, of which the marble steps are disjointed, columns supporting nothing, galleries upon which one could not venture to move without danger — such is the lamentable spectacle that the ancient imperial palace offers to the visitor. The arms of Charles V. are still visible over the frieze, and their preservation, in contrast to the remainder of the palace, is nothing short of irony.



SANTA MARIA LA BLANCA, FORMERLY THE SYNAGOGUE, TOLEDO.



VAGABONDS ON THE PUENTA DE ALCANTARA, TOLEDO.

The present condition of the Alcazar is

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not to be laid at the door of the Spaniards, since in the year 1710, during the War of Succession, the allied troops, composed of English, Germans and Portuguese, set fire to the imperial palace, the soldiery tearing down the delicate tracery of the apartments, using it to kindle the fire.

An Italian traveler who visited the Alcazar in 1760, draws a sad picture of its condition. "In another twenty years," he says, "according to the existing state of things, even these poor remnants of the palace will no longer exist; nothing will remain of them but the simple foundations, for they are perishing visibly, and being covered with moss and noisome weeds."

This prediction is almost accomplished. From the height of the vast esplanade upon which the Alcazar is built, a superb view of the city and its environs can be obtained. Against the sky stands the exquisite tracery of the Cathedral; above the Tagus, bordered with rocks and picturesque habitations, rises the bridge of Alcantara, with its fortified gate; here and there are vast edifices of crumbling masonry, the *débris* of the foundations of Moorish mills, while arches of brick point out the place where formerly stood the *artificio de juanelo*, formerly one of the marvels of Toledo. This *artificio* was a hydraulic machine, constructed to convey the waters of the Tagus to the Alcazar. The machine was composed of great tanks of white iron, attached one to the other, and forming a continuous chain that descended from the castle to the Tagus. The water entering into the first was forced into the second by means of certain wheels, and from thence successively into the others, to the castle, where it was discharged into a reservoir, spreading itself from this reservoir all through the city by a canal.

The Tagus can be reached by following the steep descent of the Cuesta del Cármen, where a scene from Cervantes smites the memory. "Lopez, the Asturian, descended to the side of the river by the Cuesta del Cármen, and in the steepness of the descent he encountered the ass of a water-carrier, which was ascending heavily laden. He gave such a shock to the emaciated and weary ass, that he overturned it, its four shoes showing in the air, the pitchers being broken, the water all spilt."

As in the time of Cervantes, the *aguadors*, or water-carriers, still descend to the Tagus to lay in their stock of water in those earthen pitchers which they so dexterously place upon the backs of their asses.

The navigation of the Tagus, abandoned to-day, was in a flourishing condition in the sixteenth century. "King Philip II., our royal master," says Medina, "has greatly improved the condition of the river, rendering it navigable up to Toledo, where vessels laden with merchandise can now penetrate."

Since that period, different modes have been essayed to re-establish the navigation, but without effect. The river of "the golden waters," so often rhapsodized by poets, is, at the Royal City, utterly unnavigable. Alas for the mutability of things mundane, the golden waters are now dirty yellow, and instead of exquisitely formed nymphs reclining upon the banks, the traveler will be confronted by hideous-looking black pigs, wallowing in liquid mud.

Toledo remained too long in the possession of the Moors not to have preserved some mementoes recalling the epoch of the Mussulman domination. One of the most curious is the ancient synagogue known as Santa Maria la Blanca. This edifice dates so far back as the ninth century, and is in the style of the architecture of the mosque at Cordova. In the fifteenth century, the Jews were expelled from this temple, when it was converted into a Catholic church. Later on it became a refuge for penitent women; then a military store, until about twenty years ago, when it was considered worthy of being preserved, a public subscription being opened to defray the expense of restoration.

Many of the Spanish churches have been built under the invocation of the Holy Saint Mary la Blanca. The origin of the name goes back to a legend known in Spain in the earliest ages of Christendom.

Under the pontificate of Saint Liberius, on the night of the 4th of April, 352, the Virgin appeared to an inhabitant of Rome and his wife, ordering them to erect a temple in her honor upon a certain site on Mount Esquileno. The worthy couple proceeded at break of day to the place indicated, and found it covered with a soft covering of snow. Struck with wonder and astonishment, they hastened to inform the Pontiff. Saint Libenus, moved by the recital, that coincided with a dream which he himself had had during the same night, hastened to lay the foundation of a church, which was called Saint Mary la Blanca, or the white, in memorial of the miraculous snow, a symbol of the purity of the Virgin.

A few steps from the Santa Maria la Blanca stands another and smaller synagogue, called el Trânsito. This edifice was erected by Samuel Levi, an enormously rich Jew, treasurer to Peter the Cruel, at his own cost, toward the middle of the fourteenth century; very probably by Moorish workmen, for the steps of the building recall the arabesques of the Alhambra. This treasurer of the King of Castile had a tragic end. Don Pedro being upon one occasion in want of money, discovered that the easiest possible way of obtaining it lay through putting Samuel Levi to death, and then to 'annex'—this is a nice diplomatic word; a right royal phrase—his effects. This 'happy thought' was carried into immediate execution, and His Majesty's exchequer was relieved from the temporary strain placed upon it.

The Jews of Toledo remained in possession of this synagogue until their expulsion in 1492, when the Catholic kings presented it to the Knights of Calatrava.

The edifice consists of a single nave, much more richly ornamented than that of Santa Maria la Blanca. Upon the walls are large inscriptions in Hebrew characters of remarkable elegance, singing the praises of Samuel Levi and of a "Rabbi" named Meir. The remaining inscriptions are from the Psalms of David. The pavement of the flooring, which is in the Moorish style, is simply marvelous as a piece of workmanship.

The two ancient synagogues are situated in the midst of the Juderia, or Jews' quarter, which is composed of straight and narrow laneways, and is the most miserable portion of the city. The luckless treasurer of Peter the Cruel, it is stated, possessed a magnificent palace in this very quarter. In Spain, as in France and in almost all the countries of Europe, the Jews were restricted to certain districts. In many cities, notably in Toledo, they were very numerous, despite the persecutions they had to submit to successively from the Goths, the Arabs, and, above all, from the Christians, who proved themselves their most implacable enemies. A great number of Jews lent money at usurious interest. The legal rate was thirty-three per cent., and any sum above that was usury. Converted Jews were compelled to wear on the shoulder a small piece of colored stuff called *Judios de Senal*. In the seventeenth century the Jews had to suffer the rigors of the Inquisition. The hatred the Spaniards bore them was so great that the single epithet *Judio* became a deadly insult, only to be wiped out by blood; the word signifying a dishonorable action. The author of "Spain at the Present Time" (1717) says that "the aversion to Jews all over Spain is simply intense."

One of the doors of the Cathedral is called Puerta del Niño Perdido, or the Door of the Lost Child. The legend of the Lost Child, which is very popular in Spain, is related in a curious old work entitled "Centinella contra Judios"—A Watch upon the Jews:

"In the year 1490 a Jew of Quintinar found himself at Toledo, with many of his coreligionists, at a time when an *auto da fé* of the Inquisition was being exercised. Seeing the danger they ran from the Christians, this Jew said to the others: 'I know of a matter that would cause these Christians to burn with rage, and which at the same time would bring triumph to the law of Moses.' They concerted, and resolved to reassemble at Temblaque, whither they determined upon bringing a child of between three and four years of age, which was to be stolen; the most adroit amongst them being selected to entrap the child, The child was taken from Toledo and brought to Guardia, the home of the thief, who informed the inhabitants that it was his son, whom he had brought back from the place where it was being nursed. The time of the Passion having arrived, all the Jews met at a cave about half a league from Guardia, where they heaped upon the helpless infant all the indignities and all the insults with which their ancestors had overwhelmed Christ; and, after having parodied the scenes of the Passion, they crucified the boy, striking him with blows from a lance. At that exact moment, the fact having been witnessed and subsequently verified, the mother of the martyred infant, who was blind, suddenly recovered vision. The Jews then tore out the heart of the child, and interred its body. In order to complete their diabolical work, they returned to the city, bearing with them the heart. Here they bribed a certain Juan Gomez, newly converted to Christianity, who, for the sum of thirty reals, consented to rob for them from the sanctuary of a church, a consecrated wafer. They sent to the Jews of Zamora this wafer, inclosed in a book, with the heart of the child enveloped in a napkin. The convert, having repaired to Civala, in the fear of being pursued, entered the Cathedral of that city in order to disarm suspicion, dropped upon his knees and opened the book. Some of the faithful who happened to be in the church were struck with astonishment upon perceiving a book from which were beaming rays of dazzling light, brighter than those of the sun. One of them, taking the man for a saint, followed him to his hiding-place, and, having informed one of the members of the Holy Office of the miracle, the hapless wretch was interrogated, arrested and imprisoned. Upon his person were found letters which betrayed the original actors in the crime, all of whom were captured and burned upon faggots."

The Spaniards have an ancient proverb—

"De frayle rebozado,
De hambriente soldado,
Y de judio acosado."

"Beware of a cowled monk, a hungry soldier, and a persecuted Jew."

After the Santa Maria la Blanca, the most ancient Moorish monument in Toledo is a little church known as Ermita del Cristo de la Luz; which was used as a mosque after the capture of Toledo by the Christians. It dates from the tenth century. Its architecture possesses that indefinite elegance which characterizes the mosque at Cordova. It was in this church that Alphonso the VI. first attended mass after taking possession of Toledo; and the visitor is shown a buckler of wood, ornamented with a silver cross upon a red ground, that the Prince bestowed upon the church as a memorial of his remarkable visit.

The Salon de Mesa and the Taller del Moro are the most strange moresque edifices in Toledo, both being of a style of architecture known in Spain as *estilo Mudyar*, a mixture of Moorish and Christian, highly effective.

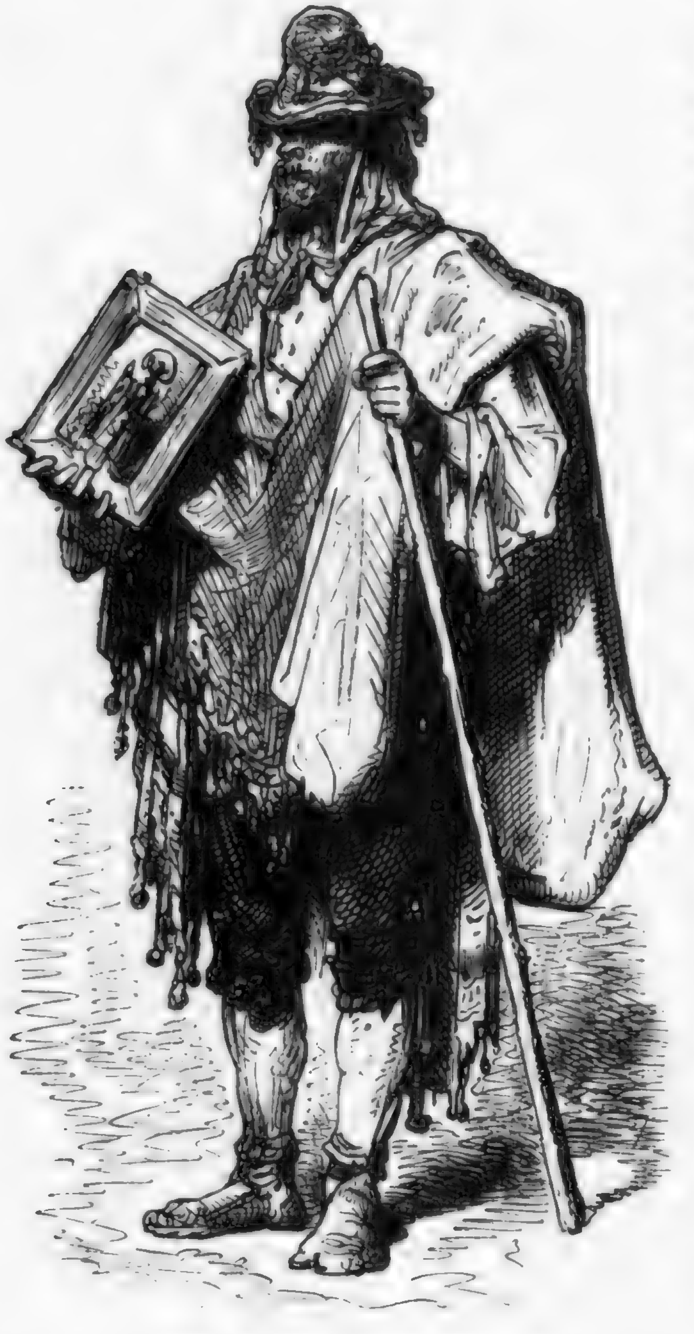
Another Moorish ruin is known at Toledo under the name Palacios de Galiana. A walk of twenty minutes through the Huerta del Ray—the king's gardens—and a little from the Tagus brings one to this ancient palace. Some crumbling pieces of masonry, and a Moorish arcade crowned with luxuriant vegetation, are all that remain of the palace of the beautiful Galiana. The princess was the daughter of a King of Toledo, who revolted against the King of Cordova, his sovereign, whom the Spanish legend designates under the unpoetical name of Galafre. King Galafre had bestowed upon his daughter this country residence, which he caused to be embellished with the most lavish elegance and refinement. The beautiful Galiana lived in this delicious retreat in order to escape the importunities of the numerous aspirants to her hand, who had become inflamed by the descriptions of her peerless charms. Amongst these sighing swains was Bradamante, a Moorish prince of Guadalajara, who soon made himself remarkable by his assiduity. The untutored giant endeavored in vain to touch her heart; but she remained as a block of ice toward him. Presently there came to court a strange prince named *Carlomagne*, dispatched by his father to offer to Galafre aid and arms against the King of Cordova. Carlomagne was none other than Charlemagne, son of Pepin the Little, King of France, and who in truth never crossed the Ebro, but the legend scouts such pitiful accuracy. Galiana had no sooner beheld the foreign prince, than she took in him a most lively interest, while Carlomagne, on his side, was not insensible to the beauty of the Moorish princess, and finally so smitten was he that he demanded her hand of her father. Galafre consented, but it became necessary to get the terrible Bradamante out of the way. Carlomagne sent a challenge to his rival to meet him in single combat; and having overcome him, cut off his head, which he offered to Galiana. The princess became a Christian, and gave her hand to Carlomagne, who brought her to France, where she was married as his queen.

Toledo formerly possessed numerous convents, those for the sisterhoods numbering twenty. The power of the monks was very great, the best of everything being reserved for them, everybody yielding them the *pas*. The Spaniards, who have proverbs for all and everything, have not forgotten to devote one or two to the monks. "It is advisable to guard against a bull from the front, a mule from behind, a monk from every side."

The Spanish monk that Zurbaran, Murillo and Goya have handed down to us, no longer exists—the type has disappeared with the suppression of the monasteries. This measure left without food or shelter many men habituated to a regular existence—the tranquil life of the cloister. These unfortunates, restored in spite of themselves, to a society which they had voluntarily abandoned, found themselves for the most part without relations or friends; they found themselves also without resources; almost every career being closed against them. They formed a new type which lasted some years, known in Spain by the name of *exclaustrado*—the uncloistered.

The most remarkable of these monasteries of Toledo, is that of San Juan de los Reyes; thus named because of a victory gained by the Catholic Kings, and to return thanks to God. St. John of the Kings, which belonged to the Franciscan monks, is to-day a simple *panoquia*. The church is built upon an eminence in a magnificent situation, from whence the course of the Tagus can be descried for miles—a portion of the *Viga*, and the famous manufactory of arms.

Enormous iron chains hang round the walls of this church, trophies of victory, being the glorious mementoes which the Spaniards bore from Granada in 1492, after having delivered



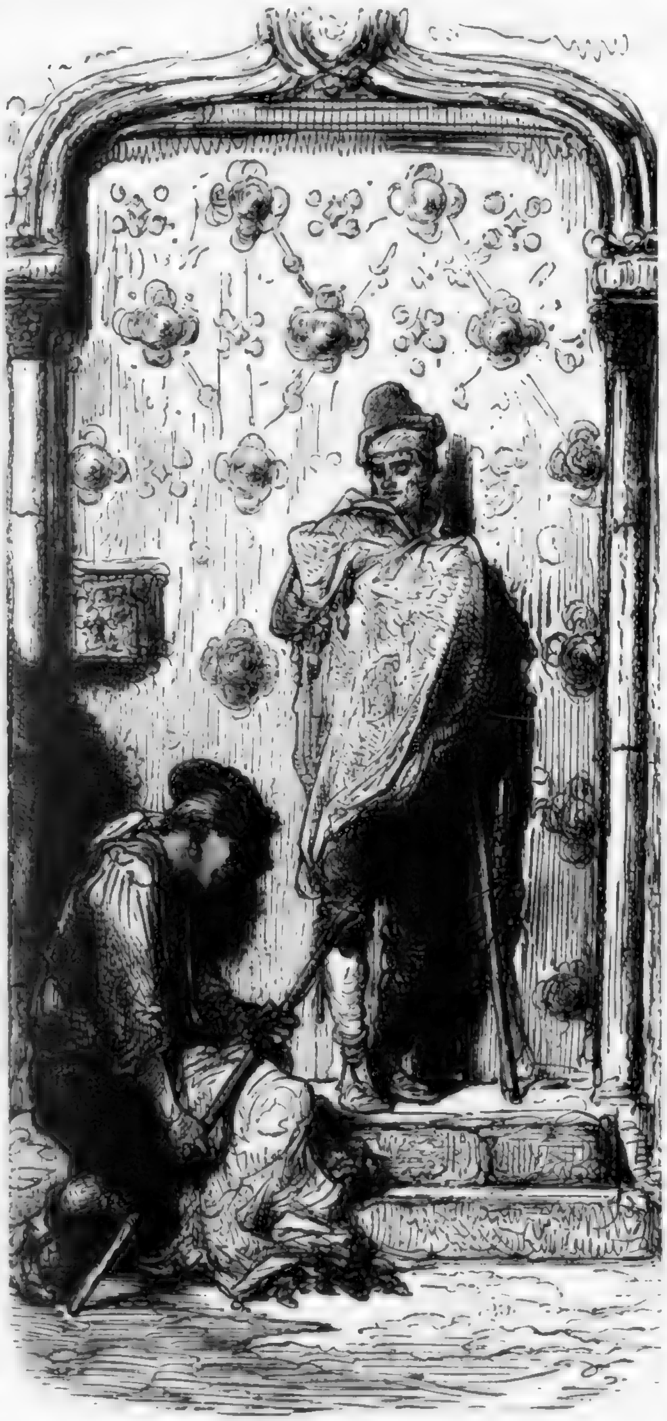
VENDER OF PIOUS PICTURES, BEADS, ETC.

the Christian prisoners, set free from the dungeons of the Alhambra.

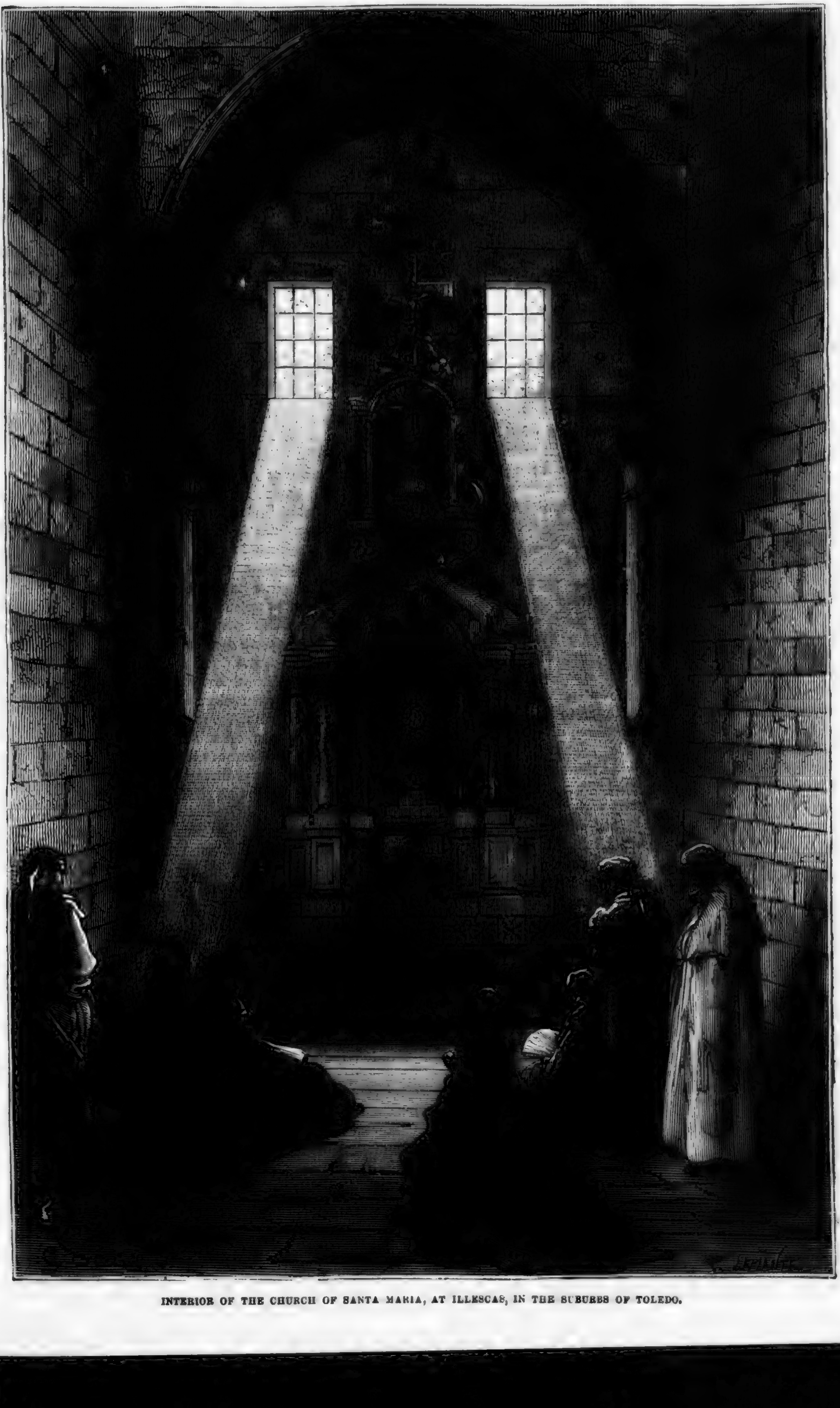
The church of San Juan de los Reyes contains a single nave, the proportions of which are more those of a cathedral than of a convent chapel. The ornamentation is of an extraordinary richness. The initials F and Y—Ferdinand and Ysabel—are to be perceived, carved in many coignes of vantage. The church is poor in statuary and paintings, with the exception of a saint in wood, painted life-color by Alonzo Cano, for one of the arms of which an English dealer offered a hundred thousand reals. In Spain the generality of the saints sculptured in wood are attributed to the celebrated Canon of Granada, the same who contributed to Murillo three-quarters of the famous Conception.

At the foot of the eminence upon which this church is built formerly stood the basilica of Santa Léocadia. Here is the tomb of Saint Léocadia, the patron of Toledo, who suffered martyrdom under the reign of the Emperor Dacian. It was in this basilica that the miraculous apparition of Saint Léocadia to the Archbishop of Toledo, Saint Ildefonso, took place, when the Archbishop, in order to make himself assured that his senses had not deceived him, cut off a small piece of the Virgin's vail, "which is preserved," says that curious old book, "Las Grandeças de España," "in the Cathedral to the present day."

Every turn in the quaint and narrow streets of Toledo possesses, for the curious, refreshing discoveries and startling surprises. Now it is a ruin, or an Arabic inscription ; now a shield, or a fragment of Gothic sculpture ; or it is a gate of the Middle Ages, guarded by enormous iron nails, resembling the buckler of some giant of the Age of Chivalry. These strange gates, the best specimens being at Toledo and Salamanca, present a most picturesque effect. The nails that protect them, the placing of which admits of so many different combinations, generally take the form of a hemisphere, their size being, ordinarily, greater than an orange, sometimes attaining the dimensions of the head of an infant. They are often crowned with spikes, or ornamented with a number of smaller nails, the heads of which are no larger than small racket-balls. Each nail is armed with a rivet ; this rivet goes through the door, being driven home by blows from a hammer, imparting immense solidity to the portal. Since the development that has seized upon the tastes of the antiquarians, the guides at Toledo have



SHEPHERDS AT A MEDIEVAL PORTAL, TOLEDO.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA, AT ILLESCAS, IN THE SUBURBS OF TOLEDO.

contrived to abstract a goodly number of these nails, which they offer to travelers for a few pesetas, and after a little time the doornails of Toledo will become as rare as the *azuligos* of the Alhambra.

The construction of the Ayuntamiento is accredited to Grecco, who, like most of the artists of the period, was painter, sculptor and architect. The edifice has nothing remarkable in itself to recommend it; but upon one of the walls appear the following curious verses, written toward the end of the fifteenth century:

> "Nobles, discreto varones
> Que gobernais á Toledo,
> En aquestos esclanes
> Desechad las aficiones,
> Codicia, temor y miedo.
> Por los communes pronchos
> Desechad los particulares;
> Pues vos fizo Dios pilares
> De tan riquisimos techos,
> Estad primes y derechos."

"Noble and judicial signors—Who govern Toledo—At this time—Lay aside your passions—Avarice, weakness and fear—In the public interest. And as God has made the columns of this splendid palace—Remain always firm and straight."

This inscription should be inscribed in letters of gold over the entrance to every municipal institution.

The great gate of the ancient Hospital of Santa Cruz, now the Military College, is a *bijou* of sculpture, some portions recalling the marvels of the Chartreuse of Pavia. The elegant arabesque pavements, the *patios*, the richly sculptured stairs and galleries, render this edifice one of the most wondrous sights in Toledo.

The Puerta del Visagia is one of the most picturesque gates of the city. A Latin inscription informs the visitor that it was built in 1550, by order of Charles the Fifth. Above the entrance, sculptured in stone, are the arms of Spain, upon a double eagle with outstretched wings; a symbol adopted by the City of Toledo since the thirteenth century. This gateway, which captivated the pencil of Doré, produces a superb effect. It is attributed to Berruguetto; and verily, it is not unworthy of the chisel of one of the great sculptors of the Renaissance.

Upon the heights that surround the city, are the *Cigarrales*, celebrated in the songs of Tirso de Molina. This name, which possesses no analogy with the cigar, is applied to that portion of the country used for fruit-gardens, and in which country villas are erected. The fruits and vegetables of the environs of Toledo enjoy a well-merited celebrity. The *berengenas*, so prized by Spaniards, has been pitted by the *picaro*, Guzman de Alparache, against the bergamot pears of Aranjuez, the potatoes of Malaga, the melons of Granada, the oranges of Seville, and the limes of Murcia.

Near Toledo is Fuenta de Guarrazor, a place brought into notoriety by the discovery of several golden crowns, which belonged to the Visigoth Kings of Spain. This treasure, one of the most important ever disgorged from the bowels of the earth, was found in 1858, by a Frenchman named Héroard, formerly of the body-guard of Charles X., then professor of the French language at the University of Toledo. Being engaged in hunting one day in the vicinity of Guarrazor, he perceived a fragment of a golden chain that glistened in the sunlight. He picked it up, and found it was attached to something beneath the ground. He cautiously and carefully dug down along the chain, until he came upon the splendid golden crowns which now adorn the Museum at Cluny, and whose historic interest far surpasses the intrinsic value of their gold or precious stones. Further searches in the same locality brought to light other and not less interesting treasure, preserved in *armoria* at Madrid.

Not far from Fuente de Guarrazor rise the Mountains of Toledo, so celebrated in the annals of brigandage. Any person desirous of gaining precise information upon the subject of the dreaded and redoubtable brigands had better obtain a copy of a curious romance entitled *Los Bandidos de Toledo*, which actually bristles with atrocities; day and date being given for each, with the name or names of the bandits therein engaged.

The swords and poniards of Spain have been renowned in antiquity. Numerous historians might be quoted who have testified their faith in them. Polybius, Diodorus of Sicily, Titus Servius, Martial, and many others, without omitting Cicero, who makes honorable mention of the *pugiunculus Hispaniensis.* A Latin poet, Gratius Faliscus, contemporary and friend of Ovid, speaks in his Cynegeticon, of the *cultrum Toledanum*, or Toledan Blade, which the hunters carried at their waist—"*Toletano prœcingent ilia cultro.*"

It is probable that the manufacture of swords continued at Toledo till the epoch of the Goth Kings; and it is certain that it was in full vigor in the ninth century under Abderrahman Ben Alhakem, as mentioned by Condé, in his *Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en Espana.*

Their swords served, without doubt, as a pattern for the weapons used by the Moors of Spain in the middle ages, which are seen represented in the pictures at the Alhambra. The manufacture of swords was not formerly confined to a single establishment as to-day; the *espaderos*, or swordmakers, worked at their own homes, alone, or with a certain number of apprentices. Like all commercial crafts, they were bound together in a *grenio*, or guild. Many of the Kings of Castile accorded to the finest swordmakers of Toledo certain privileges, such as exemption from divers imposts, and duties appertaining to the sale of swords, the purchase of iron and steel, and other primary material. These privileges extended to certain craftsmen attached to the manufacture of the blades, such as the *arcraladores*, or furbishers, *vaineros*, or fitters, *etc.* The iron and blades of Spain were renowned in France in the middle ages. Ancient records make mention of the '*fer d'Espagne*,' and Froissart speaks of a short Spanish blade. The use of the sword, "mother of all arms," as Saint Didier sang in the sixteenth century, was general at that epoch. Medina relates that Francis III., returning to Madrid, beheld young, unbearded youths who carried swords by their sides, upon which the King said: "O thrice happy Spain, wherein is born children and men ready armed!"

The Toledo blades were highly estimated in England, as shown by several passages in Ben Jonson, Butler and Shakespeare. It was the weapon by which Othello guarded his chamber as a treasure, and the faithful friend which, as a soldier, he was proud of possessing. Mercutio speaks of "Toledos trusty, of which a soldier dreams." It is scarcely necessary to say that the *espadas Toledanas* were not less prized in Spain.

The author of the "Vida de Lazarillo de Tornes," who wrote in 1525, thus causes a Toledan squire, who served his hero, to speak of a sword: "Oh, if thou only knew'st, boy, what a weapon I have here! Not for all the yellow gold in the world would I sell it; for in all the blades that Antonio hath wrought, none equaleth this one."

The steel used by the *espaderos* of Toledo was obtained in an iron mine situated about three miles from Mandragon, in the Basque provinces, to which the following lines of a Spanish poet bear witness:

> "Vincedora espada
> De Mandragon tus aceros,
> Y en Toledo templeda."

"Victorious sword! Thy blade is of Mandragon, and thou wert tempered at Toledo."

In the last century, a Toledo employé, Palomeus, to whom is due the drawing—since reproduced several times—of the marks employed by the different *espaderos* of that city, has left some other details of their proceedings.

According to him, it is an error to suppose that they possessed particular secrets for the tempering of their arms. They were compelled to use the water of the Tagus, as well as the fine white sand that the river contains in its bed. The sand, to the experts, served for the operation of what they termed "*refrescar la calda*," to cool the heat; for when the metal became red, and commenced to throw off sparks, they instantly sprinkled it with this sand.

The blade formed, they proceeded to temper it in the following manner: Part of the middle of the fire was hollowed out, and in the hollow was placed the blade, so that four-fifths of it only were exposed to the fire, the tongue and hilt resting outside. The blade having become cherry red, they plunged the point into a wooden reservoir full of the water of the Tagus, and having once cooled it, they straightened it as much as was desirable. They then subjected such of the blade as had not hitherto been exposed, to the fire, and when it commenced to redden they took it by the tongue with red-hot pincers, and plunged it into sheep suet until it cooled; an operation which imparted temper to it.

The most ancient Toledan *espadero*, or swordmaker, of whom mention is made, is Julian, surnamed *el Moro*, or the Moor, on account of his coming from Granada, where he worked toward the end of the fifteenth century for King Boabdil. They also named him Julian *del Rey*, because upon his conversion to Christianity he had for a godfather no less an illustrious personage than Ferdinand the Catholic. He used as his stamp on the sword-blades the *perillo*, or little dog, a mark formerly so famous, and of which Cervantes speaks in his "Don Quichotte."

Amongst the most renowned *espaderos*, were Joannes de la Horta and Tomas de Ayala, Sahagun and his descendants, Dionisius Corrientes, Miguel Cantero, who worked for Philip II., and engraved upon his blades "Opus laudet artificium." "The work praises the workman"; Sebastian Hernandez, who added to his name *Toledano*, as some of the most superb weapons preserved in the Almeira at Madrid testify. Several *espaderos* of Toledo worked in other cities of Spain, such as Cordova, Madrid, Badajoz, Seville, Valladolid and Bilboa.

The manufacture of swords was still in a very flourishing condition toward the middle of the seventeenth century, those in fashion at that period being designated *espados del golillo*, because they were worn with the *golillo*, the indispensable appendage to the Spanish toilet. The blade was extravagantly long, and its usage general, if we may believe the description of a visit which Madame d'Aulnay received from the son of an *alcalde*, or mayor.

"His cloak was of black cloth, and as it was a *guap* (gallantly trimmed), he had it passed across his arm, as this was more becoming, a *broquel* in his hand. This is a sort of buckler or shield, very light, in the middle part of which is the point of a sword. He carried in his other hand a very long sword, the iron of the guard being in sufficient quantity to form a cuirass. As these swords are so long that they could not be unsheathed except by a giant, the sheath opens on applying the finger to a little spring. He also was armed with a poniard, of which the blade was straight, attached to his waist at the back."

The introduction of the French costume, toward the end of the seventeenth century, caused the cessation of the usage of large swords, and imparted a fatal blow to the industry that formed the glory of Toledo. The *Fabrica de Armas*, or manufactory of arms, is situated on the right bank of the Tagus, about a mile and a half outside of Toledo. It is a very unpretentious building, of rectangular form, completed in 1780, which is stated upon an inscription over the entrance.

Charles III., who made so many efforts to encourage Spanish manufactures, resolved upon revivifying the ancient craft of the *espaderos*, and constructed this manufactory. The former reputation of the *espaderos* of Toledo had fallen so low that the King was compelled to send to Valencia for a maker of swords, Luis Calisto, known to fame, and whom he appointed as director of works. The manufactory is used to-day for the fabrication of arms for the army. It is open to strangers, who can visit in detail all the workshops. The ancient mode of manufacture has been abandoned, both as regards forging and tempering, whilst the iron now employed comes from Germany. The sand of the Tagus is no longer used, and the suet is replaced by soap. However, the arms still turned out are of excellent quality, and the visitor is shown in the *sala de pruetas* (proof-room) blades that roll themselves several times upon themselves, like serpents, springing into straightness in a flash. But that which has been lost is the form and the elegance. To-day it is no longer in Toledo that good blades are to be found, but in the museums and the collections of lovers of curiosities.

From Toledo to Madrid is but three hours by rail, and the sight as the traveler leaves Toledo in the early morning is one that will not easily be erased from the tablets of the memory. The newly risen sun covers the quaint and ragged walls with rose-colored light. Along the zig-zag roads great caravans of mules approach from the surrounding country, bearing water, coals, faggots, fruits and vegetables, and other provisions for the city. As he passes out by the Puerta del Sol, and crosses the Alcantara bridge, he throws a long, last, lingering look of farewell toward the Alcazar, to the old towers and Moorish walls, which form a stone crown to the granite mountains upon which Toledo is built.

THE TRUMPETER'S HORSE.

By L. Halevy.

I was nearly forty years of age, and felt myself so safely anchored in the peaceable haven of a bachelor's life, that nothing would induce me to run the risk of disturbing it by marriage. But I had reckoned without the trumpeter's horse.

It was at the end of September, 1864, that I arrived at Paris from Baden, intending only to remain four-and-twenty hours. I had invited four or five friends to join me in Poitou for the hunting season, and as they were to arrive at the beginning of October, I had only allowed myself a week at La Roche Targé to prepare for their reception.

A letter from home awaited my arrival at Paris, bringing me the disastrous intelligence that out of twelve horses, five had fallen ill or lame during my stay at Baden, so that I was under the necessity of remounting my cavalry before I left Paris.

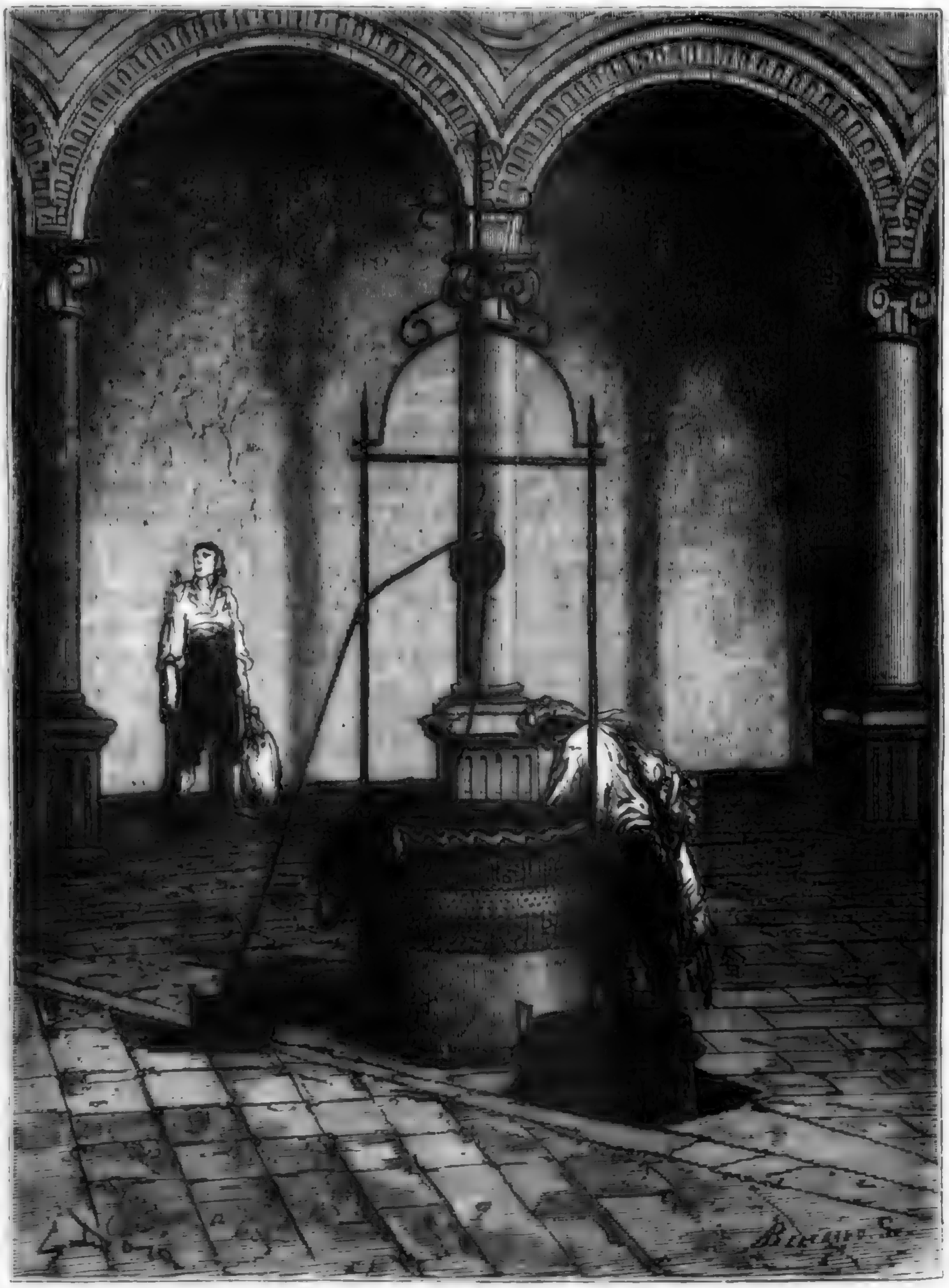
I made the round of all the horse-dealers of the Champs Elysées, where I was shown a collection of screws, the average price of which was £120; but I was neither in a humor nor in cash to throw away my money upon such useless beasts. It was a Wednesday, the day of Chéri's Autumn sale; I went to the Rue de Ponthieu, and purchased at a venture eight horses, which cost me, altogether, £200. "Out of the eight," said I to myself, "there will be surely four or five which will go."

Among these horses there was one which, I confess, I bought principally on account of his coat. The catalogue did not assign to him any special qualifications as a hunter All that it stated was, "Brutus, a saddle-horse, aged, well

XUM

broken." It was a large, dappled gray horse, but never had I seen one better marked, its smooth, white skin dappled over with fine black spots, so regularly distributed.

The next morning I left for La Roche Targé, and the following day my horses arrived. My first care was for Brutus. This gray horse had been running for the last twenty-four hours in my head, and I was anxious to try his paces, and see what he was good for. He had long teeth, and every mark of a respectable age, a powerful shoulder, and he carried his head well; but what I most admired in Brutus was the way in which he looked at me, following every movement with his attentive, intelligent, inquisitive eye. Even my words seemed to interest him; he leant his head on one side, as if to hear me, and when I had finished speaking, replied with a merry neigh. The other seven horses were brought out to me in succession, but they resembled any other horses, and Brutus certainly was different from them all. I was anxious to take a little ride in the country, in order to make his acquaintance.



MOORISH WELL, TOLEDO

Brutus allowed himself to be saddled, bridled and mounted, as a horse who knew his work, and we started quietly together, the best friends possible. He had a beautiful mouth, and answered to every turn of the rein, arched his neck, and champed his bit. His paces were perfect; he began by a slow, measured canter, raising his feet very high, and letting them fall with the regularity of a pendulum. I tried him at a trot and a short gallop, but when I sought to quicken his pace, he began to amble in grand style. "Ah," said I, "I see how it is; I have bought an old horse out of the cavalry riding-school at Saumur."

I was about to return homeward, satisfied with the talents of Brutus, when a shot was heard a short distance off. It was one of my keepers firing at a rabbit, for which shot, be it said, *en passant*, he afterward received a handsome present from my wife. I was then exactly in the centre of an open space where six long, green roads met. On hearing the shot, Brutus stopped short, and put his ears forward in an attitude of attention; I was surprised to see him so impressible. After the brilliant military education I assumed he had received in his youth, he must be well accustomed to the report of a gun. I pressed my knees against him to make him move on, but Brutus would not stir. I tried to back him, to make him turn to the right or to the left, but in vain. I made him feel my riding-whip, but still he was immovable. Brutus was not to be displaced; and yet — do not smile, for mine is a true history — each time I urged him to move the horse turned his head round, and gazed upon me with an eye expressive of impatience and surprise, and then relapsed into his motionless attitude.

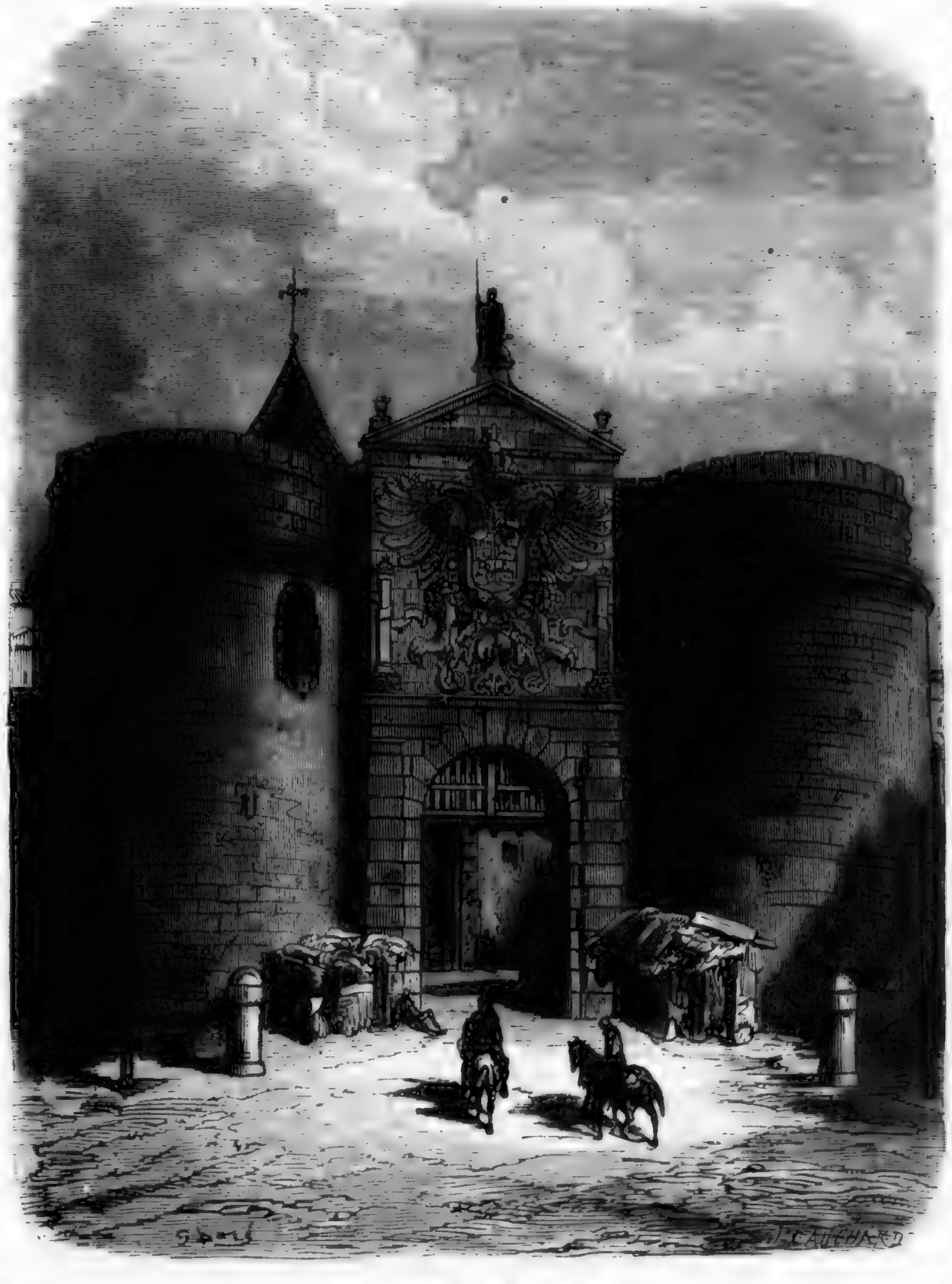
There was evidently some misunderstanding between me and my horse. I saw it in his eyes. Brutus was saying, as plainly as he could without speech, "I, horse, do what I ought to do; and you, horseman, do not perform your part."

I was more puzzled than embarrassed. "What a strange horse Chéri has sold me! and why does he look upon me in such a way?"

I was about to proceed to extremities, and administer to him a good thrashing, when another shot was fired. The horse then made one bound. I thought I had gained my point, and again tried to start him, but in vain. He stopped short, and planted himself more resolutely than ever. I then got into a rage, and my riding-whip entered into play;

I took it in both hands, and struck the horse right and left. But Brutus, too, lost patience, and finding passive resistance unavailing, defended himself by rearing, kicking and plunging; and in the midst of the battle, while the horse capered and kicked, and I, exasperated, was flogging him with the loaded butt-end of my broken whip, Brutus nevertheless found time to look at me, not only with impatience and surprise, but with rage and indignation. While I required of the horse the obedience he refused, he, on his part, was expecting of me something I did not do.

How did this end? To my shame be it spoken, I was relentlessly and disgracefully unseated. Brutus saw there was nothing to be gained by violence, so judged it necessary to employ malice. After a moment's pause, evidently passed in reflection, the horse put down his head and stood upright on his fore-legs, with the address and equilibrium of a clown upon his hands. I was consequently deposited upon the sand, which fortunately happened to be rather thick where I fell. I tried to raise myself, but I cried out and fell stretched with my face to the ground. I felt as if a knife were sticking in my left leg.



THE VISAGRA GATE OF TOLEDO.

The hurt did not prove serious—the snapping of one of the small tendons—but not the less painful. I succeeded, however, in turning myself, and sat up; but while I was rubbing my eyes, which were filled with sand, I saw the great foot of a horse descend gently upon my head, and again extend me on my back. I then felt quite disheartened, and was ruminating in my mind what this strange horse could be, when I felt a quantity of sand strike me in the face. I opened my eyes, and saw Brutus throwing up the dust with both fore and hind feet, trying to bury me. This lasted for several minutes, when, apparently thinking me sufficiently well interred, Brutus knelt by my grave, and then galloped round me, describing a perfect circle. I called out to him to stop. He appeared to be embarrassed; but, seeing my hat, which had been separated from me in my fall, he took it between his teeth and galloped down one of the green paths out of my sight.

I was left alone. I shook off the sand which covered me, and with my arm and right leg—my left I could not move—dragged myself to a bushy bank, where I seated myself, and shouted with all my might for assistance. But no answer; the wood was perfectly silent and deserted.

I remained alone in this wretched condition above half an hour, when I saw Brutus in the distance, returning by the same road by which he went, enveloped in a cloud of dust. Gradually, as it cleared away, I saw a little carriage approaching—a pony-chaise—and in the pony-chaise a lady, who drove it, with a small groom in the seat behind.

A few minutes after, Brutus arrived, covered with foam. He stopped before me, let fall my hat at his feet, and addressed me with a neigh, as much as to say: "I have done my duty; I have brought you help." But I did not trouble myself about Brutus and his explanations. I had no thought or looks save for the beautiful fairy who had come to my aid, and who, jumping from her little carriage, tripped lightly up to me; and suddenly two exclamations were uttered at the same moment:

"Madame de Noriolis!"

"Monsieur de la Roche Targé!"

I have an aunt, between whom and myself my marrying is a source of continual dispute.

"Marry," she would say.

"I will not," was my answer.

"Would you have a young lady? There are Miss A., Miss B., Miss C."

"But I won't marry."

"Then take a widow. There are Mrs. D., Mrs. E., Mrs. F.," etc.

"But marry I will not."

Madame de Noriolis was always in the first rank among my aunt's widows. To tell me she was rich, lively and pretty was unnecessary; but, after setting forth all her attractions, my aunt would take from her secretary a map of the district where she lived, and point out how the estates of Noriolis and La Roche Targé joined; and she had traced a red line upon the map, uniting the two properties, which she constantly obliged me to look at.

"Eight hundred acres within a ring-fence; a fine chance for a sportsman."

But I would shut my eyes, and repeat as before:

"I'll never marry."

Yet, seriously speaking, I was afraid of Madame de Noriolis, and always saw her head encircled with an aureole of my aunt's red line. Charming, sensible, talented, and eight hundred acres within a ring-fence! Escape for your safety, if you will not marry.

And I always did escape; but this time, retreat was impossible. I lay extended on the turf, covered with sand, my hair in disorder, my clothes in tatters, and my leg stiff.

"What are you doing here?" inquired Madame de Noriolis. "What has happened?"

I candidly confessed I had been thrown.

"But you are not much hurt?"

THE CLOISTER OF SAN JUAN DE LOS REYES, TOLEDO.

"No; but I have put something out in my leg—nothing serious, I am sure."

"And where is the horse which played you this trick?"

I pointed out Brutus, who was quietly grazing upon the shoots of the broom.

"How! is it him, the good horse? He has amply repaired his wrongs, as I will relate to you later. But you must go home directly."

"How? I cannot move a step."

"But I am going to drive you home, at the risk of compromising you."

And, calling her little groom Bob, she led me gently by one arm, while Bob took the other, and made me get into her carriage. Five minutes afterward, we were moving in the direction of La Roche Targé, she holding the reins and driving the pony with a light hand; I looking at her, confused, embarrassed, ridiculous. Bob was charged to lead back Brutus.

"Extend your leg quite straight," said Madame de Noriolis, "and I will drive you very gently to avoid jolting." When she saw me comfortably installed, "Tell me," she said, "how you were thrown, and I will explain how I came to your assistance."

I began my story; but when I spoke of the efforts of Brutus to unseat me after the two shots, "I understand it all!" she exclaimed; "you have bought the trumpeter's horse."

"The trumpeter's horse?"

"Yes; that explains it all. You have seen many scenes in the Cirque de l'Impératrice, the performance of the trumpeter's horse? A Chasseur d'Afrique enters the arena upon a gray horse; then come the Arabs, who fire upon him, and he is wounded, and falls; and, as you did not fall, the horse, indignant at your not performing your part in the piece, threw you down. What did he do next?"

I related the little attempt of Brutus to bury me.

"Exactly like the trumpeter's horse. He sees his master wounded; but the Arabs may return and kill him, so what does the horse do? He buries him, and gallops off, carrying away the colors, that they may not fall into the hands of the Arabs."

"That is my hat which Brutus carried off."

"Precisely. He goes to fetch the *vivandière*—the *vivandière* of to-day being your humble servant the Countess de Noriolis. Your great gray horse galloped into my courtyard, where I was standing on the doorstep, putting on my gloves and ready to get into my carriage. My grooms, seeing a horse saddled and bridled, with a hat in his mouth and without a rider, tried to catch him; but he escapes their pursuit, goes straight up to the steps, and kneels before me. The men again try to capture him; but he gallops off, stops at the gate, turns round and looks at me. I felt sure he was calling me; so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse darts through roads not always adapted for carriages; but I follow him, and arrive where I find you."

At the moment Madame de Noriolis had finished these words, the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing erect on his hind legs behind us.

Seeing the little back seat of the carriage untenanted, he had taken the opportunity of giving us another specimen of his talents, by executing the most brilliant of all his circus performances. He had placed his fore feet upon the back seat of the little carriage, and was tranquilly continuing his route, trotting upon his hind legs alone, Bob striving in vain to replace him upon four.

Madame de Noriolis was so frightened, she let the reins escape from her hands, and sank fainting in my arms. With my left hand I recovered the reins, with my right arm I supported Madame Noriolis; my leg all the time causing me most frightful torture.

In this manner Madame de Noriolis made her first entry into La Roche Targé. When she returned there six weeks later she had become my wife.

"Such, indeed, is life," she exclaimed. "This would never have come to pass if you had not bought the trumpeter's horse."

A CLUTCH FOR DEAR LIFE.

I HAD shot buffaloes on the prairie, hunted kangaroos in the bush, stuck pigs, knocked over tigers, potted panthers, and dealt forth death to all manner of big and small game; but I had never fired a shot at an elephant, and this I resolved to do—or die. Chance gave me my longed-for wish, and the same chance well-nigh consigned me to the tomb of the Capulets. I don't suppose, in the whole history of sporting events, from the days of Nimrod, that mighty hunter, until this present year of grace, such a terrible half-hour was ever spent by mortal man as that experienced by me consequent upon my maiden effort at subduing an elephant.

I was with a party engaged by the French Government to make astronomical observations in Africa, and, being the only member of it practically acquainted with the use of the rifle, was unanimously appointed Provider-general—a post, if honorable, hampered with considerable toil, responsibility and danger.

We were encamped at a little village called Maramie, and were engaged in discussing an *olla podrida* consisting of game of all sorts, shapes, sizes and descriptions, when a native came up, who earnestly entreated of one of the white chiefs to go with him the next morning to shoot elephants, as the village was now without meat. This was my chance, and I plunged at the offer. I accordingly consented to accompany him, early in the morning, in search of elephants or buffaloes, which he said were to be found at some little distance, and, after the *olla* had been carefully discussed, set to work cleaning guns and making all the necessary preparations for a long day's shooting.

The moon was still shining upon the sleeping forms of my companions when the native appeared, and, having finished my coffee and eggs, and filled a bottle with water, I left the camp without awakening any of the party.

It was a glorious morning, and the anticipation of good sport—of the realization of my long-wished-for wish, caused me to experience no fatigue, although the sun was ninety-six in the shade.

As I passed through a small valley, my heart gave that great throb which no one but a hunter can possibly appreciate—it is the throb of the "charge" as sounded on the battle-field, inexpressible! magical! It was the fresh spoor of an elephant. I rushed forward and examined it closely, when it turned out to be the foot-prints of a small herd. The reason of my mistake was, that when elephants are traveling, they generally walk in single file, the leader carefully surveying the ground with his trunk before each step, and those behind him treading exactly in his footsteps.

The heat now became so intense that I had to rest for a while beneath the shade of a friendly tree; and then, having taken a pull at my water-bottle, I started forward once more. After an hour's hard pounding, during which some of the tracking was very difficult, owing to the stony nature of the ground, we came upon a sort of open in the forest, and I was again preparing for a rest, when suddenly and unexpectedly a loud trumpet burst upon my ears, and there, within a hundred and fifty yards, stood a herd of five elephants standing in a ring, as if engaged in discussing some deep philosophical problem; their heads all together in profound cogitation.

"At last!" I muttered, as I turned to Nyama for my trusty rifle—a Rigby 10.—when, what was my mortification and disgust to find that the caitiff coward had fled! There was nothing for it but to follow him as noiselessly as possible, as I dared not cry out for fear of disturbing the elephants; and I calculated that he must be crouching behind a tree, waiting for me to come up with him.

I was about to follow up this impulse, when a noise from the direction of the Council of Five attracted me; and what was my horror to discover that I had not only been sighted by the herd, but that they were going for me, with curled trunks. To reach the jungle was no path of safety; they would crush through it as easily as a child through an outstretched copy of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*.

Oh, for my rifle! I shouted, yelled, made the forest resound with my calls upon Nyama; but Nemesis in the shape of five monstrous elephants was approaching me, and my moments were numbered—a few seconds and I would be pounded into pulp.

There was a chance; the idea flashed through my brain with electric rapidity, searing it as with fire—a tree. With the agility of a chimpanzee, I climbed up into a tree that had stood storm and shine for a hundred years, and bruised, bleeding, panting, palpitating, my clothes torn into shreds, I gained a haven of refuge high up in its branches.

I naturally concluded that the elephants, having failed to glut their vengeance, would, after a little while, disperse, and I could then rejoin Nyama, and get back to camp. But how utterly mistaken were my calculations, the sequel will shortly prove.

XUM

The elephants withdrew to a sort of open space, and apparently held council. I could almost have laughed at the appearance the great, ungainly brutes presented, as, with heads lowered, they swung them slowly from side to side. The council presently broke up, and one old elephant, trumpeting loudly, advanced toward the tree, and flinging himself against it, sent a thrill through it that was keenly perceptible.

"Keep at that as long as you like, my fine fellow!" was my exclamation. Elephant number two followed the example of the leader, and thus up to five, coming again in the same order. On the third round the tree rocked; on the fifth, as the assaults were all at one side, it began to lose the perpendicular.

Things were becoming serious. Could it be possible that a series of successive assaults might eventually culminate in the lowering of the tree?

As the elephants came on, I yelled and screamed, and endeavored to frighten them; but they were in no way to be dissuaded from their purpose, and proceeded with their work with the steadiness of veteran sappers. Every fresh assault proved to me that my position was becoming more and more perilous, and that if my assailants persisted, I was indeed a dead man; done slowly to death, going down to it slowly, slowly, but surely; being, as it were, rocked to my dreadful doom.

The elephants had stopped a while to rest themselves and hold further council. After a break-off of about half an hour—it seemed to me an eternity—four of them came in front of the tree, while one went behind it. This new manœuvre I could not make out, until it flashed across me that they intended to hurl their united weight against the tree, and bend it forward in such a manner as to permit of the elephant behind grasping a branch with his trunk.

My prognostications were but too true, and the four monsters pressing forward, caused the tree to lean over so much that, by a supreme effort, the elephant behind was enabled to clutch the branch.

I now gave myself up for lost, as a very few moments would not only bring my haven of refuge to the ground, but I would be jerked out of it.

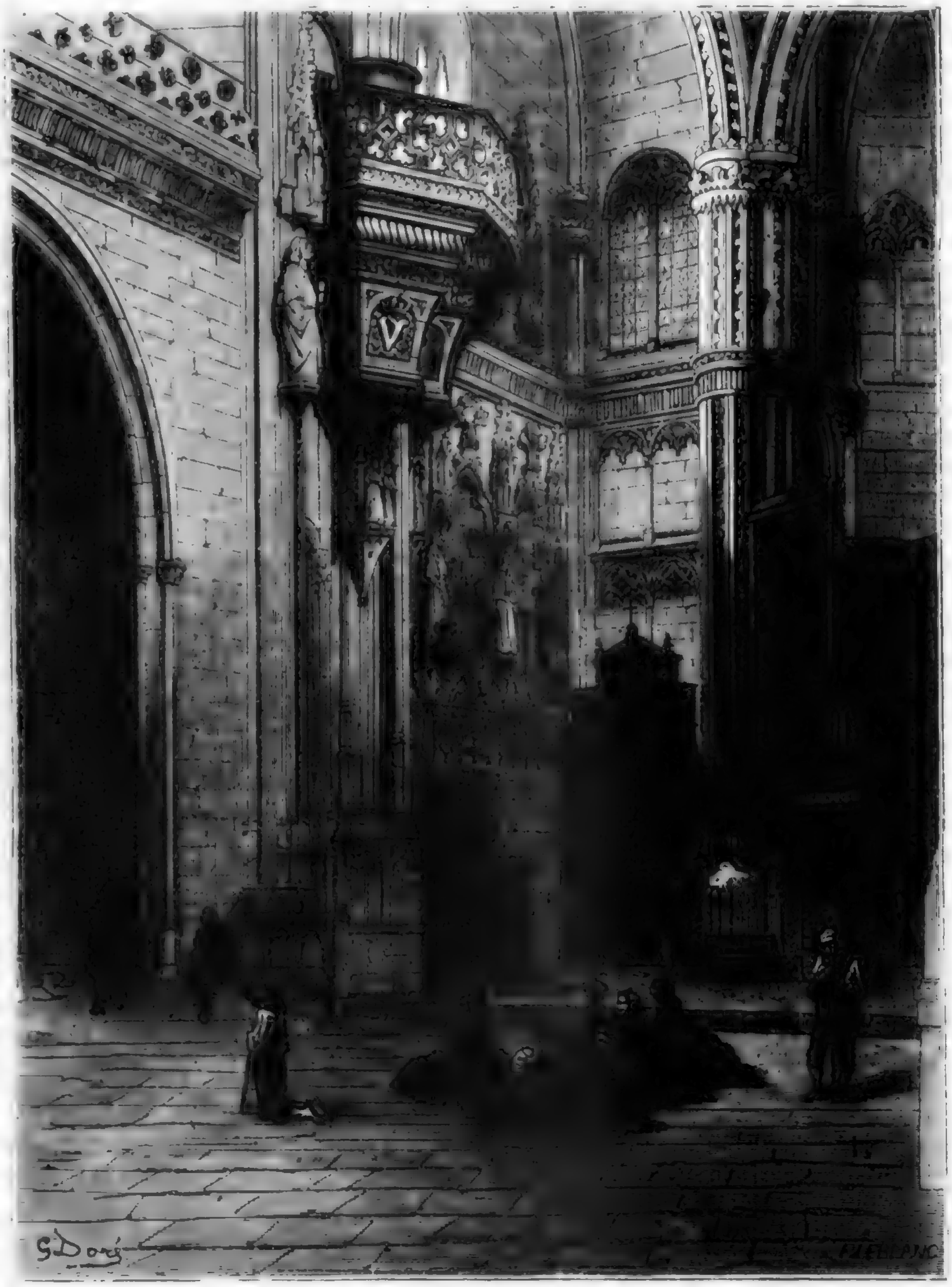
The terrible see-saw commenced, the ghastly rocking, and I had to cling on for dear life. Down, down, down! Nearer to earth, nearer to death! I felt now like a sailor clinging to the mast of a sinking and tempest-tossed ship.

The elephants once more retired and held council, and I gained a moment wherein to breathe. Taking out my pocket-book, I made some memoranda, in the hope that my companions would, when in search of me, come upon them, and carry out the wishes therein expressed. I had scarcely concluded my writing when the council broke up, and my death-warrant was sealed.

The leading elephant had just clutched the branch, and the remaining four stood with their trunks uplifted to pull all together so soon as the branch would be sufficiently lowered, when—ping! and the short, sharp crack of a rifle made itself heard, followed by another, and yet another, dropping two of the elephants, while a third reeled, as if seized with a sudden desire to waltz *à trois temps.*

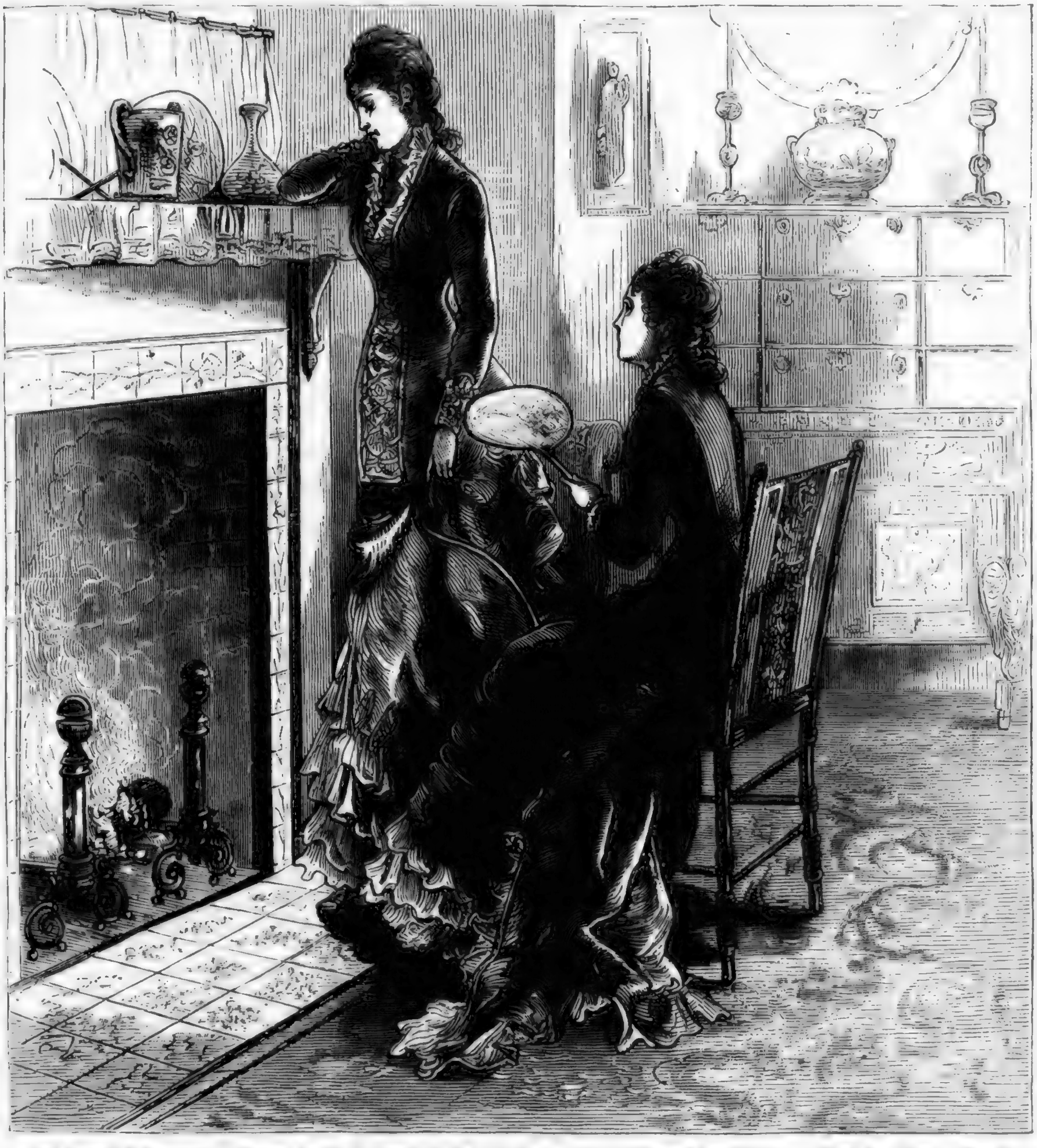
Nyama had scurried back to camp and told his story; my companions had come to the rescue, and I was saved!

But for that last council of war, I never would have lived to write my terrible clutch for dear life.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SAN JUAN DE LOS REYES, TOLEDO.

XUM



THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.—"ETHEL STOOD UP THERE ON THE HEARTH OF THAT LUXURIOUS BOUDOIR, TALL, WHITE, BEAUTIFUL, LOOKING DOWN ON THE YOUNGER GIRL WITH A FAINT, FLITTING COLOR, AND UNEASY SMILE."

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

By Etta W. Pierce.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MYSTERY.

Gone? Whither?

"She must have stepped out on some errand after I left the court," said Miss Affry.

"Errand! *what* errand?" cried Val, a great pang of nameless fear stabbing through his heart.

"How can I tell?"

"Speak to the other lodgers—they may know something about her."

"There's not a single lodger in the house, Val—no one but Mercy is ever here by daytime, as you know well."

He rushed up the stair, two steps at a bound, and Miss Affry followed. Evidently her simple statements were too much for him to believe. When, however, he had proved their truth, when he had searched, called and shouted, but found no Mercy, he planted himself before the old woman, with a pale, dazed face.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"The Lord only knows," she answered, irritably. "One thing is certain, you've gone clean daft, as the Scotch say, laddie. Now, let me tell you, if you marry that girl tonight, you will repent it till your dying day. Take time—take a few days, at least, for deliberation, Val. Think of Moll Dill as the mother-in-law of the future Sir Valentine

XUM

Arbuckle, of Deepmoor Park! Oh, Val! you have never seen the place yet, you know nothing of its grandeur—*I* do. Listen to Mr. Finch—to me——"

For the first time in his life he repulsed her—flung off the eager hands which she laid upon his arm.

"Stop! I thought it all over that night when you read of the death of Sir Godfrey's sons—when you told me my real name and gave me my mother's wedding-ring. It's very strange, but you don't seem to understand that I *love* Mercy. Come, she cannot have gone far, she will be back in a moment. Good God! she *must!* Is anything missing from her room?"

"Only her hat and shawl, as I told you. Let us go back to Mr. Finch."

They returned to the sitting-room, where they found the London lawyer standing at a window, plunged in troubled thought. He had found the heir of Deepmoor, but in what peril! And how was he to be extricated therefrom?

Miss Affry advanced to his side, and placed in his hand the "marriage lines" of Christine Black, remarking as she did so, that the wedding-ring was in the possession of Miss Dill, who had gone out upon an errand, and would be in again directly.

Val, unable to contain himself, began to walk up and down the floor, turning, at every other step, to look anxiously to the door.

"You see how we live," he said to Peter Finch, with a shrug of his high shoulders. "We have always been like this, or a great deal worse. I am more American than English, and shall be, I dare say, to the end of the chapter. You need not expect to make a successful aristocrat out of me. It's only a few weeks ago, you know, that Aunt Affry first told me that I possessed such a thing as noble blood. Left to myself, I can swear I should never have suspected it!"

Mr. Finch smiled indulgently.

"When you reach England—when you once find yourself at Deepmoor, believe me, you will begin to realize your true position; the old Arbuckle blood in you will make itself felt."

Aunt Affry had fallen into an armchair, and was having a joyful cry all to herself.

"Deepmoor!" she sobbed. "Oh, Val, you can't think how grand you will be there! What a rent-roll the old baronet had—what family plate and jewels! What timber there was in the park—what splendor everywhere! And you will be 'my lord.' My head spins as I think of it! Now, laddie, don't—don't go to spoiling everything by an unsuitable, headstrong marriage!"

Val wheeled about, and looked at her with keen eyes.

"In Heaven's name, what has turned you so suddenly against Mercy?" he demanded.

"Nothing has turned me against her," said Affry, boldly; "that's not the proper word, Val. I speak only for your good. Val Black, the poor bank-clerk, might marry whom he liked, even a girl from the gutter; but not Valentine Arbuckle, the heir of a baronet. Can you take her to Deepmoor—can you present her to Sir Godfrey as its future lady? You know you can't—you know that everything is changed now."

"Exactly!" put in Peter Finch, who saw, like Miss Affry, that he must improve his opportunity. "Stop, I beg of you, and reflect a little. Even the young person herself, under present circumstances, cannot, in reason, object to a delay. My dear sir, for your uncle's sake—for the sake of the grand old family whose last male representative you are, I entreat you to consider well what you do."

Val ran his fingers through his red hair till it stood up like porcupine-quills all over his head.

"And you think my uncle would be angry at this marriage which I propose to make?" he demanded, roughly.

"More than angry—he would be simply furious," answered Mr. Finch, with decision; "for he is a born aristocrat, with all the peculiar prejudices of his class. He has sent for you to come to him—to comfort and console him during his last days. You owe some consideration to him and to your father's name, do you not? I must protest, with Miss Black, against any step which is likely to embitter Sir Godfrey against you—any *mésalliance* which may fill you with regret and chagrin in after years."

Val looked steadily at his companions. His commonplace face had grown almost grand.

"You say that everything is changed," said he; "*I* am not changed—I am exactly the same person that I was twenty-four hours ago. Come, you two have entered into an alliance offensive and defensive, I see. You both mean one thing. You want me to break my word with the sweetest, loveliest girl on earth because I suddenly find myself the heir of a lord. Why, the nobler a man is by birth, the more ashamed he ought to be of a mean action. You ask me to have consideration for the pride and prejudice of a relative who helped to drive my father and mother to exile and death—who has left me unrecognized for twenty-five years, and for whom I do not care the fillip of a finger—in heaven's name, why should I?—but none for the woman that I love with all my heart, and have faithfully promised to marry. Your arguments are good, I dare say, but they don't affect me. I tell you frankly that the girl from the gutter, as you call her—to me she seems both a heroine and an angel—is more precious than your titles, your ancestral blood, your Deepmoors. As God hears me, I want no delays, and I will have none. Neither friends nor enemies shall part me from Mercy. You mean well, but you don't understand the case at all. I love her, and I am going to marry her!"

He said it with a quiet resolution that was simply appalling to his two listeners. Neither could find voice to speak, but Aunt Affry gave the lawyer a look which said plainly, "All is lost!" As for Val, with the air of one who has settled a matter, he strode to the window and looked anxiously out. Already the sunset shadows stretched long and dark in the court.

"This is passing strange!" he cried, in a fever of wonder and anxiety; "where is she—where *can* she be, Aunt Affry?"

"I'm sure I haven't an idea," said Aunt Affry, in an aggrieved tone; "don't ask *me*."

Val seized his hat.

"I can't stand this—it is too much. I'm going to find her," he said, and rushed out of the house.

Whither should he go? Never was a man more completely at a loss. Mercy had no friends, no acquaintances. No amount of loneliness had ever brought her to mingle with her fellow-creatures of the "gutter." Her hard, bitter life had made her shrink from, rather than seek, associates. Val did not know of a place on earth where she could possibly be detained at this hour. He tore off to the Aid Society rooms, only to find them closed for the night. By this time the sun had set; the city streets were already growing dark. Val hurried back to Seedy Court, confident that Mercy must have reached the house before him; but no! Miss Affry had spread her tea-table and lighted her oil-lamps in the little sitting-room; but Mercy was not there. Mr. Finch and the old woman occupied the place alone.

"What! you haven't found her?" cried Miss Affry, staring aghast as Val entered.

"No," he answered.

They looked at each other, and both grew pale. It was plain, beyond all question, that something had happened—but *what?* No ordinary matter could keep the girl from home—from her lover, at the very hour appointed for her marriage.

Mr. Finch was the only person who tasted the tempting supper. His legal mind remained calm amid the general disturbance. He could scarcely be expected to sympathize with Val in his fierce anxiety, and, indeed, he did not; he simply preserved a grave silence. As it is clearly necessary to first catch your hare before dressing him, so the lawyer perceived that it would be wise to find the girl before raising further objections to Val's marriage with her. Unless she appeared soon, the obnoxious union could not take place this night, at least, and the prospect of any delay, however brief, he hailed with secret joy.

"Most extraordinary!" said Mr. Finch to himself; "but for the honor of the Arbuckle name—for the sake of this half-civilized young hot-head, who is as ready to ruin himself for a pretty face as was his father before him—yes, and for the sake of his posterity, I hope to heaven he will never set eyes on the girl again."

One by one Miss Affry's lodgers—brought home, like errant fowl, by the fall of night—began to scrape their feet at the door, and ascend the stair with more or less noise. Every fresh arrival was a signal for Val to give a wild start of expectation and a plunge into the hall, from which he returned again and again, blank and pale with disappointment. Clearly he had forgotten his new prospects, his new name even. When eight o'clock struck, he snatched up his hat again.

"I am going to the police station," he said, hoarsely.

"Pray let me bear you company," cried Mr. Finch, with great cheerfulness; "I wish to send a cable dispatch to Sir Godfrey, at Deepmoor. He must be told at once that his nephew is found, and that we may be expected to appear before him shortly in Lincolnshire."

The two departed together. Alone in her shabby sitting-room, Aunt Affry sat down to await their return, and to think over the events of this extraordinary day. Mercy's disappearance perplexed and amazed her greatly.

"God forbid that any evil should overtake the child!" she said to herself, with a shiver of dread. "I am very fond of Mercy, though I don't want Val to marry her—though it's against all sense and reason that he should marry her now. But I will be a good friend to her; she shall never suffer want again—never! I will send her to school—Val will let me, I know—I will fit her for a teacher or something. She shall never again sew for a living. Where is she—where can she be? Why did she go away at such a time, and without leaving any message behind her? Oh, dear! oh, dear! I know that something is wrong; I feel it in the very marrow of my bones!"

Something *was* wrong, for Val searched till the night was past, and throughout the length and breadth of the great city. No tidings could he anywhere glean of Mercy Dill.

In the gray, foggy morning, the distracted lover, still attended by Mr. Finch, stalked into the sitting-room at Seedy Court, where Miss Affry was keeping sleepless vigil, and, haggard, breathless, exhausted, flung himself into the nearest chair. There was scarcely a look of easy-going Val Black left in his pale face.

"She's not here?" he said, hoarsely, glancing around the room. "Why do I ask that—I know she's not; but I've heard of her."

"How—what?" gasped Miss Affry, in wild alarm.

Val thrust his hands into his pockets, and dropped his head upon his breast—the picture of gloom and despair.

"I went first to the station-houses," he said, "then to the Aid Society folks, and the preacher at the Mission, and not a soul could give me the smallest information about Mercy. The earth doesn't often open and swallow a person bodily; and so it occurred to Mr. Finch that somebody right here—somebody in Seedy Court might know of her disappearance. We came back to our starting-point, and knocked at every door, rousing people from their beds to make inquiries, and at No. 9 we found a woman who gave us a clue."

The words began to stick in his throat, and Mr. Finch, who looked mortally tired and disgusted, made no attempt to help him with the narrative.

"Speak, Val!—what is it?" urged Miss Affry.

"It's a cursed mystery—that's what it is!" cried Val, with a red, wrathful gleam in his hazel eyes. "According to the woman, a close carriage drove into the court about three o'clock yesterday, and stopped at this door. She was sitting at her window, and saw it all. A man leaped down from the seat and rang the bell, and Mercy answered—of course she did, for she was the only person in the house. The two spoke together, and then—my God! what *does* it mean, Aunt Affry? Can you, will you, try to understand it?—Mercy came out with hat and shawl on, entered the carriage, and rode away."

Miss Affry grew as stiff as a ramrod.

"Who was the man?"

"I would give my right hand to know!"

"Where's Moll Dill? It is some trick of hers, perhaps. She's spirited the girl away, or something—who knows?"

Mr. Finch smiled. It was scarcely probable that Moll would come to Seedy Court in a close carriage to abduct her daughter by broad daylight. The gloom on Val's face deepened.

"We've seen Moll Dill," he answered. "We got her address from the Mission preacher, and rode out into the country six miles or more, to the farm where she's at work. We called her up from bed, and told her of Mercy's flitting. She was as cross as two sticks—sullen, and not inclined to answer our questions, or hold any conversation with us. But she knows nothing of her daughter—I am sure of that; the close carriage affair amazed her quite as much as it does you."

The next moment he leaped up, and began to walk the floor in great agitation.

"My God! what does it mean?" he groaned. "My head is in a whirl—I don't think I quite comprehend anything! Why should she go away with a stranger a few hours before our appointed marriage? and why didn't she leave some word or line for me? It's beyond belief! I have put the detectives to work—they will ferret out the truth of the matter before long."

Mr. Finch wiped his manly brow, and took a pinch of snuff from a silver snuff-box. Viewed from his standpoint Mercy's mysterious disappearance was a most opportune and fortunate thing.

"We have had an exhausting night of it," he remarked, "Indeed, this is a most unhappy business, Mr. Arbuckle, especially as it diverts your attention from the important matters of which it is my duty to remind you. I telegraphed to Sir Godfrey last evening that we should sail at once for England. He will expect to see us in Lincolnshire at the earliest possible moment. Every day, every hour of unnecessary delay will seem an eternity to the man who is waiting—dying, kinless and alone—at Deepmoor."

Val lifted his haggard eyes.

"When I have found Mercy, I will be ready to go with you," he answered, "not until then."

"Suppose you do not find her?" said Mr. Finch, dryly. "It is barely possible that she may not wish to be found."

"What do you mean?" demanded Val, fiercely.

Mr. Finch took a second pinch of snuff.

The wan, dubious dawn slanted into the room, and fell over the faces of the three, haggard and worn, every one, with weariness or anxiety.

"My dear sir, sit down again, I beg you," said Mr. Finch. "you look quite used up. It is plain, is it not? that Miss Dill has left the city. Now, did she go willingly or unwillingly, alone or with company? You say that she is very beautiful. Possibly you are not her only admirer."

Val's countenance changed. Upon his mental vision a swarthy, pock-marked face flashed suddenly—a lean, alert, glittering-eyed face—it struck him dumb with consternation.

"Believe me, sir, blood *will* tell," went on Mr. Finch, with composure, "a man runs a great risk always in choosing a wife with such antecedents as hers. She could not have gone *un*willingly in broad day, and from a place like this—the thing is impossible; and if she meant to return to you, why did she not leave some explanation behind her? I fear that you have been deceived—that further search for the young person will prove altogether useless. At this very moment you ought to be thanking heaven for your escape from a great peril."

Colorless, almost breathless, Val glared at the lawyer.

"If you talk like this," he cried, "I shall be tempted to kill you! why don't *you* speak, Aunt Affry. You know what Mercy is. Have you nothing to say for her now?"

But Miss Affry had gone over unreservedly to the foe.

"Don't appeal to *me*," she answered, sharply, "what can I, or any other honest person say for a girl that leaves her home and her lover without a word, and goes away in a strange carriage, with a strange man, and doesn't come back to her marriage—doesn't come back all the night? Now I'll tell you a secret, Val. That foreign music-man, Discordo, that left a week ago, was mad for Mercy—I shall speak of it now, though I promised once I wouldn't. He went on like one demented in this very room when he heard she was going to marry you—swore that he loved her to distraction, and that his heart was broken, and all that. Ah, I'm afraid he was deeper than I thought—that Italian. If anybody has coaxed her from you, Val, he is the man."

Mr. Finch coughed expressively.

Val's pale face reddened with jealous wrath.

"Discordo!" he cried in fierce disgust, "don't mention that fellow. Mercy detested him. It is true that he made love to her—I wish now that I had wrung his neck for it!—but she never listened to him—never! There's an infernal mystery about the matter—it's too much for me, I'll own, but don't say that Mercy has deceived me—don't tell me she is anything but the good, sweet angel which I know her to be. I'm not going to believe wrong of her without proper evidence, am I? I'm not going to damn her with your suspicions? God help me! No!"

He walked up to Peter Finch, and laid one hand on his shoulder.

"Have patience," he said, simply, "do not you see that it's impossible for me to go to England till my mind is made easy about her? that it's useless to ask me to think of anything or anybody else for the present? When I have found her, I will be at your disposal, and Sir Godfrey may command me as he likes; but till then, leave me to myself."

Mr. Finch was a man of varied experience. He knew the human heart—he understood the desperate and ephemeral nature of youthful passion. It could not be many days, at the farthest, before Val would be disenchanted. "Affry is right." he thought, "my word for it—Discordo is the man!

Aloud he said to Val:

"Very well. I will not urge you further. Call upon me for any aid which you may require—I am quite at your service."

Mr. Finch then proposed that the two, in accordance with their altered circumstances, should leave Seedy Court at once, and take up temporary quarters with him, at his hotel; but to this Val would not listen.

"Mercy shall not come back and find the place deserted," he said, resolutely, "for in that case she would not know what had befallen us. Let Aunt Affry rid the house of her lodgers as soon as she likes, but while we stay in America, for God's sake, let us stay *here*."

And Val had his way.

Three days passed—three days which no coming splendor, no future honors would ever erase from the memory of Val Black—three days in which he searched and fumed, hoped and despaired, and finally settled into a moody, reticent frame of mind, the like of which Miss Affry had never before seen.

The mystery of Mercy Dill's disappearance was a mystery still. No skill of the detectives had been able, as yet, to obtain the smallest clue to her whereabouts. Mr. Finch smiled with secret satisfaction. This American-born Arbuckle was not likely, after all, to disgrace the family name.

Miss Affry, figuratively speaking, washed her hands of the missing girl, and clamored to be gone from the land of her long toil and privation.

"Dear me!" she said to the London lawyer, "how long will that miserable boy keep us waiting here, while he hunts the city over on a fool's errand? I long to be on the voyage. Why, Sir Godfrey will be as dead as a door-nail before we ever get to Deepmoor!"

The fourth day came—raw, dark, miserable. In the old living-room at Seedy Court, so soon to be deserted by its present occupants, Miss Affry, Val and Mr. Finch were gathered round a late breakfast. The altered fortunes of aunt and nephew were already perceptible in the dainties on the board, and in the smart cap and silk gown, fresh from the shop, which added unwonted splendor to Miss Affry's small, crooked body. Soon, very soon, the moldy lodging-house would know its mistress and her busy ways no more; and, as if conscious of the fact, the battered furniture seemed to shrink forlorn into the corners, and the very tick-tick of the clock on the mantel was sad with echoes of farewell.

"Val," said Miss Affry, addressing with some severity the *distrait*, jaded fellow on the other side of the table, who looked like anything but the favorite of fortune which he was, "are not you growing tired of this?"

"God knows I am!" he answered, briefly.

"You drive me crazy! What good will any tidings from that girl do you *now?* Why should you care whether she is in Boston or Babylon, after what has happened?"

"For the hundredth time, Aunt Affry," answered Val, in a dogged, determined voice, "I tell you that I shall not leave this city till I hear from Mercy Dill. It doesn't matter whether the news be good or bad, here I stay till it comes, and you must be content."

"Content!" sniffed Miss Affry, "with Deepmoor waiting for us on the other side of the water——"

She paused, startled by a sudden ring at the bell.

"It's the morning post," said Val; and he arose from the table and went to the door.

In a moment he was back again, with a letter in his hand—a square little letter, superscribed with the name of Mr. V. Black, and postmarked New York. Moved by the same foreboding, Miss Affry and Peter Finch arose also from the table.

"Open it—quick, Val!" cried the old woman, breathlessly.

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With a hand that shook in spite of all his efforts to keep it firm, Val tore apart the envelope, drew from it a sheet of paper, and read these words aloud:

"DEAR VAL: Don't look for me, don't think of me any longer, for I am married to Mr. Discordo, and before you receive this we shall be on our way to his own land—Italy. I thought I cared for you till he came, but he loved me so much that I was forced, somehow, to love him in return. It was better to leave you, was it not, than to marry you when my heart was given to him? I am sorry I had to deceive you, Val—I am afraid you are very angry, but I could not help it; and because you will never see me more, you must forgive and forget MERCY."

A moment of profound silence followed the reading.

"*Now*," said Peter Finch, in a tone of irrepressible satisfaction, "I hope you are satisfied, sir!"

Val held out the letter to Miss Affry, pointing to its crude, ill-formed characters.

"Is this her writing, Aunt Affry?"

"I'm sure I don't know—I never saw any writing of hers —I'm not sure that she could write at all. Oh, the deceitful little hussy! And we both thought her a born angel! It's just as I told you, then—she went with the Italian. He'll abuse her; I dare say he'll make her go round with a monkey and a hurdy-gurdy yet; and good enough for her! Well, what could one expect of Moll Dill's daughter?"

Val tore the letter straight across.

"Don't look as if you were *glad!*" he cried, fiercely. "She never wrote it! It's all a lie—a trumped-up lie! My God! How could she treat me so?—she, with her face like heaven itself! I would have educated her—made her fit for any position; I would have loved her, low-born or not, to the end of my days; I would——"

The words died on his lips. The torn sheet fell from his clutch. He staggered, great, strong fellow that he was, and, overcome with long anxiety, with bitter disappointment, and heaven only knows what other strong emotion beside, fell like a log to the floor of the sitting-room.

* * * * * * *

The next transatlantic steamer that sailed from the port of Boston, carried among its cabin passengers a little old woman with defective eyes, a shrewd, kindly face, and an air of newly-acquired importance; a little, gray, wrinkled man, burdened with many wraps, and looking well-pleased to find his feet planted, at last, on a homeward-bound ship; and a broad-shouldered, red-haired young fellow, who passed most of his time smoking on deck and staring meditatively out to sea.

Farewell to America, to the old, poverty-pinched life, and all its associations; farewell to Val Black! That plebeian person had now vanished from the knowledge of man, and Valentine Arbuckle, the heir of blue blood and great possessions, had sprung to life in his place—*Sir* Valentine Arbuckle, I might say; for when the big steamer left her East Boston wharf, and plowed away down the blue harbor, Sir Godfrey Arbuckle, at Deepmoor Hall, Lincolnshire, had already been dead several hours.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

IT was October, sombre and brown. The trees in the park had donned Autumn colors. The season was over, the watering-places were deserted. Crowds of pleasure-seekers, after dancing, flirting, dressing and dining for many a day

"By mountain, stream and sea,"

had now fled cityward like flocks of Summer birds. Belles were counting up their conquests, managing mammas the result of their skill and labor. Husbands and fathers were groaning over formidable bills. The shop-windows began to flame with hues like the Autumn woods. The fashionable world had returned to its habitations of brick and stone and mortar—to opera and ball, reception and matinée, to the splendor and the dissipations beloved by Vanity Fair. Green fields and blue seas, moonlit piazzas, the song of birds, and the wash of warm waves in the sun, were now but things of the past.

The day was dark and full of unpleasant drizzle. At intervals a genuine downpour broke from the gray October clouds, and a mournful wind sighed round the corners of the streets and up and down Broadway. But a little boudoir in a certain brown-stone palace upon Fifth Avenue looked bright and cozy in spite of the weather. Rich Eastern rugs dotted its parquet floor. The black Japanese furniture was upholstered in Louis Quinze rose satin. The walls were frescoed, and exquisite pictures, cabinets of gilt and ebony, costly bronzes and vases running over with creamy tea-roses, adorned the place. On the tiled hearth burned a soft, flickering fire, and, drawn up before it in an attitude conducive to confidence and repose, sat two girls, chattering as only girls can chatter when they have been parted for many months, and are really fond of each other.

"My dear child," said Ethel Sardis, moving a screen of embroidered rose satin betwixt her pearly face and the too ardent fire (she had landed in New York with her mother just twenty-four hours before), "my dear, darling Bee, you have altered much since I saw you last."

"For the better, I hope," answered Bee, listlessly—Bee, whom Cullen Sardis had brought home from a safe retreat among the mountains to meet the returned travelers.

"I am not quite sure. You have lost your wild-rose color, for one thing, *mon enfant*. You look pale and out of spirits. Did you really enjoy Newport with the Vanns and the mountains with papa? Tell me about it. We have nothing to do for the next hour but exchange confidences."

Bee *had* changed in the last few weeks—she had lost flesh and color, but gained in what people call style. A grave composure, lately acquired, and verging almost upon sadness, gave a new charm to her blonde loveliness.

"Oh, Newport was very well," she said, with a vast show of carelessness. "I love the sea, you know; but the mountains—I don't much care for mountains. It was very dull there. Guardy was away a great deal—in Boston, on business, I suppose, though I never thought to ask him—and the people with whom he left me—old friends of his, and grave Quakers—were greatly tried with me, I fear—I am sure I was with *them*. I yawned myself almost to death. I really thought I should perish with homesickness before guardy was ready to bring me to New York."

"I can't think why papa should have whisked you away from Miss Vann so suddenly," said Ethel, leaning down to smoothe a lap-dog that was sleeping on a rose-colored satin cushion before the fire. "He sent some message to mamma in Paris which made her very angry—it was about *you*, though I could not coax her to show it to me. After that came a long letter, which mamma burned without giving me so much as a glimpse at it; and then, instead of spending a few weeks in London, as she had intended to do, she made her purchases—Oh, how cross she was, by-the-way!—had a fit of nervous illness, as she always has when anything goes wrong—*that* delayed us an entire fortnight! and bade adieu to our Paris friends in great vexation of spirit. Bee, I hope you did not go and lose your heart to any of those penniless young men of genius whom Miss Vann loves to gather around her hearthstone, and so frighten papa into snatching you away from their dangerous society."

By the hot color that surged up to Bee's temples, Ethel

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knew that her random shaft had struck home. She was half shocked, half amused—a veteran belle may well be amused by follies which she herself has outgrown. The next moment, however, Bee rallied bravely.

"Bah!" she answered. "Like Madame Montespan, I mean that the strong shall protect the weak—that my head shall take care of my heart. Like Montespan? I might have said, with quite as much truth, like Ethel Sardis! Come, let us not talk of poor me, but of yourself, *belle cousine.* You have been everywhere, you have seen everything, and you are engaged to a count—what exhaustless subjects for conversation! Oh, Ethel, are you going to marry him—really and truly?"

She leaned a little lower to caress the dog—Ethel Sardis, beauty, belle and heiress. She looked a trifle pale and fatigued after her ocean voyage, but this seemed only to increase the perfect loveliness which had quite turned the head of Lawrence Harding, and driven many another suitor, also, to the brink of despair.

"Really and truly, Bee! Behold the sign of my bondage!" and she held out her hand, blazing with a big diamond—Count Stahl's engagement-ring.

"And you are very happy, Ethel—you love him very much, eh?" urged Bee, moving her chair nearer to her cousin, and gazing at her inquisitively with a pair of bright blue eyes.

Ethel's pearly face never changed.

"Happy? Of course. Shall I not be a countess, with castles in Saxony, a hotel in Paris, wealth, honors and old-world splendor at my command? As for your other question, child, it is scarcely the kind which well-bred people propound to each other; but I will forgive you, because you are altogether unsophisticated. Love-matches are growing obsolete, my dear—only *parvenu* people make them now-a-days; indeed, I fancy that love itself is getting to be an old-fashioned disease. Its attacks are no longer of the virulent kind which the old novelists were fond of describing—it is no longer necessary to a harmonious marriage."

"Just as I thought!" said Bee, with energy; "you don't care a straw for the count!"

Ethel shrugged her beautiful shoulders.

"Don't jump at conclusions. Do you expect me to gush, my dear, like the heroine of a three-volume novel? Heaven forbid! Well-bred people never do such things. I respect the count; I admire his courtly manners, his elegance, his—title; and mamma assures me that this is quite enough. She likes the French system of marriage, and I am half inclined to like it, too. It relieves one of a great deal of trouble."

"What outrageous talk!" cried Bee, her elbow on her knee, her chin on her dimpled hand, her blue eyes still fixed on her cousin; "but you don't mean one word of it. Where is the count—when are you going to marry him?"

"We left him in Paris," answered Ethel, serene as a sphinx under the other's scrutiny. "He will be in New York at an early date, I dare say—for he is in love, if I am not—and I shall marry him whenever mamma thinks it proper for me to do so."

"How dutiful!" said Bee, dryly. "Are all the daughters of Gotham as docile? How abominable! What has come over you, Ethel? Aunt Amelia will not mold *me* to her wishes so easily. My veins are filled with the plebeian and unmanageable blood of my pork-packing grandpa. For my part, I prefer the gushing Amandas of the old novels to such cold-blooded society women as Mrs. Cullen Sardis. Ethel, do you know anything about Lawrence Harding?"

It was not a blush that arose to Ethel Sardis's face, but rather a white heat like lightning. That name had power to stir her high-bred pulses still.

"I know that he returned to New York weeks and weeks ago," she answered, carelessly. "I suppose he has found employment before this time, has he not?"

"Yes, upon a daily newspaper. Miss Vann wrote me about him while I was in the mountains."

"And his mother and sister?" said Ethel, "where are they? Evelyn Harding and I were bosom friends at school."

"Have you not heard? Evelyn was engaged to Jack Severne when the crash came which wrecked the Hardings. He did not desert her, as all wordly-wise people predicted he would do—no, he married her at once, and when Lawrence arrived from Europe, he found a pleasant surprise awaiting him in the person of a rich brother-in-law. Guardy says that Jack Severne is very rich—that it will be a small matter for Evelyn to take care of all her kin now. But Lawrence chooses to provide for himself and his mother in his own way, and quite independent of Jack Severne. The two keep house in some obscure part of the city, and Larry drudges, as I have told you, in a newspaper office. He has written things already which have made a stir in the world—I am sure that he has talent."

Ethel arose from her chair, and stood at the corner of the hearth, looking down on its antique tiles, but not seeing them. Her bronze dark hair, her pearly throat, her long trained dress shone softly in the light.

Did her heart thrill at Bee's news—the first which she had received of her rejected suitor since that parting in the old cathedral at Luzerne?

"Then we are likely to meet the Hardings in society again," she said. "Mamma thought they were all dead to the world, and safely buried beyond resurrection."

"Why, of course, Mrs. Jack Severne will go everywhere," answered Bee, "and it's probable that she will sometimes take her handsome brother with her, especially as she is said to be very fond of him. Ethel, dear, are you sure that you treated Lawrence just right? Weren't you a little cruel to throw him over for the count, and when he was in such trouble, too? Betwixt his money losses and the loss of you, I think the world must have seemed to him just then like a house of cards."

She stood up there on the hearth of that luxurious boudoir, tall, white, beautiful, looking down on the younger girl with a faint, flitting color, and uneasy smile.

"What extraordinary questions you ask, Bee! Cruel? Not at all! The real cruelty would have been in marrying him, my little ignoramus. What sort of a wife would I make for a newspaper scribbler? what sort of a helpmeet for a man who must work for his daily bread? I did not throw him over, that is vulgar slang, and you, an heiress and an embryo belle, must not use slang. I thanked him for the honor he would do me, and bade him a courteous farewell."

"Ethel, I fear you have grown very heartless since you went to Europe," said Bee, solemn as an owl. "Did not you like Larry better than Fred Bradford or Archie Van Dorn, or any of the others that you have rejected?"

Ethel laughed a low, sweet laugh that had, however, no mirth in it.

"Good Heaven! what a catechism! Does Mr. Harding know what a stanch partisan he has in you? I like Larry, I always liked him, of course; why not? We have known each other all our lives. I wish him all possible good fortune in the future, and a wife—well, some one like yourself, Bee—true, and sweet, and loving; no worldly, calculating creature like *me.* I am glad that Evelyn has made a good marriage, I shall take care to renew acquaintance with her at the first opportunity."

Bee looked steadily at her cousin. She was disappointed, she scarcely knew why. She felt that something had come betwixt her own heart and Ethel's, a constraint, a reserve, new and unpleasant.

While she was pondering over the matter Ethel spoke again.

"After all, my dear, you will find that it is a fine thing to have a countess for a cousin. A season of triumph and splendor is before us. As for toilets, I really have no words to describe the superb things that mamma ordered in Paris. The count will be here in time for your first ball—think of the attraction his titled presence will lend to it! And, *apropos* of all this, who is the Baron Strozzi that Miss Vann talked of so eloquently in her letters to mamma? She mentioned that he admired you greatly. Sly puss! Can it be that he is the person who frightened papa into whisking you away from Newport?"

The bantering tone brought the blood again to Bee's temples.

"Baron Strozzi!" she echoed, her blue eyes flashing, "Ethel, I *hate* him! Yes, Miss Vann thinks him a paragon of manly beauty and Old World chivalry, society admires him; but to me he is frightful. Guardy had no need to remove me beyond his fascinations, they were scarcely potent enough for that."

Ethel surveyed the girlish, blonde figure for a moment, then put her jeweled hand under Bee's chin and turned her face up to her own.

"Bee, you are actually keeping some secret from me. Since I went away something has happened to you of which I know nothing. You may as well tell me, for I shall soon find it out. Henceforth we are to live under the same roof, you know, and see each other daily."

Bee opened her red lips to speak, but at that moment a page in buttons appeared at the door. The conversation was over. There were callers in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Sardis wished her niece to come down immediately.

"I!" cried Bee; "oh, no, you have made a mistake, Robin. Miss Sardis is the person wanted.'

But the little page shook his curly head. It was Miss Beatrix, and none other.

"He is right, I dare say—go down, Bee," said Ethel, laughing. "I will see no one to-day; I have not yet recovered from a week of seasickness. Who can have called in this pouring rain? Some acquaintance of yours, or mamma would not have sent for you."

Bee's heart gave a great bound. Could it be the person whom she most longed, yet most dreaded to see? She flung a glance of consternation at the mirror.

"Am I a fright, Ethel dear?"

"Not at all," answered Ethel; and so Bee went down.

As she entered the great, sumptuous drawing-room, she found three persons seated there. The first was Mrs. Sardis, thin, cold, elegant, her aquiline face showing somewhat the ravages of time, weak nerves and fashionable dissipation.

The second was a lady with a bearded lip, a sallow skin, and a rich, loud toilet—Miss Charlotte Vann.

The third person was Baron Strozzi.

At sight of the noble Roman, Bee's first impulse was to turn and fly; but before she could do so Miss Vann was embracing her with effusion, pressing kisses that sounded like pistol-shots on both cheeks, and crying:

"My dear child, I came out to-day expressly to see you. Observe the weather outside. Of course my coachman and horses will catch influenza, but I could *not* resist the desire to behold my Newport guest again. And here is the baron, whom I met at your very door, intent, like myself, upon renewing old friendship, and quite as indifferent to wind and rain."

Strozzi sprang up from his chair with one hand on his heart, and a flash of light in his black eyes. He made a deep obeisance to the little heiress, and would have carried her hand to his lips, but she drew it quickly back.

"This is an unexpected honor," she said, coldly. "I cannot imagine why Baron Strozzi should wish to see *me*."

"Ah, you are as cruel as ever," murmured the baron, in a low, tender tone. "How could I hear zat you were in New York, and not hurry to your side—I, who haf been in desolation, who haf thought of nothing but you ever since you vanished from Newport?"

"I regret that you should waste your thoughts on such an insignificant and unappreciative subject," said Bee, dryly.

"When you left Newport, Mees Beatrix," he went on, with a sublime indifference to her snubbing, "ze place became to me like a desert without a fountain, a garden without a rose. I could stay there no longer—I rushed away to friends in this city, where, for ze last six weeks, I haf lived only in ze hope of meeting you again when ze season should open."

"Heaven grant that our meetings may be like angels' visits, few and far between," murmured Bee, in a voice too low for Mrs. Sardis's alert ear; and, with an angry, disdainful glance, like a Parthian shaft, she leaned back in her chair of clouded tuya wood, inlaid with ivory, and, like

> "A rosebud set with little, willful thorns,"

refused to open her red lips to him again.

The baron turned his attentions from obdurate Bee to Mrs. Cullen Sardis, a change of base that spoke well for the man's shrewdness and cunning.

"Madame," he said, with his hand on his heart, "you haf been in Rome. Did you see there ze Strozzi Palace on ze banks of ze Tiber?—my birthplace, ze birthplace of my family for centuries. My ancestors, madame, were in ze Senate with Cæsar. Ah, yes, we are very old. Many English people lodge in my palace now—artists, sculptors, Bohemians. It brings me a good rent. I haf vineyards, too, outside of Rome, and olive-orchards. My beautiful Italy! Madame, my heart burns within me when I think of her."

Mrs. Sardis did not remember the Strozzi Palace—she had passed but a few days in Rome, being mortally afraid of the fever—but she looked with calm, high-bred approval on the proprietor of that palatial lodging-house and the vineyards and olive-orchards, and was highly gratified to add him to her list of acquaintances.

As for Charlotte Vann, her talk, as usual, was mostly of art and artists, the coming exhibitions, the opening of the Winter campaign of fashion.

With a wildly beating heart, Bee listened, hoping to hear the mention of Eric Saxe's name; but no! Miss Vann never once alluded to her favorite—never once hinted whether he was still watching the blue waves at Newport or Aquidneck, or executing crayon heads in his Gotham studio.

At last the two callers arose together to go. Miss Vann patted Bee's cheek with one gloved finger.

"My dear, you are as pale as a Niobe," she said; "at the beginning of your first season, too! Come and see my 'Hector and Andromache'—it is finished quite to my satisfaction."

"Adieu, Mees Beatrix," whispered Strozzi, in her unwilling ear; "nothing shall make me angry with you; whether you treat me kindly or otherwise, I am now and always your devoted slave."

Then he went, and Miss Vann also, and Bee was left alone in the drawing-room with Mrs. Cullen Sardis.

There was a severity about that august lady's aquiline profile which boded no good to her niece.

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"Sit down a moment," she said, pointing to a chair, "I wish to speak with you alone."

Bee obeyed.

"You are my husband's niece and ward," began Mrs. Sardis, surveying the girl with a protesting air, "and as such it is my duty to look closely to your welfare. The air which you assumed toward Baron Strozzi just now was very rude, very offensive. Since a person of his importance has chosen to show you marked attention, it is my wish—yes, my command, that you receive it with becoming courtesy."

The hot, angry blood surged into Bee's cheek.

"Baron Strozzi! I cannot, Aunt Amelia!—don't ask me. I detest the man and his attentions!"

"Your taste is as defective as are your manners. He is a most delightful person—he is also a nobleman. His unconcealed devotion to you, an unfledged girl, is most flattering. Now listen to me. I shall do my utmost to secure for you an advantageous marriage—a husband of whom your Sardis relatives need not feel ashamed. I have heard of your *Newport folly*, and I wish to say to you, Bee, that no obscure, penniless artist, no low fortune-hunter shall ever wed my husband's ward, or control one dollar of her money. Don't color like a milkmaid; such violent tints are always unbecoming."

"Aunt Amelia, how dare you!——"

"Hush! not a word more. I trust that affair was but an idle flirtation; let us call it such, at least. I know your nature, Beatrix, and I expect you will give me trouble, but I am prepared for it; if you are wise, you will submit quietly to my control. Now there is but one thing more to say. It is this: I wish you to accept Baron Strozzi as your lover."

To have her secret uncovered in this manner—to know that either her uncle or Miss Vann had informed Mrs. Sardis of the Summer idyl at Newport, was unbearable to poor Bee. She stamped on the rich carpet.

"Never!" she answered, quite breathless with wrath. "I hate Baron Strozzi! I will not treat him even with common courtesy."

Mrs. Sardis's thin face paled.

"You will not?—you defy me, then?" she said, in a low, even voice, that Ethel always found more ominous than any outward sign of wrath; "that is very foolish, you will soon regret it. I make it a point always to have my wishes obeyed. Go now to your room."

Bee went, with flashing eyes and a hot, indignant heart. Betwixt herself and Mrs. Sardis war to the knife had now begun.

CHAPTER XIX.

BEE'S FIRST BALL.

A FORTNIGHT later, Count Stahl arrived from Europe, and took up his quarters at a Fifth Avenue hotel.

Society was all agog. The engagement of the rich banker's only daughter was the latest sensation in the fashionable world.

Rumors were rife concerning the count's wealth, his vast domains in Saxony, his hotel in Paris, his retinue of vassals and his absorbing love for the belle and beauty who had shattered so many male hearts in her own land.

Even the envious ones acknowledged that Ethel Sardis would make a rare countess.

Of all the fair Americans who—happily or otherwise—had married titled foreigners, not one had ever equaled in beauty or style this sole daughter of the patrician banker's house and heart

Cullen Sardis gave his prospective son-in-law a gracious welcome.

Mrs. Sardis was in a state of profound beatitude. Ethel received her betrothed with quiet grace. She was not a demonstrative person, and, with her thorough breeding, could not be expected to show any vulgar fondness for her future husband.

Her manner sorely puzzled Bee, who had her own girlish ideas in relation to engaged people.

The impression made by the count upon this latter person was of a mixed character. His tall figure, his courtly address, his blonde, aristocratic face, with its sleepy blue eyes and thin, fair hair, met with her approbation, and yet she did not like him. Something in his handsome exterior and polished manners filled her with vague doubts.

"He is a great improvement upon Baron Strozzi," said Bee to her cousin, "but I do not think I could ever quite trust him, Ethel, or feel at ease in his company. It must be that I am too hopelessly plebeian to ever appreciate titled people."

One bitter Winter night, when the stars were shining far and frosty in the purple sky, Bee made her orthodox entrance into the world of gayety and fashion, and danced at her first ball.

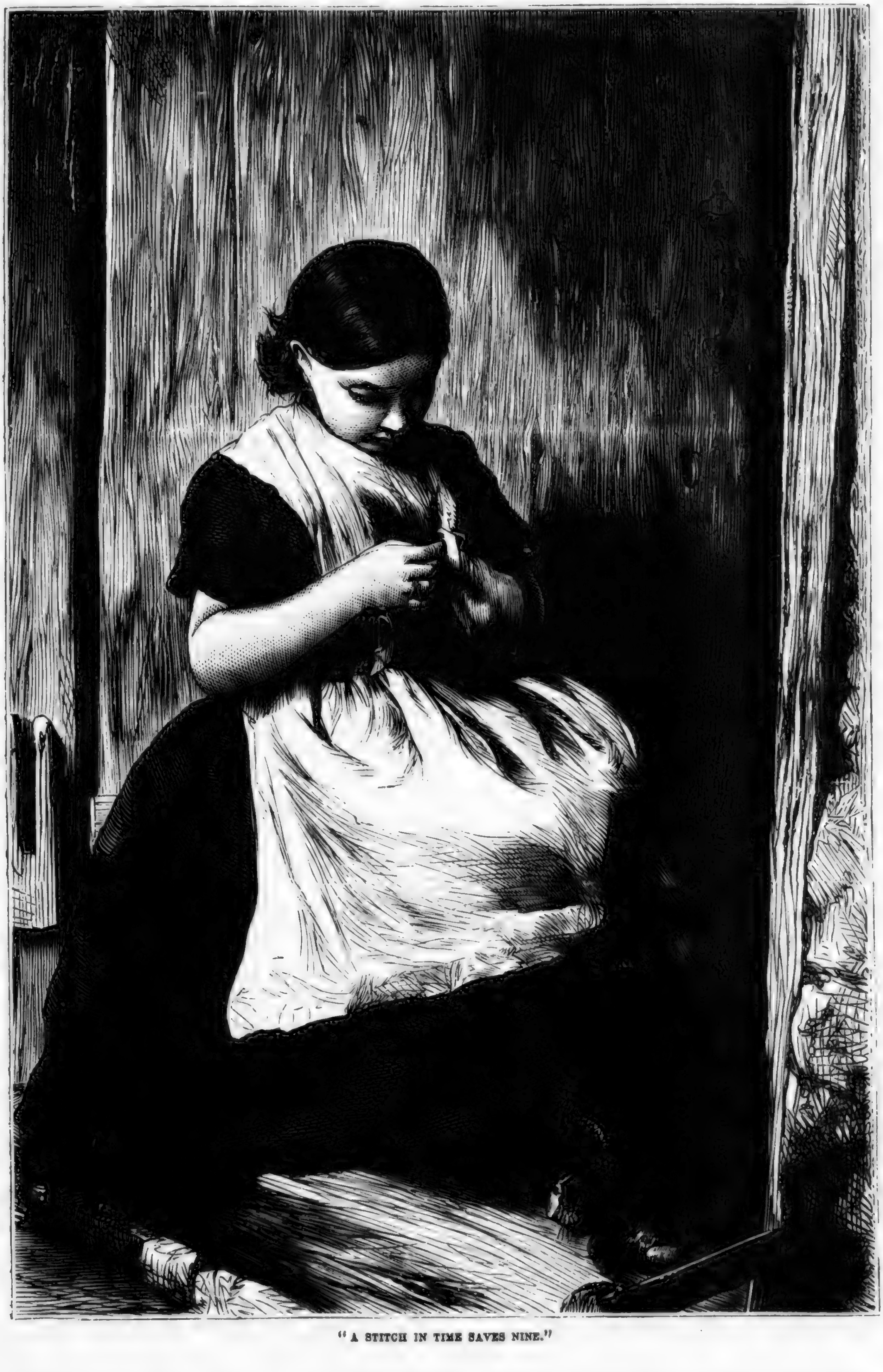
It was a grand affair, given by the banker to celebrate simultaneously the arrival of the count and the *début* of his rich young ward.

From basement to roof the Fifth avenue house shone with myriad lights. Flowering shrubs and vines wreathed the carved stairways and perfumed the landings. Baskets of daphnes and violets swung from every window and lintel. Great sprays and clusters of roses embedded the mantels and drooped, heavy with their own sweetness, from the chandeliers. Sèvres vases, crowded with golden-hearted orchids, scarlet passion flowers, waxen camellias and hot geraniums, poured incense from every pedestal and corner. The superbly frescoed ball-room blazed with light, and resounded with the delicious music of Strauss's waltzes. Across its waxed floor moved crowds of notable people—men in sombre evening dress, women with jewels flashing, white bosoms gleaming, vaporous laces shining like hoarfrost. Looking from one gorgeous apartment to another, through doorways draped in white and crimson silk, at the display of bedecked and dazzling humanity, visible between graceful sprays of leaves and blossoms, with here and there a mirror reflecting the scene, multiplying the light and increasing the delusion, the whole place seemed like a scene in fairy land.

Bee stood, a pale, young *débutante*, by the side of Mrs. Sardis, and looked with bewildered eyes upon all this splendor. Her dress of tulle and silk shone purely white, without a tinge of color about it, save the pale-blue convolvulus which looped its exquisite folds. Her cheek was colorless, but her eyes shone large and bright with excitement. This was the hour for which she had longed—of which she had dreamed! Did the reality equal the anticipation? Scarcely—it rarely does in this life. For one thing, at least, she felt devoutly thankful—Baron Strozzi had not yet appeared—Strozzi, who was now the torment of her life, who persecuted her with calls and attentions, quite indifferent to her detestation, so long as Mrs. Sardis encouraged his suit. It was nearly eleven. He was late.

"Heaven grant that he has broken his legs!" thought Bee, wickedly, "or forgotten the date of the ball, or taken offense, at last, at my many gibes. Anything—anything to keep him away!"

Archie Van Dorn, a good-looking New Yorker, and one of Ethel's ardent admirers, led Bee out to dance. He thought her a pretty girl, fresh as a daisy—a sort of Charmian to the Cleopatra whom that sleepy-eyed count had gobbled up.



"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."

"By Jove! he's deuced devoted, is he not?" said Mr. Van Dorn, glaring resentfully at Count Stahl, as the latter gyrated by with his betrothed in his arms—he, the lion of the night—the observed of all observers, with foreign Orders on his breast, and a knot of violets in his button-hole; she, the belle of the ball, arrayed in cobweb lace over satin of the palest water-green tint, with lilies and pearls for ornaments. No color stained her face—it was as coldly white as the camellias in the Sèvres vases. The ruffled bronze hair, the downy skin, the languishing eyes, the faultless contour, had never seemed as lovely as on this night. Many a man, looking on the count, envied him fiercely, and said to himself that this peerless New York girl deserved, not a coronet, but a crown, for her beauty.

"It's hard lines for her native-born admirers, eh?" sighed Mr. Van Dorn.

"Yes," assented Bee.

"The count had no end of a row with Lawrence Harding at Lucerne. I was there at the time. Poor Harding! He was awfully cut up about your cousin. Wonder if he has yet recovered his peace of mind?"

Bee danced like a fairy, and partners clustered round her thick as bees. From one figure to another she sped, catching glimpses now and then of her guardian, calmly surveying the company gathered in his gates—of Mrs. Sardis, stately as an empress, in a dress of uncut velvet and black Chantilly lace, with diamonds that fairly dazzled the eyes; of Charlotte Vann, in brocade and old point, surrounded by a group of admirers—for the wealthy, clever Miss Vann, bearded, ugly and *passée* though she was, was a favorite with everybody; of old Madame Vann, in crimson satin and priceless Brussels point; of Mrs. Jack Severne, Larry Harding's sister, smiling and bright in bride-like fleeces; of hundreds passing and repassing in gorgeous tissues and flashing jewels, while the splendid measures of the music rose and fell, and the abundant light poured softly down the long rooms.

At her own request, Bee's partner conducted her, at last, to a seat beside Miss Vann, and went to bring her an ice.

"You are enjoying it very much, are you not, my dear?" said the latter, with a good-natured smile. "That is right. You look charming. Where can the baron be? I have been watching the door for the last hour."

"I trust he is safe in some distant place!" answered Bee.

"Fie! Without him your ball would not be complete. He dances superbly, and he is overwhelmed with invitations everywhere. *En passant*, has he ever met Count Stahl?"

"No," said Bee; "though both honor us with frequent calls, they have thus far chosen different hours; so our titled friends have not yet made each other's acquaintance."

Miss Vann leaned back in the shadow of a crimson silk curtain, and looked around the ballroom.

"What color!" she murmured; "what light! And how heavenly Ethel is looking to-night! I wish Eric Saxe was here; she would be a study, indeed, for him. And that reminds me, Beatrix, that Eric is painting you as Elaine,

> 'The lily maid of Astolat.'

Mrs. Sardis must let me take you to his studio some day, that you may see how lovely you look upon canvas."

Bee's heart gave a hot, suffocating bound. She had not heard that name for weeks and months, and the sound of it went over her now like an electric shock.

"Me!—painting *me!*" she stammered, scarcely knowing what she said. "You must be mistaken."

"Not at all," answered Miss Vann, lightly; "it is easy to recognize your daisy face anywhere, my dear. Eric is really growing famous—he has sold many pictures this Autumn. Good Heaven! how very pretty Evelyn Severne, *née* Harding, looks to-night. Where is her brother Lawrence?—he ought to be here."

Bee could not see Evelyn Severne—the whole ballroom was whirling before her eyes. He had thought of her, then, or he would not paint her upon his canvas. Why, why had he never given her the smallest token of remembrance?

"Did—did Mr. Saxe remain long at Newport after I left?" she stammered, twisting her costly fan in a ruinous manner about her nervous fingers.

"He remained until October. You quarreled with him, did not you, before you went away?"

"Quarreled!" gasped Bee. "No."

"I feared you might have done so, because, strangely enough, he never once mentioned your name nor made any inquiry about your departure, which was sudden enough, you remember, to take away one's breath. However, at dinner, yesterday, he spoke of you for the first time—yes, he really asked if you were well."

Bee grew red, then white.

"Did he, indeed?" she answered, bitterly. "How good of him! I am greatly obliged. Ah! here comes Mr. Van Dorn with an ice."

Miss Vann nodded, and moved away, quite unconscious that she had turned all the joy of the night into dust and ashes for Bee.

He had never cared for her in the least—never once remembered her after she left Newport! Her heart sank like lead, weighed down with the bitter consciousness that she had given too many thoughts to one who had not once thought of her.

"By Jove! how pale you are!" said Archie Van Dorn; "you're not ill, I hope, Miss Beatrix? Shall I go for smelling-salts? Shall I speak to your aunt?"

No, she was not ill. The power to dissemble, which seems inherent in womankind, came to her aid.

"I fear I am a little giddy with so much dancing," she said, brightly; "and look at my smart lace flounce—Count Stahl stepped upon it and tore it quite in two. May I ask you to take me to the dressing-room?—I can dance no more until I am repaired."

She handed her ice, untasted, to a servant, and Van Dorn tucked her under his arm and sailed off with her through the crowd.

Meanwhile Count Stahl had drawn his betrothed out of the hot ball-room into the cool, dim conservatory, which chanced to be deserted as the two entered. In the centre of the place a fountain played softly in a round basin, bordered with emerald moss and violets and daphnes. Tropic vines curled upward to the roof, their odorous flowers hanging midway, like gorgeous birds suspended in flight. Scarlet lilies, like cups of fire, burned behind barricades of green. Colored lamps swung overhead, and Egyptian vases, crowded with the dusky splendor of heliotropes, sent forth a stifling fragrance from every side.

In her rich ball-dress, with the pearls gleaming in her bronze, dark hair and on her marble throat, Ethel stood in the rose-hued light of the place, fairer, statelier than any exotic which it held. With adoring eyes Count Stahl looked down upon her—this fair American, whom he had coveted at Baden-Baden, won at Lucerne, and crossed the sea to wed now in the New World.

"I fear you are sadly bored with so many new acquaintances," said Ethel, with a faint, sweet smile.

"On the contrary," answered the count, "it is a delight to meet your friends. They all adore you, I see—they are madly envious of me. That is not strange. One person,

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however, whom I expected to meet here to-night, has not yet made his appearance."

She looked up quickly.

"I mean Monsieur Harding."

All her self-possession, and she had a great deal of it, could not keep the blood from rushing into her cheek. She reached and plucked a spray of heliotrope from a vase overhead.

"No—he is not here."

The count eyed her closely. He was jealous still of his former rival.

"Have you met him since your return from Europe, Ethel?"

"No," she coldly answered; "I think he goes but little into society now. He has become poor; he is working for his daily bread. You do not comprehend the meaning of those words, I suppose."

The count smoothed his waxed mustaches with one white-gloved hand. Very haughty and handsome he looked in his orthodox evening-dress, with the foreign orders glittering on his broad breast.

"Scarcely," he replied; "I was born above such comprehension. You have heard of Mr. Harding, then, if you have not seen him? Ah, heaven! Do you *think* of him—do you remember him with kindness, perhaps regret?"

Her beautiful face grew chilly and surprised.

"Those are strange questions to ask of me," she said, with a *hauteur* that recalled him at once to his senses.

"Is it strange," he cried, wildly, "that I, who regard you with adoration, should dislike to think that another man has loved you?"

A faint, cold smile flitted over her lips.

"Many men have loved me," she answered, frankly.

"But not as Harding did."

"Perhaps not," she murmured, with something like a smothered sigh; "whatever Lawrence finds to do, be it a wise thing or a foolish one, he does it with all his might."

The count gnawed his long mustaches.

"Forgive my jealousy," he pleaded, "for the sake of the passion which has made me your slave. If I adored you less I should be less fearful of losing you. Thank heaven, the time is at hand when you will be mine irrevocably—when——"

He paused abruptly.

A step sounded near by on the floor of the conservatory. A man had entered the place, and was eagerly looking around it, as if in search of some one—a tall, swarthy man in faultless evening dress—one of the guests of the night.

Ethel turned, and held out her hand with a smile.

"You are late, Baron," she said. "We feared you had forgotten us."

The baron made a deprecatory gesture.

"Forgotten! Oh, impossible. I was detained by unexpected business. May I ask, if your fair cousin, Mees Beatrix, is anywhere about?"

Then his eyes fell upon Count Otto standing just behind Ethel, with the light falling on his blonde face, his decorated breast, his imposing figure. The glib tongue of the baron seemed suddenly to freeze to the roof of his mouth; a strange, livid hue overspread his pock-marked face. He started back as if struck.

"Baron Strozzi," said Ethel, "allow me to present you to Count Stahl—I think you two have never met in this house before."

Where were the count's manners?

He spoke not a word, he did not even bow. His blonde face was as livid as the baron's.

He, too, recoiled a step, and dashing back his gloved hand, as if he was about to strike at something, he dislodged the jar of heliotropes from its place by his side, and down it came crashing to the floor with all its odorous contents.

When Ethel looked again, the two titled gentlemen were standing with the shattered vase between them, glaring over its fragments at each other in a very odd, threatening way.

The baron was the first to recover himself.

"Monsieur le comte," he said, recoiling step by step, as if from the vicinity of something dangerous, "I salute you! Pardon, Miss Sardis, with your permission I will continue my search for your enchanting cousin."

He wheeled quickly, and went out of the place like a shot.

Ethel looked at her betrothed.

"You have met the baron before?" she said.

"Never!" he answered in a voice that seemed a little hoarse and constrained, "who is the fellow?"

"A Roman by birth, and a lion of New York society by accident," she replied, with a faint smile. "Papa and my cousin made his acquaintance at Newport last Summer while I was abroad. *Entre nous*, he is Bee's ardent admirer."

The count drew his breath hard.

"And he is a baron, you say?"

"Yes, with great estates in or near Rome. Let us go back to the ball-room. It is near twelve o'clock—the hour for supper."

They went.

Meanwhile that late arrival, Baron Strozzi, was diving hither and thither among the crowd, searching for Beatrix and finding her not. Finally, in passing the open door of a dressing-room, he espied Bee standing within, under a chandelier, her drooping face looking pale and weary, her gloved fingers plucking absently at her bouquet, while on the floor beside her knelt a coffee-colored woman in a white cap and apron, arranging the lace on the sweeping train of the young *débutante's* dress. The person thus employed was Finette, Mrs. Sardis's French maid. As the baron paused on the threshold to stare in at the unheeding girl whose thoughts were far, very far away from all the festivity of the night, Finette lifted her head and saw him there—a black, portentous shadow, stretching up toward the lintel of the door. She saw him, and strange to say, the sight seemed quite as unpleasant to Mrs. Sardis's waiting-maid as it had been a few moments before to Count Otto Stahl.

"*Mon Dieu!*"

Those two syllables, mingled with a stifled shriek of terror, rang suddenly through the room.

The needle dropped from Finette's brown fingers, she crouched down behind Bee's shimmering figure in a frightened, palpitating heap.

"Good heaven! Finette, what is the matter?" cried Bee, turning sharply.

"The needle, mademoiselle, it entered my hand," answered Finette in a fierce whisper, and with her dark face half buried in the girl's dress. "Look, some one is at the door; look!"

And Bee looked, and beheld the very unwelcome face and figure of Baron Strozzi.

Finette did not attempt to rise from the floor; in that attitude she was well-nigh concealed from the baron's sight. She cast the lace flounce wildly from her hand.

"Go, mademoiselle," she murmured, with white lips; "it is done. He waits for you—go quickly!"

Bee walked to the threshold, saluting the baron with a cold bow.

"Oh, you are here, then!" she said, in an ungracious tone.

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He smiled as serenely as if she had given him the warmest of welcomes.

"Behold me, Mees Beatrix."

"I hoped—that is, I thought you would not come."

"Nothing but death could keep me from you to-night. I am inconsolable to find myself late. How charming you look—how fair! You dazzle my eyes. Your good aunt commands zat I take you to supper."

"I am sorry to disobey my aunt's command," said Bee, drawing coldly back, "but I have already accepted another escort. Here is Mr. Van Dorn coming for me even now." And as the gentleman thus named appeared upon the landing, Bee slipped her slim hand through his arm and walked quietly off to supper.

Never once glancing into the dressing-room, where the brown waiting-maid had scrambled to her feet and was making off in undisguised terror through an opposite door, Baron Strozzi hastened to find a substitute for Beatrix in the person of Miss Charlotte Vann.

Twelve o'clock had struck, and the doors of the superb supper-room were standing wide open. Thither rushed the banker's guests like a crowd of locusts.

The long tables glittered with crystal, gold and silver plate, and groaned with French wines and French viands—terrapin and truffles, fish cooked in champagne, game of marvelous quality, spiced meats and pastries, *pâté de foie gras*, fantastic confections, costly and unseasonable fruits. Dancing is a violent exercise, and it engenders a ravenous appetite. Bee, sheltered somewhat by Archie Van Dorn, devoured her salad and boned turkey, heeding as little as possible Mrs. Sardis's cold, disapproving looks, and the burning glances cast upon her continually by Baron Strozzi.

The tables were crowded with merchant-princes, foreign consuls, millionnaires, fair women with reddened faces caked with pearl-powder, all chatting, laughing, eating fiercely, after dancing like dervishes.

Opposite Bee was Madame Vann, in her gorgeous crimson satin, covered with Brussels point. Our heiress watched her for a moment, then whispered wickedly to Van Dorn:

"What *is* that strange beverage which madame is drinking?—she has just emptied her third glass."

Van Dorn looked, meditated, smiled.

"It is a mixture of brandy, green tea, rum, soda-water, champagne, sugar and broken fruit," he answered, "and it is called—punch."

"Is it intoxicating?"

"By Jove! I rather guess so! It would be well to station a footman somewhere near the old lady, to catch her when she begins to slip under the table. Look! your aunt wishes to speak to you."

Mrs. Sardis caught her niece's eye, and leaned suddenly toward her.

"I wish you to reserve two dances for Baron Strozzi," she said, calmly.

"Excuse me, aunt——"

"Impossible! I will take no denial."

Bee toyed with her claret cup.

"Very well," she murmured; "I will dance like a Mœnad if you desire it! You can force me to do many unpleasant things, Aunt Amelia, but the forcing only makes your purpose more hateful to me—don't you know?"

Vis-à-vis at the same table were the two titled lions of the night, but they might have been two statues for all the heed which they gave to each other. Count Otto devoted himself entirely to his beautiful betrothed; the baron chatted with Miss Vann and watched Bee. In truth, the pair seemed little inclined to cultivate an acquaintance.

"By Jove! look at them," whispered Van Dorn to Beatrix; "one would naturally think that such blue-blooded fellows would rush straight into each other's arms. It looks like a clear case of natural antipathy, eh?"

But when the enticing strains of the German began to call, when the satiated crowd poured back to the ball-room, in the passage thereto the count and Baron Strozzi met, and, under shelter of the swelling music, the rustle of rich fabrics, the murmur of voices, they exchanged a few sentences in guarded French.

"In God's name, how came you here?" said Count Stahl.

The baron smiled.

"In the devil's name, you mean, monsieur le comte. It is a long story. I dare not tell it—I might be overheard."

"I have a mind to speak and denounce you to this company. Why should I not, you insolent hound?"

"Because you might find it bad for yourself as well as for me, monsieur. A moment's reflection will convince you that I have deserved something better at your hands."

The count grew livid.

"Come to my hotel to-morrow—I will talk with you there."

He slipped a card into the baron's hand.

"Very good, monsieur le comte. I will wait upon you at an early hour."

The two separated, the ball went on. They did not exchange another word or look that night; but it was plain that Count Otto had lied to Miss Sardis when, in the conservatory, he declared that he had never before met the noble Roman. Verily, Baron Strozzi was an old acquaintance!

CHAPTER XX.

THE NEXT MORNING

IMPATIENTLY, up and down, up and down his elegant room at a certain grand New York hotel, Count Stahl was pacing, on the morning after the Sardis ball. The hour was what the fashionable world calls early. Probably Ethel had not yet wakened from sleep, nor Mrs. Sardis shaken off the influence of that tremendous drug with which she stupefied herself nightly—soothing her nerves by weakening them.

The count's blonde face looked pale and worn. His slumbers had been of the lightest; evidently late festivities did not agree with him. A tray upon a table near at hand seemed to indicate that he had been trying the soothing influence of brandy and soda. His eyes were haggard and blood-shotten. Now and then he swore audibly in French as he paced back and forth over the deep-pile carpet. A stream of life was moving up and down the street without; and again and again the count stopped in his feverish tramp to listen—not to passers-by, but for an approaching footstep in the passage outside his door. He was waiting for a visitor—waiting with a feverish impatience very unusual in a man of Count Otto's cool, phlegmatic temperament.

Suddenly a rap echoed on the door. The count started, paused.

"Enter!" he called.

Dark, smiling, shining from top to toe in faultless attire, and calm as a May morning, Baron Strozzi stepped into the apartment.

"Monsieur le comte, I wish you a very good morning," he said, in fluent French, and doffing his hat with a low bow. "You bade me come to you, and I am here—such is the force of habit. *Ma foi!* I even arose an hour before my usual time, that I might not keep you waiting.

Monsieur, you are pale—I fear you danced too much at the ball last night."

If looks could kill, Baron Strozzi would have fallen lifeless then and there under the fire of the count's furious eyes.

"Scoundrel! you have forgotten none of your old impudence!"

"I trust not, monsieur," answered the baron, smiling; "it has served me so many good turns in life that I should be extremely sorry to part with it."

"In Heaven's name," demanded the count, sternly, "how is it that I find you masquerading in this new land, and in the highest circles of society, in the character of a Roman baron?—you, whose father kept a wine-shop in the Faubourg St. Antoine?"

The baron waved his gloved hand airily.

"As some English writer says, 'What's in a name,' monsieur? I am a man of nerve and courage. When I have an object to gain I stop for nothing. He who hesitates is lost. *I* never hesitate. The name of Strozzi charmed me; the title of baron stirred my profound admiration. I determined to make them my own. I did so—with what success you can judge for yourself—you, who saw me moving among the *élite* last night. Pardieu! our unexpected meeting was as great a shock to me as to monsieur le comte. True, I had heard that the fair daughter of the house was engaged to a Count Stahl, picked up somewhere abroad; but my heart said to me, 'No, it cannot be the noble aristocrat whose humble slave I once was; he is still in retirement, mourning the loss of his beautiful, his adored countess.'"

The count gave his visitor a strange look. His face was as white as chalk.

Strozzi flung himself into an easy-chair, and began to draw off his elegant gloves.

"Pardon," he said, politely, "but to sustain a conversation in standing posture is somewhat wearisome. We are no longer master and servant, count and valet, but simply two gentlemen, met to talk over private affairs for mutual enlightenment and advantage."

With his back against the door, Count Stahl transfixed the other with the blue eyes from which all languor had now vanished.

"Where have you been since we parted in Paris?" he demanded.

Strozzi spread out his hands with an expressive gesture.

"Everywhere, monsieur—on the Continent, in England, in the antipodes, and now you behold me here. Ah, did not you always say that I was a man of parts—a person of talent? Many times have I proved the correctness of your judgment."

"What brought you to this part of the world? You had some especial purpose, I suppose, in coming to New York—in donning the character of a full-blooded baron?"

Strozzi shrugged his shoulders. His wicked eyes danced.

"Purpose? Yes, monsieur. What would you? One soon tires of games of chance—luck will not always stay on one side; then, too, there are places where a man soon becomes so well known that he is no longer appreciated. This New York is a gigantic field of enterprise, open to all men of talent. Its people, though republican in name, adore titles. The belles of society are, as a rule, enormously rich, and are to be had by any aristocratic foreigner for the asking. When a man reaches my age, he naturally begins to think of matrimony—the claims of the fair sex arise before his view. Monsieur le comte, my purpose in bringing my gifts and talents to this American market was to secure by them the thing which I now need exceedingly—a rich wife. If I do not mistake, I have in these words not only stated my own pet ambition, but that of monsieur le comte, also. Like master, like man."

The count grew furious. He started up from the door, and made as if he would lay violent hands upon his visitor, but upon second thought, he restrained himself and fell back reluctantly.

"Impudent knave!" he fumed, "you do not mean to say——"

"Exactly, Monsieur!"

"You have not dared to lift your cursed eyes to ——"

Strozzi waved the expressive hand again.

"Monsieur, I was about to say that I have already found the ideal of my dreams—a being, young, fair, and rich beyond belief—a jewel which, with the help of the gods, will win and wear—a coy, spirited creature, sharp of tongue, and with the mettle of a half-tamed filly, but charming nevertheless. Monsieur, I speak of Miss Beatrix Sardis."

The count's face grew black. His lips tightened ominously.

"Adolphe," he said, "you were a very good valet. You understood to perfection the duties of a servant, and though often insolent, you were always faithful. But now I perceive that you have gone mad. Hound! Do you know that the lady of whom you speak is a near relative of my betrothed wife?"

"Yes, I know it well," answered the baron, airily.

The next instant the count had him by the throat, compressing his windpipe in a very unpleasant way; then dragging him from his easy-chair, he hurled him violently against the opposite wall.

"And you dare tell me this to my face?" hissed the count. "It's a wonder that I do not murder you! Now listen to me. I decline any connection of this sort with a former servant. I command you never to cross the Sardis threshold again—I command you to leave New York at once, and never more show yourself in society here, or, as heaven hears me, I will strip you of your false name and title—I will tell your true story to your American admirers—I will set the police on your track—I will denounce you as my former *valet de chambre*—a gambler, a swindler, a cheat; and these, remember, are the very mildest names that I can apply to you,"

The baron seemed bewildered for a moment. Then he passed his hand inquiringly over his throat, adjusted his disordered neck-tie, and shook himself.

"Pardon, mon count, you will do nothing of the sort," he answered, as soon as he could recover breath; "your will is good, without doubt, but you do not *dare*."

The two glared at each other in open hatred.

"You dare not, monsieur," repeated the baron, "because I, too, can make unpleasant revelations. You think that I am in your power. Reverse the case, and you will have the truth—*you are in mine!*"

His dark, scarred face was full of menace, and a certain tigerish gleam made hideous his coal-black eyes.

The count grew deadly pale.

"You can prevent me from securing a rich wife," Strozzi went on, "and I, also, can take from you your beautiful betrothed—oh, you have done well for yourself there, monsieur!—and with her the banker's millions. Suppose I should go to Monsieur Sardis and say—your prospective son-in-law is a born count, his title is not spurious like mine, but if you knew what I know of him—I, his former servant, from whom few secrets of his life have been hidden—you would sooner cast your daughter into the fire than give her to him. Think a moment, monsieur, and you will see that I am not a person to be safely defied. When we parted in Paris, I took the bribe you gave me, and promised that I would not of my own will cross your path again, or molest you in any way, and I have kept my word. Well, what would you? Accident has thrown us together here, and you have seen fit to recognize me by a name which I have now abandoned, and which is associated with as many unpleasant things for you as for me. *Mon Dieu!* That is no fault of mine."

The count seemed incapable of speech. He simply glared at the speaker, who was in full possession of his wits, and quite conscious that the game was his own.

"Monsieur, you need money," continued Strozzi; "so, also, do I. You have found an heiress as beautiful as the angels, and you wish to marry her. I will not lift a finger to prevent you, providing you do not in any way meddle with my own plans. Let us both forget the past. I have borne a great deal for your sake. Ah, heaven! I have even heard that many people in Paris accused me of the death of the late Countess Stahl, your beautiful and adored wife, who died so suddenly and mysteriously one night, after dancing at the Tuileries. Eh! eh! How pale you are, monsieur! Sit down, I implore, and let me ring for brandy. You will not? Well, as I was saying, you must remember these things. *Peste!* what an outrageous thing is ingratitude! Bear in mind that I am not Adolphe Sassard now, but Baron Strozzi, a person whom you met last night for the first time, and whom you are bound to treat with becoming courtesy wherever you may encounter him. I mean to move heaven and earth to marry the girl Beatrix—I *shall* marry her, be sure of that. Your future mother-in-law gives me every encouragement. By my soul! she is as wild for the match as I am. If, through any knowledge which you may have of my past history, you place so much as a straw in my way, monsieur, look to yourself—to your beautiful heiress—to your *neck!*"

The count sank involuntarily into the nearest chair. Before this threat, which he understood only too well, his pride of birth and blood, his inherent prejudices, his wrath and contempt, seemed to fall helpless. He was deprived at once of all further power of resistance.

"Monsieur, do you yield to my terms?" demanded Strozzi, watching him as a cat watches a mouse. "Will you permit your ex-valet to marry into the same family with yourself?"

The count's face told how deep was the humiliation thus set before him—how fiercely he rebelled against it. But alas! this was a case, not of choice, but of necessity. He stared fixedly down at the floor, and made no sign.

"Speak, I entreat you, monsieur!" urged Strozzi, gayly. "It is a bitter pill for you to swallow, eh? Well, console yourself. After all, we need not see much of each other. Without doubt you will take your bride to Paris—I know your *penchant* for the delights of that naughty city. I shall remain in New York. I adore New York! I shall settle quietly down here, and live like a prince on the money of the old western pork-packer. You need never deign me a thought; and I, for my part, will remember you as little as possible. Family jars will be out of the question, with an ocean rolling between us; and your pride—well, monsieur, you must put a wholesome curb upon that, and make a virtue of necessity. *Do* you accept my terms?"

The count shook as if with an ague.

"I accept," he answered, in a hoarse, difficult voice.

Strozzi clapped his hands softly.

"A thousand thanks, monsieur! It rends my heart to disturb you so much. Very good. I have, then, to mention but one thing more. My purse is quite empty. The money which you gave me on the night of your countess's death is spent—every franc. My marvelous luck at cards has deserted me, and some valuables which I possessed are in the hands of the Jews—that is, the pawnbrokers. A fresh supply of money is now imperative. Monsieur, oblige me with the loan of two thousand dollars."

The count transfixed his adversary with a gloomy stare.

"Two thousand dollars! You must be mad! You, who pretend to have an unlimited knowledge of my affairs, ought to know that I can scarcely meet my own personal expenses. I am beggarly poor. Was there ever a time when I was not?"

"Yes!" cried Strozzi; "when you married the Countess Olga. She brought you a handsome fortune, and for a time you had plenty; but, alas! it was not long."

The count frowned darkly.

"It is impossible for me to oblige you," he answered; "and now we will end this interview—that is, you will have the goodness to take yourself out of my sight at once."

"Pardon; I am in no haste," smiled the baron. "Let me suggest a way by which the impossible may be made possible. It is true that monsieur is poor—I never doubted that for a moment, and ah! what an unsatisfactory thing is a title, however genuine, to a man who hasn't a sou! But monsieur's future father-in-law is rich—enormously so. Monsieur has only to hint delicately that his remittances from Europe have been unaccountably delayed, and the money will be forthcoming. Try it, mon count, and let me know the result."

"You serpent! Do you think I will borrow money for you?" cried the count, bursting with wrath.

"I do not think it, monsieur—I *know* it. Without two thousand dollars I cannot exist; therefore I shall be forced to press you to the utmost to obtain it for me. Call this morning at the banking-house of Sardis & Co., and at evening I will wait upon you here to receive the loan. I beg you do not desolate me with excuses, monsieur, for I cannot listen to them."

"Is this the beginning of what I am to expect henceforth at your hands?" said the count, under his breath. "Am I to go on bribing you to the end of the chapter?"

"By my faith, no! When I am the husband of Miss Beatrix I shall have no need to seek pecuniary aid of you. It is settled, then, monsieur? I will call this evening—well, let us say at eight o'clock. I dine at the Sardis mansion, and I have several later engagements among the *haut ton;* therefore I must beg you to be prompt. You will be waiting here with the two thousand at the hour named—is it not so?"

The count could only trust himself to bow. He was entirely in the power of this man.

"Then *au revoir*, monsieur," said Strozzi, picking up his hat and cane. "Remember, we have entered into an alliance; remember, also, that one has quite as much at stake in this matter as the other. Keep your lips sealed, and I will keep mine. I adore the fair, obdurate Beatrix; you adore her superb cousin. The first is for me, the second for you. Bless you, monsieur! Be happy, as I mean to be. You will not shake hands? As you please. Adieu."

"Adieu," echoed the count, mechanically.

Then the baron bowed low, waved his gloved finger-tips, and was gone. And behind, in the elegant room which he had left, Ethel Sardis's betrothed husband stood for a long time, voiceless, motionless, staring at the door like a man who, through some Medusa-like fear or perplexity, had suddenly been changed into stone.

(*To be continued.*)

Evening.—The day is closed, for evening has stolen, like a pensive thought, upon us; the moon hangs a silver shield in heaven, and the nurse nightingale sings to the sleeping flowers.

HOW BRANDY IS MADE.

Cognac brandy is so called from the village of Cognac, on the river Charente, in the west of France. It is an alcoholic fluid distilled from grapes—a method discovered some time in the twelfth century, and first made known to the world in the beginning of the thirteenth by Raymond Lulle; though it was supposed that the Arabs had the secret of distillation some hundreds of years before, making use of it to obtain the perfumes of flowers, this being one of the most ancient records of perfumery.

In the brandy-growing districts of France, including Cognac and the adjoining country of Champagne—not the wine-growing land of Champagne, but the spot from whence comes the beverage termed champagne-brandy—in all this country there is not one-fortieth part of the brandy made that is consumed in the United Kingdom alone. Even there the fluid is not safe from doctoring hands. First, it is touched up with a nauseous compound of burned sugar, to suit the taste of those who drink dark brandies. All brandies are light upon distillation, and any of the article that surpasses in color the pale amber, is of necessity doctored with burned sugar. Then there is white sugar to give it smoothness and sweetness.

The brandies brought from the very fountain-head, stamped and vouched for by the names of great manufacturers, are simply the making of a parcel of small farmers, or growers, about the neighborhood of Cognac and Champagne, who bring the stuff they make to these manufacturers, as our own farmers bring their cider to market. This crude stuff, which they call *coupe*, is sold to the manufacturer, who sugars it (black sugar and white), stirs it, sulphurs it, waters it to suit different markets, and then our palates are treated to the genuine article!

The flavor of true brandy, which connoisseurs admire so much, is produced by the volatile oil of the grape. Science would not be long in finding out that. Well, what does Science do under the circumstances? Why, of course, she goes to work to show how this aroma, this beautiful bouquet, can be imitated. She says to the distiller, "My dear fellow, if you will take about one hundred gallons of alcohol, and reduce it to proof, and add to this half a pound of cream of tartar, a little acetic ether, a few gallons of French wine vinegar, a bushel or so of plums, if possible, allowing they are not too dear; some murk, which is the refuse of the wine-casks, if perfectly handy to be got at; about half a bushel of oak sawdust, just to give it the smack of age, you will have an excellent brandy."

"Capital!" says the distiller, doing everything but taste it. "Capital, madame, all but one thing."

"What's that?" says Science.

"It does not bead on the side of the glass," says the distiller.

"We'll soon fix that," says Science.

With that she goes to work and makes a machine that shall run down into the brandy-barrel, through the open bung, and convey steam by a pipe to the very bottom. In rushes the steam for a few hours, until the liquor bubbles and boils in its wooden prison.

"How will that do?" says Science.

"Just the thing," says the distiller, holding the glass up to the light. "Will you try some?"

"Not exactly," says Science; "but if that plan doesn't suit, here's another: Take one thousand gallons of spirits—corn whisky, say, for example—to this you can put one hundred and twenty gallons of spirit distilled from raisins (not a very expensive article), and then four gallons of the extract of grains of paradise seed."

"Phew!" said the distiller, "that's deadly poison!"

"That's so," answers Science; "so is the two gallons of cherry laurel water you must add, and the two gallons of spirit of almond cake, and—don't forget the oak sawdust, my dear fellow; it gives a touch of the wood; and the steaming—that's age, d'ye see?—and the bead."

THE MINSTREL.

In days of yore how fortunately fared
The Minstrel! Wandering on from hall to hall,
Baronial court or royal; cheered with gifts
Munificent, and love and ladies' praise;
Now meeting on his road an armed knight,
Now resting with a pilgrim by the side
Of a clear brook; beneath an abbey's roof
One evening sumptuously lodged; the next,
Humbly in a religious hospital,
Or with some merry outlaws of the wood,
Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell.
Him, sleeping or awake, the robber spared;
He walked protected from the sword of war,
By virtue of that sacred instrument,
His harp, suspended at the traveler's side:
His dear companion, wheresoe'er he went,
Opening from land to land an easy way
By melody and by the charm of verse.

THE AUTHOR OF THE STABAT MATER.

On a hill on the bank of the Tiber, in the midst of the charming scenery of Umbra, stands the old Etruscan town. Tudertum. It was known for the strength of its castle, its three walls, the most imposing of which was built by its founders, and for the warlike spirit of its inhabitants. It was here that some time in the first half of the thirteenth century, Jacob Bendetti was born. His family was well known, and belonged to the nobility, so that the boy was brought up in the midst of a society accustomed to wealth and luxury. He was educated with care, and at the proper time sent to the famous University of Bologna.

His career had been chosen for him; he was to devote himself to the study of jurisprudence. The chief object of the study of law is to learn how to evade it, and the students of Bologna seem to have been adepts in this art. Giacomo refers in one of his poems to his university, without manifesting any of the proverbial love for his "alma mater."

"If you wish to talk and to chatter, if you care not to do your duty," he said, "you may succeed with the wisdom gathered at Bologna, but even this is doubtful. It will but stimulate your desires, and lead you to search more and more and increase your ambition, and the end of it will all be pain and sorrow."

We know not in what way Giacomo spent his days at college, or what influences were brought to bear upon him. He does not seem to have distinguished himself in any particular way, and after having passed through the usual course he established himself as a lawyer in his native town. Italy was then what England is now, the paradise of lawyers.

It is most likely that Giacomo, owing to the influence of his family and his own talents and energy would have succeeded in his profession. He might easily have become the chief of Tudertine lawyers, and then after some years of splendid practice he would have retired, and, unless connected with some famous quarrel, most likely have been forgotten.

Everything seemed to point in this direction. He got soon settled, and married a woman whom the *Chronicle* describes as "*moglie giovane e bella ma timorosa di Dio.*"

XUM

Giacomo seemed destined to become the father of a family, and to become at the very best the model of a lawyer and a family man. But heaven willed it otherwise, for he was one of the elect, and the hour comes sooner or later when they become conscious of the Divine presence within them, and shake off the dust that defiles them and rise from the ground as regenerate men.

On a certain day a grand ball was given in the town, at which the wife of Giacomo was present. Giacomo remained at home. While engaged in his work a message reached him that his wife was dying. He ran through the streets, and arrived before she was dead. But within a few moments she breathed her last in his arms, and as he took off her clothing he discovered that she wore on her body a coarse garment of hair.

The sudden death of his young and beautiful wife in the Spring of life, with the promise of a brilliant Summer slowly deepening into the mellow glories of Autumn, gave him a shock from which he never recovered, and destroyed the balance of his nervous system for ever.

The difference between one man and another is that one is mad with method in his madness, and that the other is mad without any method.

A complete change came over Giacomo; he gave up his practice, severed himself from the connections he had formed, and said farewell to the life which he had hitherto led.

In the midst of the dumb sorrow in which he was plunged he seemed ever to hear a voice telling him to go and sell all that he had and to give it to the poor, in order that he might have treasure in heaven.

He resolved to obey the command in the most literal sense, and henceforth to live for Heaven alone. Such a resolution created necessarily a great sensation in a town where he was so well known. It is not astonishing that the *gamins*, as they saw the once respectable lawyer go through the streets bareheaded and barefooted, with a coarse garment around him and a strange, unearthly fire in his eyes, all the more visible because of the wan, haggard face out of which they shone, should have saluted him with the name of "*Jacopone,*" "silly Jack." As for himself, he was proud of the title, and he adopted it joyfully.

THE MINSTREL.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 591.

"My brother," he said, "thinks that he will reflect honor on our name by his cleverness; I shall do so by my madness."

"Holy madness," he called it, and satirically he said of it in one of his poems:

"Whoever has made himself a madman for the Lord's sake, has obtained great wisdom. In Paris they do not like this philosophy, and he that becomes a fool for Christ's sake, can expect nothing but vexation and grief. Yet, withal, he is elected Doctor of Philosophy and Divinity."

In one word, he deemed it his chiefest glory to be beside himself for the sake of his Lord, and to be accounted a fool because of Christ; and it was this desire which made of him a Christian Diogenes.

A characteristic story is told, which reveals more of the temper in which he was than the most detailed description. A relation of his requested him to carry a pair of chickens to his house. A few hours later he got home and found to his surprise that the chickens had not arrived. When questioning Jacopone about the affair, the answer was that he had put them in the church before the family vault—"for the sepulchres shall be their homes," said he, quoting a passage from one of the Psalms.

But sorrow did more than unhinge parts of his nature. It knocked at doors hitherto closed, and opened chambers as yet unfrequented. The overwhelming grief stirring him to the very heart's core opened a fount of emotion, which in the past had been sealed. He looked within and thought he would find a grave, but behold he found a heaven.

Sorrow did not, indeed, make him a poet, but it revealed to him that he was one.

The Madonna and her Divine Child became the objects of his love, and among all his poems there are none more exquisite than those addressed to her.

It was most probably in one of his sleepless nights, when the Cross was pressing heavily upon him, that he wrote the "Stabat Mater," every line of which seems dipped in his heart's blood.

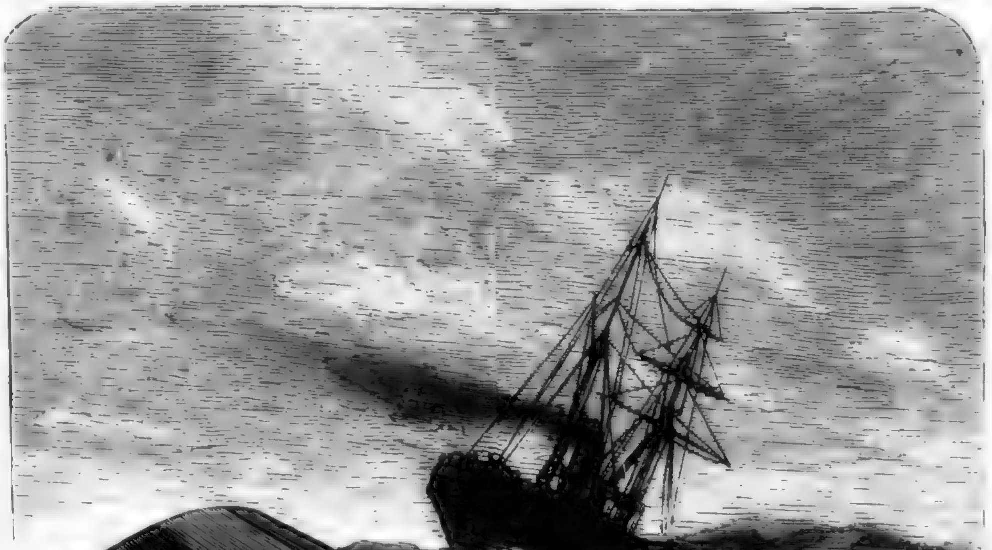
And verily the Madonna rewarded him, for he became chief among the spiritual troubadours of Italy.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE AND OTHER MONOLITHS.

By Basil H. Cooper.

The idea of transplanting to London the western, or fallen, Obelisk of the two known from time immemorial as Cleopatra's Needles, originated with the British forces in Egypt in the first year of the present century. It was on the 21st of March in that year, and in sight of that grand pair of Syenite or rose-granite monoliths, that the Battle of Alexandria was fought and won in death by Sir Ralph Abercromby.

The primary hieroglyphs with which the Obelisks are inscribed, those of the middle column on each side, were then just thirty-three centuries old. But nobody in those days dreamt of their being older than the famous Queen whose name they bore, and so of their possessing much more than half the antiquity which the Rosetta Stone, itself amongst the spoils of the victors, has since, by unlocking the secrets alike of their unknown and mysterious language and of the lost Egyptian chronology, enabled us to assign to them.



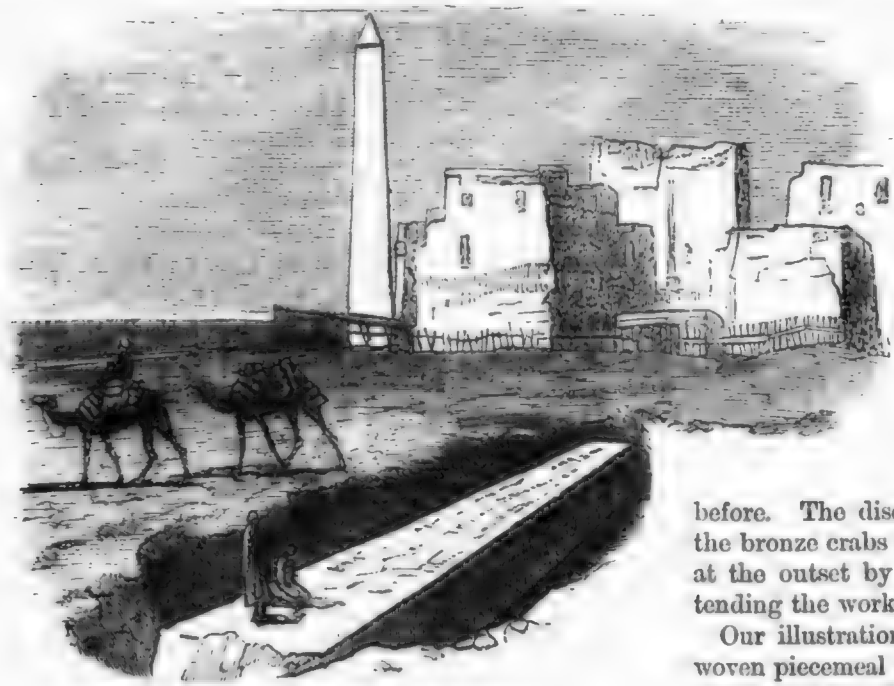
THE ABANDONMENT OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.

The Earl of Cavan, commander of the British forces ordered to remain in Egypt at the close of the campaign, vigorously launched the project, and having been empowered by the Turkish authorities to transport the fallen Needle of Cleopatra to England, adopted the plan prepared by his Chief Engineer, Major Bryce. The troops were invited to subscribe a certain number of days' pay for the expenses, and the funds were cheerfully contributed. A contract was made with the Prize Agents for the purchase of one of the largest French frigates, *El Corso*, for the purpose, and a stone pier, or jetty was begun, to the end of which the ship could be moved in deep water, so that the Needle could be brought through her stern port, and there snugly packed on blocks of timber forming a platform upon the keel. Much in the same way the Luxor Obelisk of Ramses the Great, destined to adorn the Place de la Concorde, at Paris, was got on board the *Louqsor*. Working pay was issued to fatigue parties, under midshipmen, told off for the emergency, and Captains Lacon and Donnelly superintended the enterprise. It was pushed forward with the utmost zeal, but cold water was thrown on the project by Lord Keith and General Fox, the commanders respectively of the naval and military forces in the Mediterranean, and the undertaking had to be abandoned, the unexpended subscriptions returned, and the contract for the vessel rescinded.

For a score of years the question rested where the *quietus* administered by Lord Keith and General Fox had laid it to sleep. But George IV., on his accession to the throne in 1820, found himself the possessor of this famous monument through the complimentary munificence of the ruler of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, and the English nation was then encouraged to look forward to its speedy arrival, to be set up in Waterloo Place. But they looked in vain, and after the wonted wordy homage paid by statesmen and Parliamentary orators to the memory of Sir Ralph Abercromby, Sir Sydney Smith, and Nelson, the honor was left to the French, whom they vanquished, of being the first modern people to bring an Obelisk of the first class from Egypt to a European capital.

In 1829 the standing Cleopatra's Needle was presented by Mehemet Ali to Charles X., as though the Battle of Alexandria had been a triumph for French arms. But on the advice of Champollion, the French pleaded, and successfully, for the substitution of the better-preserved Luxor Obelisk, which in the Fall of 1831 the engineer Lebas was lowering from the pedestal on which Sesostris had placed

XUM



THE OBELISK AS IT LAY BEFORE ITS REMOVAL.

it at Thebes, and sending on its long voyage down the Nile. Meanwhile, Mehemet Ali not only renewed his offer of 1820 but promised to deliver the Needle free on board any vessel the English might send to fetch it. But though the French were ungrudgingly spending two millions of francs on their monolith, the compliment was declined by William IV., with thanks. Another twenty years passed, yielding nothing save an announcement, on the part of Lord John Russell's Government, in the House of Commons (April 15th, 1849) of its intention to adorn London with Cleopatra's Needle, at an estimated cost of £15,000.

In 1867, the Khédive, having disposed of the land on which the Needle lay to a Greek merchant, Signor Demetri, that gentleman insisted on its removal. The Khédive then appealed to the British Government to take possession at last of this piece of national property.

The irony and absurdity of England's national humiliation having thus culminated, it was surely high time for the reaction to begin. Of the three leaders in this healthier movement the first place, were it only in order of time, belongs to General Sir James E. Alexander, a veteran, who had served his country in all parts of the world, was in Paris in 1867, when he learnt it was the fixed purpose of the owner, whose land the Needle encumbered, to break it up for building materials. Sir James's soul was stirred within him by this threatened act of vandalism, and he determined on an earnest endeavor to save the nation from such an outrage on this trophy of the services of the British arms in Egypt. He applied to successive Governments with this view. Lord Derby gave Sir James an introduction to General Stanton, English Consul-General in Egypt, who introduced Gen. Alexander to the Khédive, by whom ultimately full powers were granted for the removal of the monolith to England. Sir James memorialized also the Society of Antiquaries and other public bodies; nor did he slacken his efforts until there came to the front his friend Professor Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S. By their exertions a site for the Obelisk was awarded by the Metropolitan Board of Works.

Mr. John Dixon, an engineer, had long contemplated bringing the Obelisk to England, and hoped some day to do it himself, when he should be rich enough. "I should inclose the monolith in boiler-plate, and roll it into the sea. I would then steady the cylinder by means of bilge-plates, ballast it, fix a rudder, fix a cabin and spar-deck, and then tow her to England." He said he thought it might be done for £5,000, but he would enter into a contract to do it for £7,000. A contract was finally made to do it for £10,000, assuming all risks. Mr. Dixon then went to work in earnest; the cylinder was built on the Thames and sent out in pieces.

By the first week in June the boiler-plates, brought out to Alexandria by one of Messrs. Moss's ships, were on the ground, twenty yards from the sea, and close to the Water Gate of the prostrate Temple or Cæsar, where the Obelisks had been set up by Augustus just 1,900 years before. The discovery of this interesting date on one of the bronze crabs supporting the standing Needle was made at the outset by Mr. Waynman Dixon, who was superintending the works for his brother.

Our illustrations show how the iron cocoon was deftly woven piecemeal round the chrysalis within, as well as the packing of the Needle in its case. So vigorously had the works been pushed forward that the cylinder was rolled down the beach on August 28th, 1877; but, owing to the piercing of its skin by a sunken rock at about the last ten or twenty yards of the hundred it had to traverse, it did not get into deep water until the 7th of September. But for this mishap, and allowing for the fortnight spent in transforming the cylindroid into a ship at the Khédive's dry dock, nine miles from the old Roman port and the Cæsarium, and for other necessary preliminaries, the final start for England would not have been delayed until the ominous equinoctial Friday, the 21st of September.

The steamer *Olga*, with the *Cleopatra* in tow, started from Alexandria and steamed safely through the Mediterranean. It passed the coast of Spain, and the most sanguine hopes were entertained that it would reach England without any mishap. The Bay of Biscay, however, proved hostile. On the 14th of October a violent storm arose, and the *Olga* was forced to abandon the valuable craft she had towed so far. Several lives were lost in rescuing the crew of the *Cleopatra*, which was then abandoned, near Cape Finisterre, to the mercy of the wind and wave.

Great disappointment was felt in England at this disaster, but the cheering intelligence soon came that the English steamer *Fitz Morris* had recovered the Obelisk and taken it into Ferrol, Spain. There it was overhauled and found to be still seaworthy, so that the voyage was resumed, and in a few days it was safely conducted to London.

The voyage of the *Cleopatra* from Ferrol was of such an uneventful character, that there is scarcely anything to record concerning it. She started at 7 A.M. on Tuesday, January 16th, 1878, in tow of the *Anglia*, with a short length of hawser, and was found to steer very badly, a defect which was, to some extent, remedied by lengthening the towrope to about a hundred fathoms. The weather was beautiful during the whole voyage, the wind being very light and the sea smooth, with a bright moon at night. Communication was kept up between the vessels by means of signals, a black board being used by day and different colored lights by night.

On Sunday, the 20th of January, at ten P.M., the *Anglia* came to anchor off the Chapman Light, near Southend, with the *Cleopatra* hanging astern by the towrope. Next morning at half past seven the vessels were again in motion, and by ten o'clock had reached Gravesend, where they stopped two hours, and were visited by the Customs officers, and where also Mr. and Mrs. Dixon went on board, and a congratulatory telegram was received from the Queen. The *Cleopatra* was then towed further up the river, and by four P.M. the Needle was snugly berthed in the West India Export Dock.

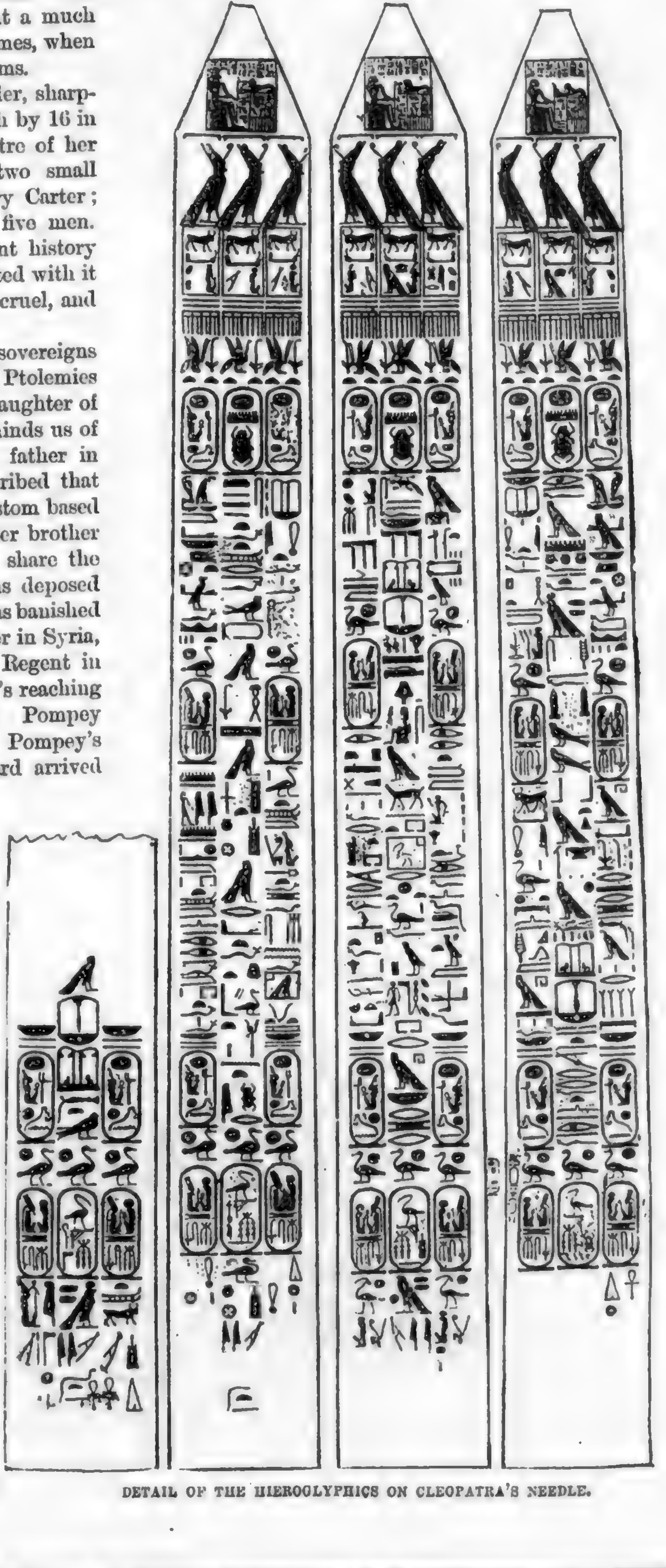
The *Anglia* tug is a paddle-boat, with three funnels, with engines of 140 horse power, nominal, but capable of working up to 700. She is the largest tug in the Port of London, and has done a great deal of ocean towing. Her navigating captain is Mr. John Tracey, and her towing captain Mr. David Glue, and she has a crew of seventeen hands. The cable used at sea was a fifteen-inch hawser, but a much smaller one was substituted on reaching the Thames, when the length was also reduced to about fifteen fathoms.

The *Cleopatra* is built in the form of a cylinder, sharpened at each end, and is about 92 feet in length by 16 in diameter. Upon her convex deck, about the centre of her length, is erected a structure which contains two small cabins: one for her commander, Captain Henry Carter; and the other for her crew, which consisted of five men.

In passing now from the modern to the ancient history of the Obelisk, the name most popularly associated with it is that of the beautiful, voluptuous, intriguing, cruel, and withal learned Queen of Egypt, Cleopatra.

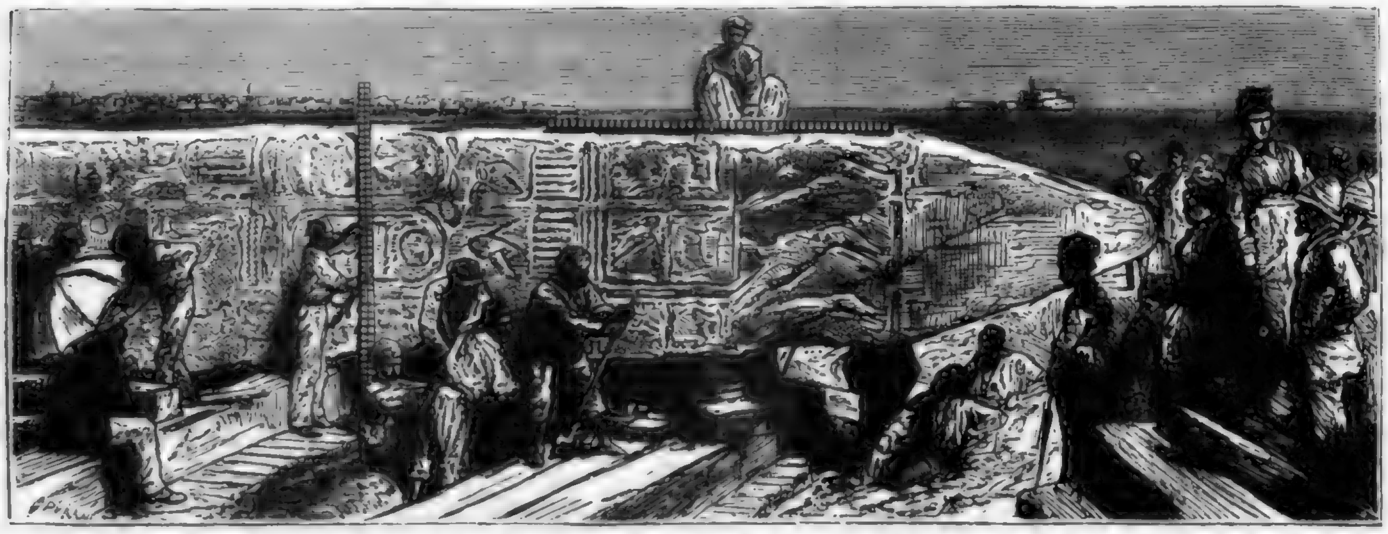
Cleopatra VI. was the last of the Macedonian sovereigns of that country, and with her the line of the Ptolemies became extinct. She was the eldest surviving daughter of Ptolemy the Fluteplayer, who in some sort reminds us of the royal patron of Wagner. She succeeded her father in B.C. 52, being then but seventeen. His will prescribed that she should marry, according to the Pharaonic custom based on the national myth of Osiris and Isis, her elder brother Ptolemy, then only nine, and the pair were to share the throne. In B.C. 48 the young prince's guardians deposed her for intriguing against her brother, and she was banished to the Thebaïd. But an army was raised for her in Syria, and was just coming to blows with that of the Regent in the September of that year—the date of Pompey's reaching Egypt in his flight from the battle of Pharsalia. Pompey was betrayed, and slain by Ptolemy's party. Pompey's conqueror, Julius Cæsar, having shortly afterward arrived in that country, insisted on being judge between its contending factions. Cleopatra, after first treating with the Dictator through others, at last presented herself in his quarters by night, having caused herself to be smuggled in, it is said, in a bale of cloth sent him as a present. She won him to her cause by her eloquence, and still more by her charms. A French artist having been prompted, by one of the beauties who fluttered about the late Emperor Napoleon's court, to paint this celebrated scene, in which she was herself, of course, to figure as Cleopatra, the fair lady was terribly chagrined at his making the world-famous Queen *petite*, the favorite of the great Julius's biographer and emulator being decidedly large-limbed.

Cæsar restored Cleopatra, having quelled the armed resistance of her brother's party, who was slain in the Alexandrian war. The Lord of the World then passed some festive months with Cleopatra in Egypt, and when he had ended the civil war he invited her to his palace across the Tiber. Thither, accordingly, she repaired, either in B.C. 46, as Dio states, or, as a critical examination of Cæsar's personal history is thought to prove, in the following year. There she staid down to the time of his assassination, on the Ides of March, B.C. 44. Three years after Cæsar's death she appeared before the Triumvir Mark Antony, in Cilicia, who had summoned her before his tribunal for abetting Cassius. She appeared before him, not as a suppliant, but as Aphroditè, the goddess of beauty and love, on a visit, she said, to Dionysos, or Bacchus. The bas-relief—in the British Museum—from the Dendera Temple of Isis-Hathor, the Egyptian Aphroditè, or Venus, actually represents her as that goddess; and she is styled the young Isis, on coins. How she held Antony enslaved



DETAIL OF THE HIEROGLYPHICS ON CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

XUM



ENGINEERS SHIFTING THE OBELISK TO A POSITION PARALLEL WITH THE BEACH AT ALEXANDRIA.

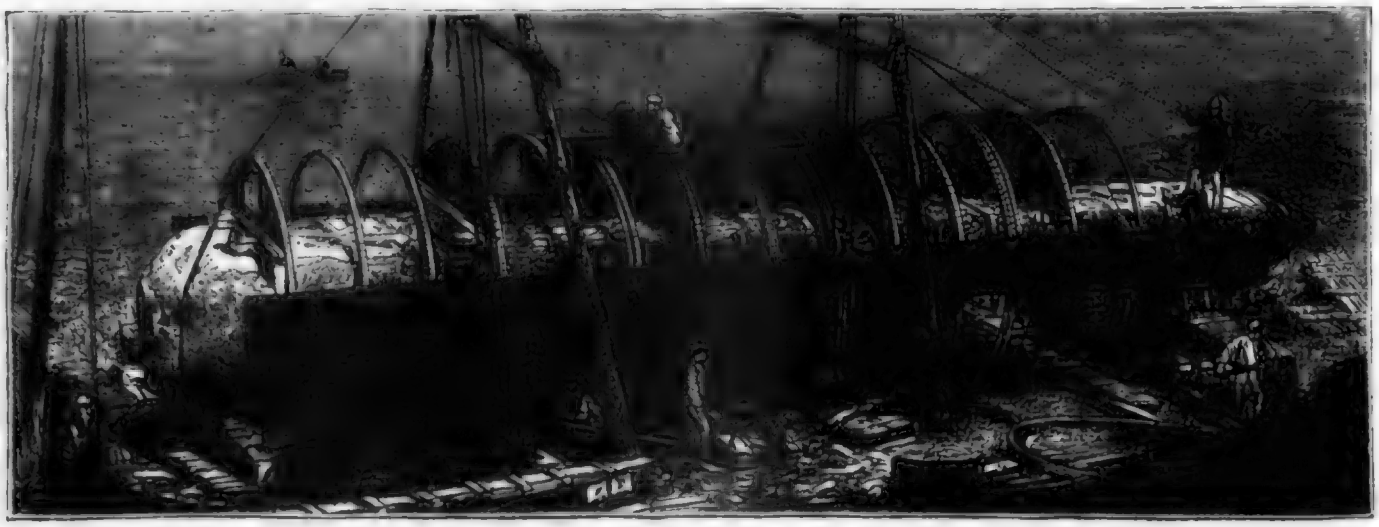
for ten years, ruined him by her cowardice in the sea-fight off Actium (Sept. 2, B.C. 31), was yet followed by him in her flight; how, after his dying in her arms, she tried to win the colder Augustus, and only gave up the hope of doing so when she saw he meant but to make a show of her in his public triumph; lastly, how she then died voluntarily by the bite of an asp, need not be detailed here.

The designation "Cleopatra's Needles," given from old tradition to the Alexandrian pair of Obelisks, has often been said to be a misnomer, and Bunsen styles it ridiculous. It would be so if, as was commonly thought before Mr. Waynman Dixon's discovery, last Summer, of the inscriptions on the bronze support of the standing monolith, the temple of the deified Julius, in front of whose Water Gate the Needles stood, had been reared by the Alexandrians to flatter Tiberius, who reigned from A.D. 14 to A.D. 37. Even now that we know they were set up in the eighth year of Augustus, or B.C. 23, it seems a serious objection to any right vesting in her that even this was seven years after the famous Queen's death. After all, however, the popular tradition connecting the monuments with her name has to be accounted for, and the least that can be said is that it is most likely founded on fact. They are an integral part of the temple, and not only may she have designed their removal and meant to build the temple, as Professor Wilson pleads, but it stands on record that she actually founded the sacred edifice in commemoration of the birth of her son Cæsarion, which took place B.C. 47.

This is a most suggestive and important date; for, without troubling the reader with any irksome details of the calculation, it is well worth remarking that in this year happened to fall the fiftieth recurrence of the Great Trentenary Festival, on occasion of which, as the Needle inscription says, Thothmes III. set up the Obelisks in On. In that Pharaoh's time it fell, as we shall soon see, on the 28th of August, B.C. 1502. The return of this grand panegyry thus, in all likelihood, furnished the religious motive, as the birth of Cæsarion was the personal and political occasion, of the foundation of the temple and of the removal of the Obelisks to its site. Of course they would not be set up until the completion of the building itself, which in those troublous times may easily have been delayed a score or so of years. In verifying the interval of a jubilee of trentenary cycles between B.C. 1502 and B.C. 47, it should not be forgotten that the years meant here are not our solar ones, but free lunar years, like those of the Moslem trentenary cycles, to each of which are reckoned 360 moons, 10,631 days.

To Lepsius belongs the merit of having first suggested a comparison between the puzzling thirty-year cycles mentioned on the Rosetta Stone, and in so many other hieroglyphical inscriptions, especially those of the colossal Obelisks, and the thirty-year cycle of the Moslems. This was in 1849, when he published his great work, "The Chronology of the Egyptians." Unfortunately the Nestor of Egyptological research did not follow up his own hint.

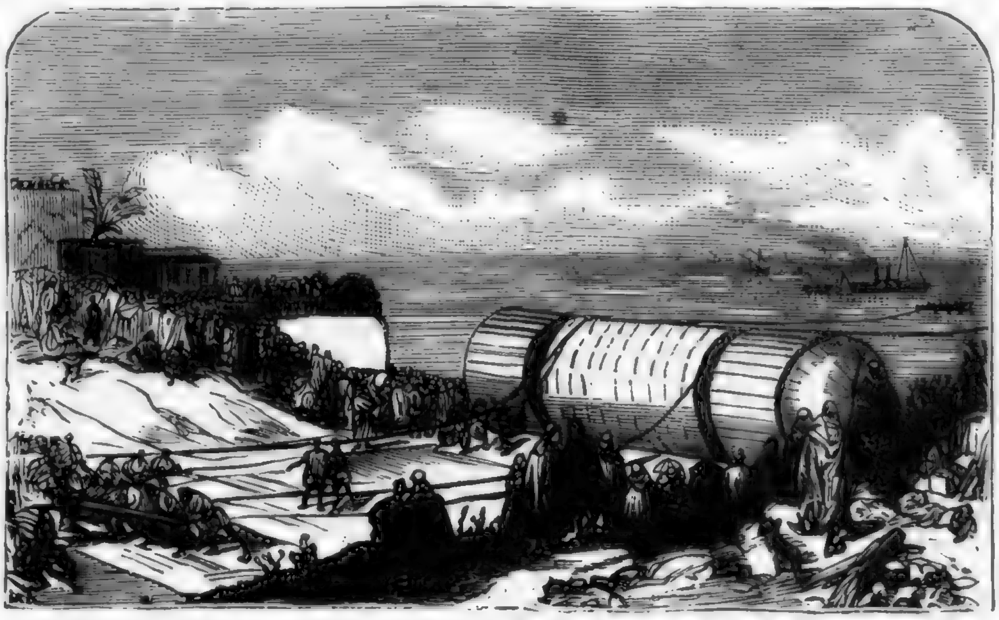
Ramses the Great has associated his grandly historical name with Cleopatra's Needles by something more than popular tradition, however well accredited by the known facts of the case; for, on the columns flanking on either

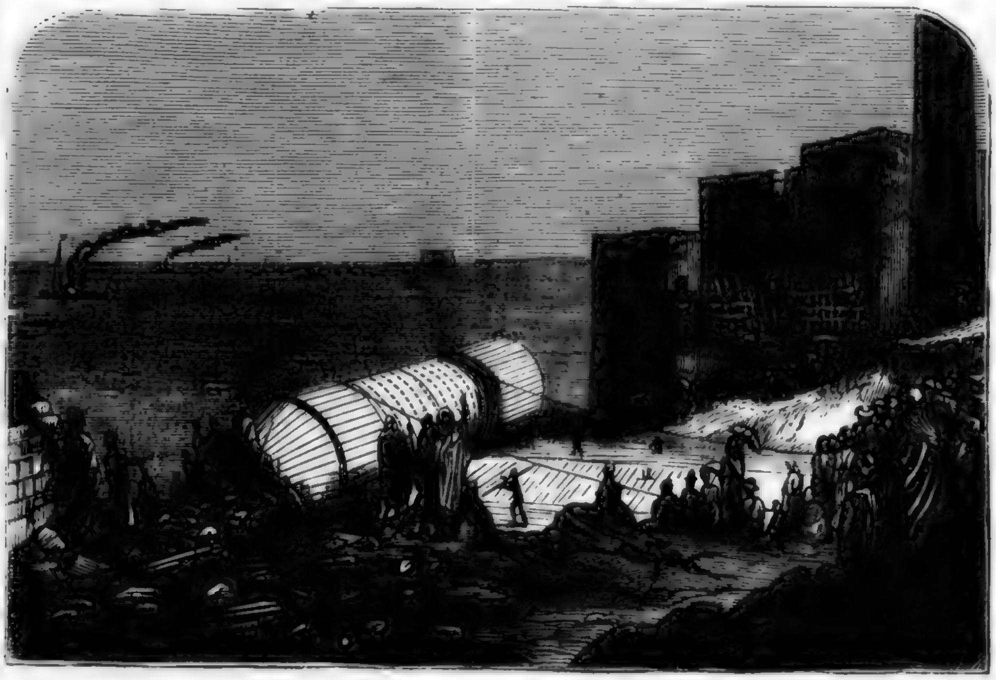


CONSTRUCTION OF THE CYLINDER SHIP "CLEOPATRA" ROUND THE OBELISK.

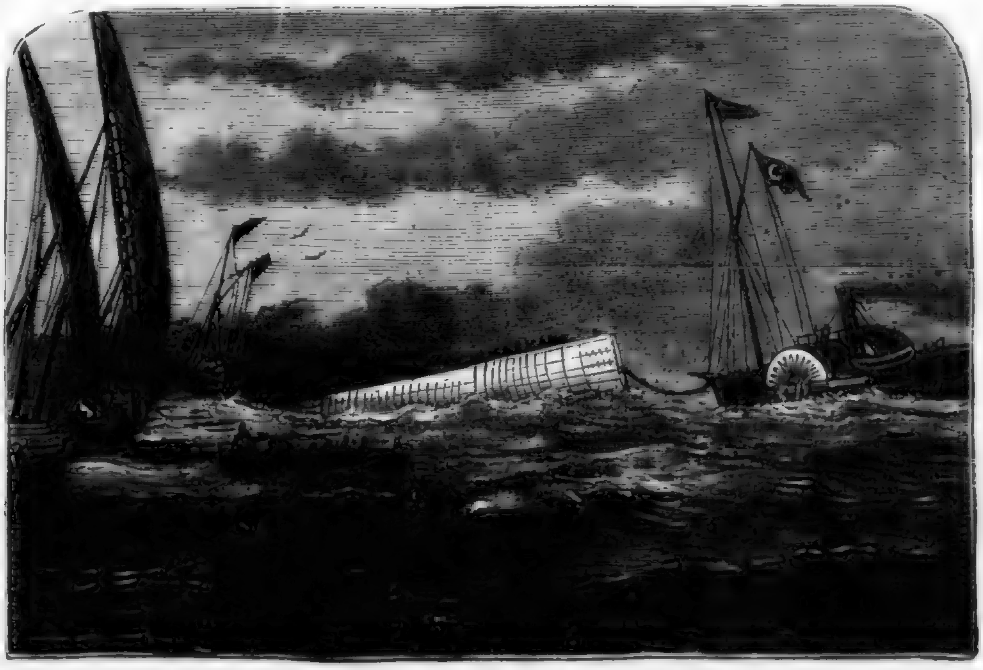
XUM

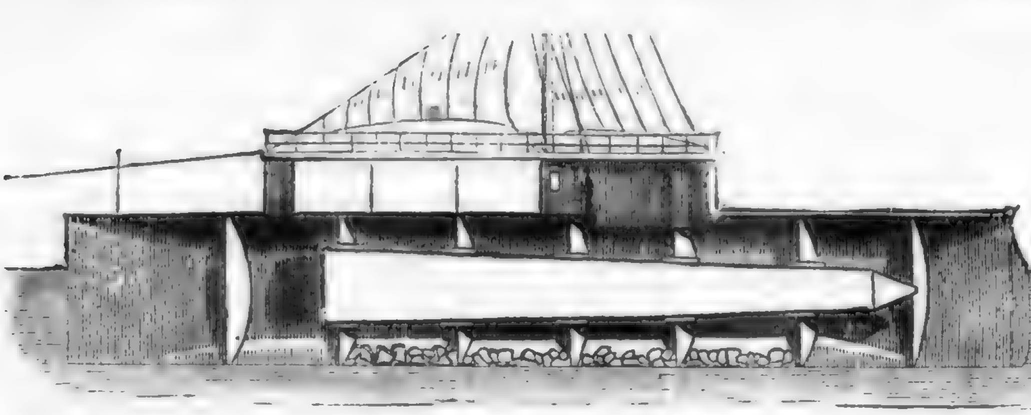
side each central one of Thothmes III., he has written, not only his two royal rings or ovals, but all the three other titles also belonging to the full Pharaonic style from the Pyramid dynasties downward; whereas Thothmes has more modestly contented himself with the first of these three additional flourishes of the herald's trump. It is that which heads all the columns, and used to be known as the banner-name, from the resemblance of the oblong inclosure in which it is written, beneath the bull and weaponed arm, to a fringed banner or standard. But, as the most learned hieroglyphist of the age, Dr. Birch, of the British Museum, has shown, this oblong is a gateway or pylon, and he has found it represented with its bolt; hence he calls it the palatial name. Since the name of the Egyptian god Har, or Horus, the Apollo of Hermapion's obelisk translation, undoubtedly means *sublime*, it might be called the Sublime Porte name. The *pschent* on the hawk's head is the double crown, combining the white tiara of Upper with the red of Lower Egypt, the symbol denoting that the Sublime Porte in question is that of United Egypt. The epithet "powerful bull," within the rectangle, is common to all the Pharaohs.


ROLLING THE OBELISK TO THE SHORE.

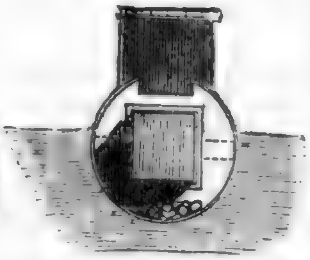

LAUNCHING THE OBELISK.

The Obelisk now in England has below the weaponed arm more or less distinctive titles of Ramses on each of the four sides. On the first side, to the left, he is "darling of the goddess Ma," or Truth. On the right he is "son of Tum," the god of the Setting Sun, at On, or Heliopolis. The palatial name on the left lateral column of the second side is the same as on the first; on the right he is "son of the god Khepera." On the third side he is "darling of the sun-god Ra" on the right, and the left repeats the title "son of Tum." The last side gives his palatial name "darling of Truth" once more, to the right, and he is "son of Ptah-Tanen," a form of the Egyptian Hephaistos or Vulcan, to the left. The so-called Vulture-Uræus titulature of Ramses appears on the first and third sides. It is known by the prefix, rendered "lord of diadems" in the bi-lingual inscriptions, and consisting of that


THE OBELISK AT SEA.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF PONTOON BOAT.



CROSS SECTION OF PONTOON BOAT.

bird and the coiled basilisk, or royal serpent, each surmounting a bowl, and is translated by Dr. Birch, "guardian of Egypt, chastiser of foreign lands." On the second and fourth sides are seen the King's Gold Horus names, indicated by the prefixed hawk perched on the sign for that metal. Dr. Birch renders them "supplier of years, greatly powerful."

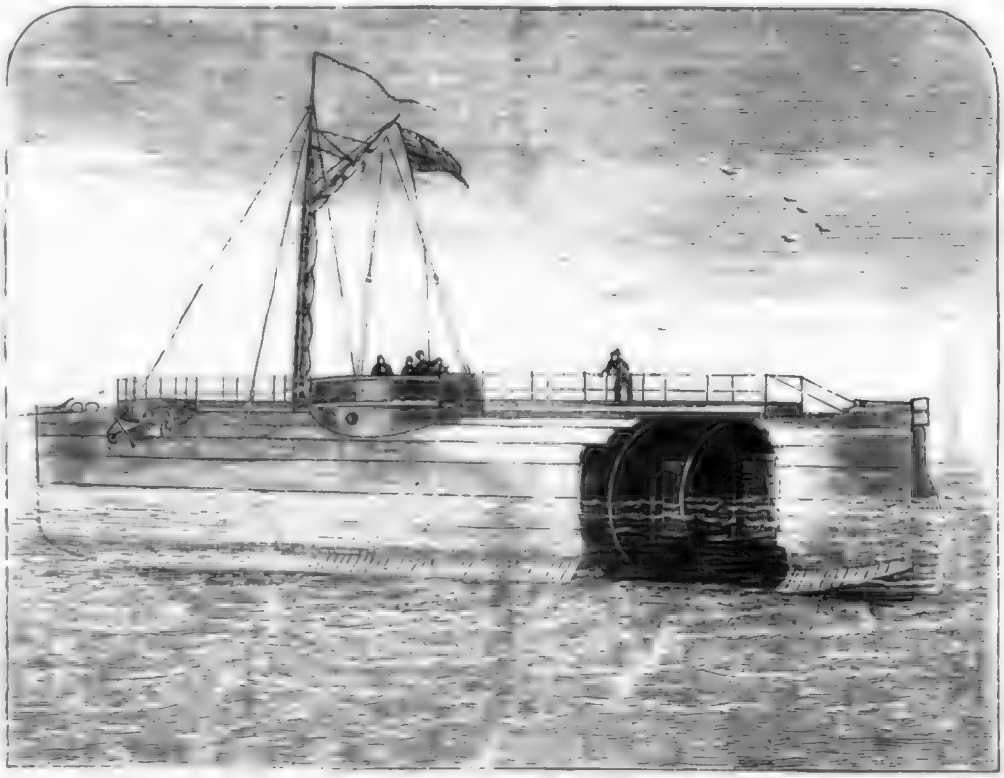
In all this there is nothing unusual, any more than in the royal rings of Ramses Miamun, with the forename of "Usimares, approved of the Sun," given him at his accession, or, indeed, in the rest of the high-sounding titles which make up the great bulk of these inscriptions.

Besides Dr. Birch, Chabas, the eminent French Egyptologist, and even an Alexandrian hieroglyphist, Signor Demetrius Mosconas, have translated the inscriptions of both Ramses and Thothmes, giving for the first time all the four sides from a model, carefully prepared, and now published, by Mr. Waynman Dixon. That gentleman, it may be added, although not a professed hieroglyphist, is known to science as one of the latest and not least shrewd of the Great Pyramid explorers; certain mysterious passages of that wonderful building are named after him, as their discoverer, Dixon's Tubes. In one of these he found, under circumstances unmistakably demonstrative of its having been left there by the builders, a small copper implement, of unknown use, but shaped something like a double-barbed fish-hook. It is the oldest piece of that metal in the world. Iron of the age of Cheops had already been found in the Pyramid by Colonel Howard Vyse. It has been remarked that the Egyptian name for iron, *benipé*, means "skystone," and points to that people's having used meteoric iron before the discovery of mines of that metal.

But to return to Ramses Miamun, the far-famed conqueror Sesostris—Sestesu and Sestesu-Ra in the papyri—of whom Herodotus wrote for the Greeks. The stretch of his empire was very likely exaggerated by the Egyptian priests with whom the Father of History conversed, and the Pharaoh who has monopolized about half the Nilotic inscriptions is prone, it must be owned, to self-praise. His vainglorious habit of surcharging with his own legends the monumen of his most famous predecessors, especially his own far more warlike father, and, as in the instance of our Needles, the incomparably greater Thothmes III., helps to explain the pretty certain fact of his having been credited sometimes with their deeds. Still he was, as he calls himself on our Obelisk, a king of kings, whom his palace paintings show dragging his chariot. It is hard to believe that his arms reached Thrace, thus at least touching Europe, as we read in the classics. But if Mr. Gladstone be right in making Homer's Keteioi in the Troad a branch of the great Khita people, so well known from the Egyptian and Assyrian monuments, and whom the Egyptian scribes always said came from Bactria, Sestesu's diplomacy, if not his martial prowess, may really have carried his name to the Dardanelles.

At the narrows of those straits, where Byron swam across, stood the Homeric Sestos on the Thracian shore, facing Abydos on the Asiatic side, the one seemingly christened after the Pharaoh, and the other after one of his favorite cities on the Nile.

With the Khita, after long and bloody wars, Ramses, in his twenty-first year, made a treaty of alliance, the oldest extant, which was afterward cemented by a marriage with the daughter of their King. It is on record that they raised statues to his honor. In Africa his colossal temples and palaces are found deep in Nubia to the south, and he tamed the Libyan nations to the west and north. In Asia his triumphal slabs were set up in Arabia

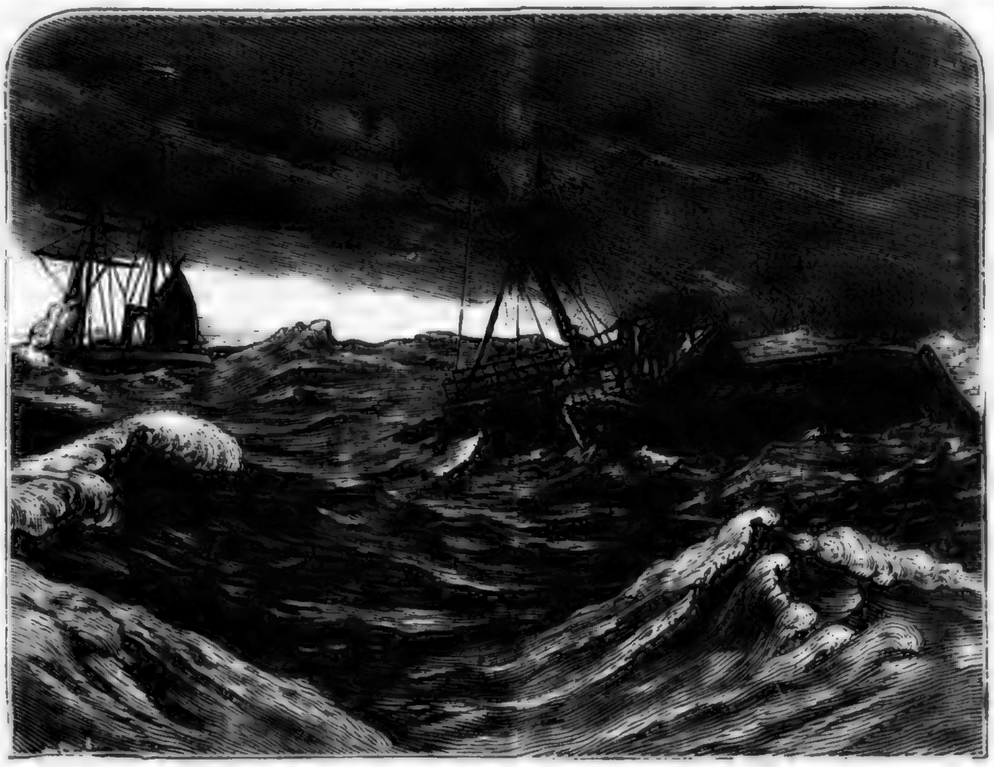


MODE IN WHICH THE OBELISK WAS PACKED IN THE VESSEL.

XUM

and Northern Syria, and his armies marched across the Mesopotamian plains far beyond the Euphrates. Hence, shear as critics fairly may the mythic radiance with which this earthly sun-god shone, enough of fact is left to explain his having passed as the ideal Egyptian hero of classical tradition.

Ramses the Great was the second of fourteen Pharaohs belonging to the New Empire who bore that name. The First Ramses was his own grandfather, whose short reign of little more than a year, it was the great merit of the late learned Dr. Hincks to prove, was marked by an astronomical era named after him, which he further showed began B.C. 1323. To the father of Sesostris, Seti I., the national annalist, Manetho, assigned fifty-four years, so that Sesostris himself, a boy of ten years at his accession, began to reign B.C. 1269. He reigned no fewer than sixty-six years, when his thirteenth son, Menephtha, whom all but a handful of hieroglyphists make the Pharaoh of the Exodus, followed him on the throne. This would be in B.C. 1203.



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE ON THE VOYAGE, PRIOR TO ITS ABANDONMENT.

The Obelisk chronology, with the further light shed on it by independent monuments of Ramses the Great, remarkably verifies Dr. Hincks's assignment of the Era of Menophres, mentioned by the Alexandrian astronomer Theon, to the grandfather of Sesostris. For the date of the great conqueror's accession thus resulting, B.C. 1269, is exactly measured by an interval of eight trentenary cycles from that attributable to the erection of our Needles, B.C. 1502; whilst on the other hand there is a monument of this Pharaoh's which actually dates the First Festival of such a cycle in his first year, and no fewer than four inscriptions mention its recurrence in his thirtieth.

Following up now the hint given us by the Trentenary Festival date inscribed by Thothmes III. himself on our Needle, that the giant Obelisks—Professor Wilson reckons to this class all over fifty feet high—were wont to be set up, reinscribed, or otherwise appropriated, on such Grand Panegyries, we may form a shrewd guess as to when Sesostris erected the Luxor pair, one of which still stands there, whilst its mate adorns the Place de la Concorde at Paris. They are Theban, and were dedicated to the Theban Amen Ra. Hence they can scarcely be any other than those of whose erection in his honor the Pharaoh is made to remind that god in the invocation put into his mouth by his Court bard, Pindar. The cry to Heaven is wrung from the royal hero in the supreme moment of his life, when he was cutting his way through 2,500 chariots of the Khita. The battle was fought in his fifth year, so that the erection of the Luxor Obelisks very likely coincided with the Trentenary Festival in his first. Be that, however, as it may, the Flaminian Obelisk brought by Augustus from Heliopolis to Rome, and set up by that Emperor in the *spina* of the Circus Maximus (exactly as it is represented in the annexed extremely rare and interesting British Museum coins of Trajan and Gordian III.), but which now stands in the Piazza del Popolo, is almost certainly of that date. For Seti I., plainly with a view to the approaching Trentenary Panegyry, which, however, he was not to live to see, not only quarried the monolith, but actually engraved three of its sides, leaving the fourth middle column only for his son and successor, who added also the lateral inscriptions. There seems nothing of weight to be urged against the supposition of Ramses having availed himself of the same concurrence of the sacred festival with his accession, possibly even with his coronation, to delight the eyes of his loyal subjects with like flanking columns on the older pair of Thothmes III.

Thothmes I. was the son of Amenophthis I., who reigned twenty years and seven months, and the grandson of Amasis I. Amasis heads the great Eighteenth Dynasty, and in his sixth year forced Avaris—the last and most formidable stronghold of the Hykshos, or Shepherd Kings, who had domineered over Egypt during the 511 years of the so-called Middle Empire—to capitulate. He thus became founder of the New Empire.

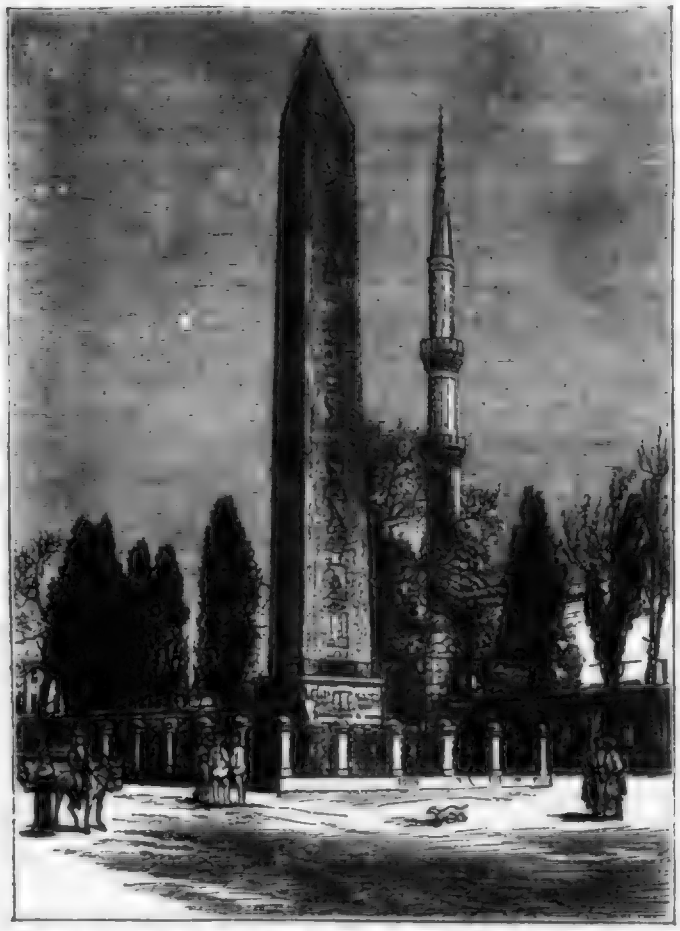
After this great triumph the Liberator ruled twenty-five years and four months. The horse is first mentioned in his reign, and is seen yoked to chariots and plows in that of his son and successor, Amenophthis I.

Thothmes I. made Nubian conquests, and warred against the Lutnu, or Syrians, who gave name to the Lutanus river in that country, and who are now first mentioned in the hieroglyphical inscriptions. He pushed forward also the building of the great Temple of Amen at Karnak. This sanctuary of the Theban sun-god had been founded under the Old Egyptian Empire, several centuries before the Hykshos broke the native dominion up, by Usertasen I., the Pharaoh who set up the oldest dated Obelisk in the world—that now lingering on the spot, as the last living witness of the oldest glories of Heliopolis (see Illustration).

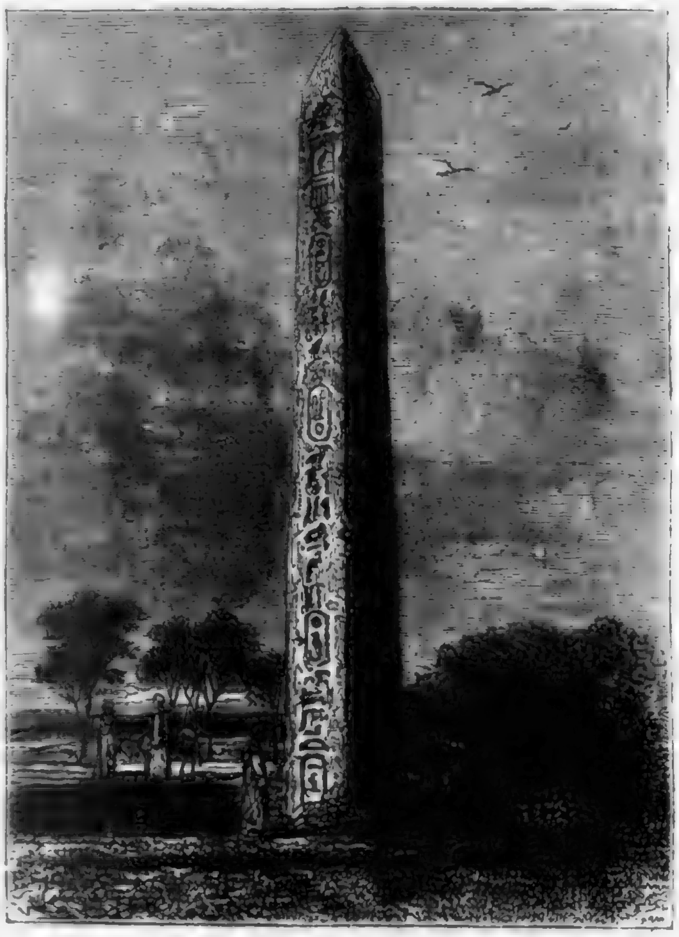
Amasis was the second founder of the Temple at Karnak, and his grandson adorned it with a pair of Obelisks, of which but one is still standing (see Illustration).

Thothmes I. reigned thirteen years, and three of his children after him between fifty and sixty more. These were a son, Thothmes II., a daughter, Hatasu — styled Amensis, in Manetho's Greek List, which is borne out by a unique Louvre monument — and, lastly, their younger

XUM



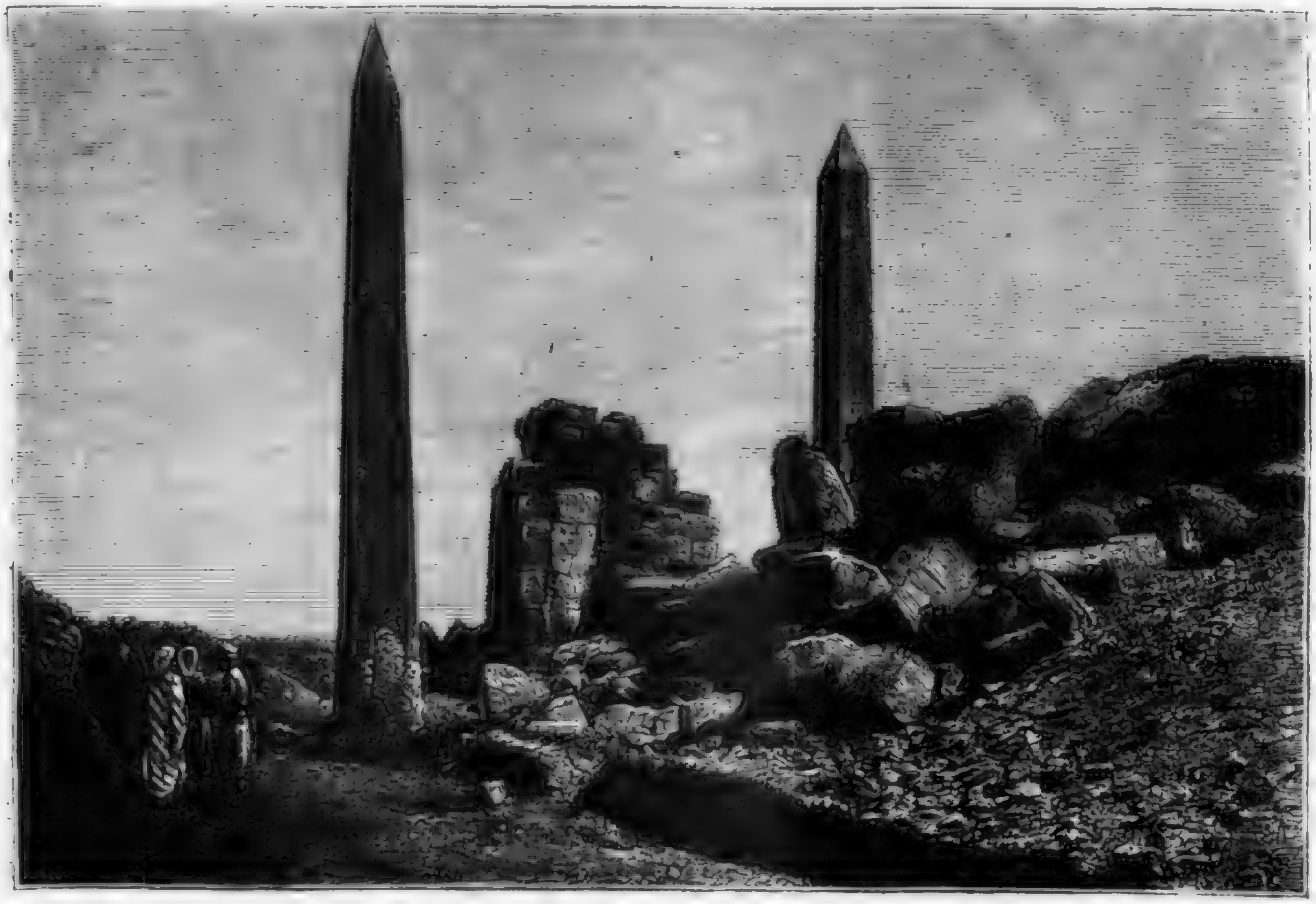
THE OBELISK OF THOTHMES III., ERECTED BY THEODOSIUS II. IN THE HIPPODROME, CONSTANTINOPLE.



THE OBELISK AT "ON" (HELIOPOLIS), SET UP BY USERTASEN I. (REIGNED FROM B.C. 2783 TO B.C. 2737).

brother, Thothmes III., who set up at Heliopolis the pair of Obelisks known as Cleopatra's Needles, and at Thebes another pair, the survivor of which now adorns the Atmeidan, or Hippodrome, at Constantinople (see Illustration).

Thothmes II. was a *fainéant* king, and reigned but a year and three-quarters. His name and reign have both dropped out of the Greek List, although traces remain that Manetho recorded both. According to Canon Cook,

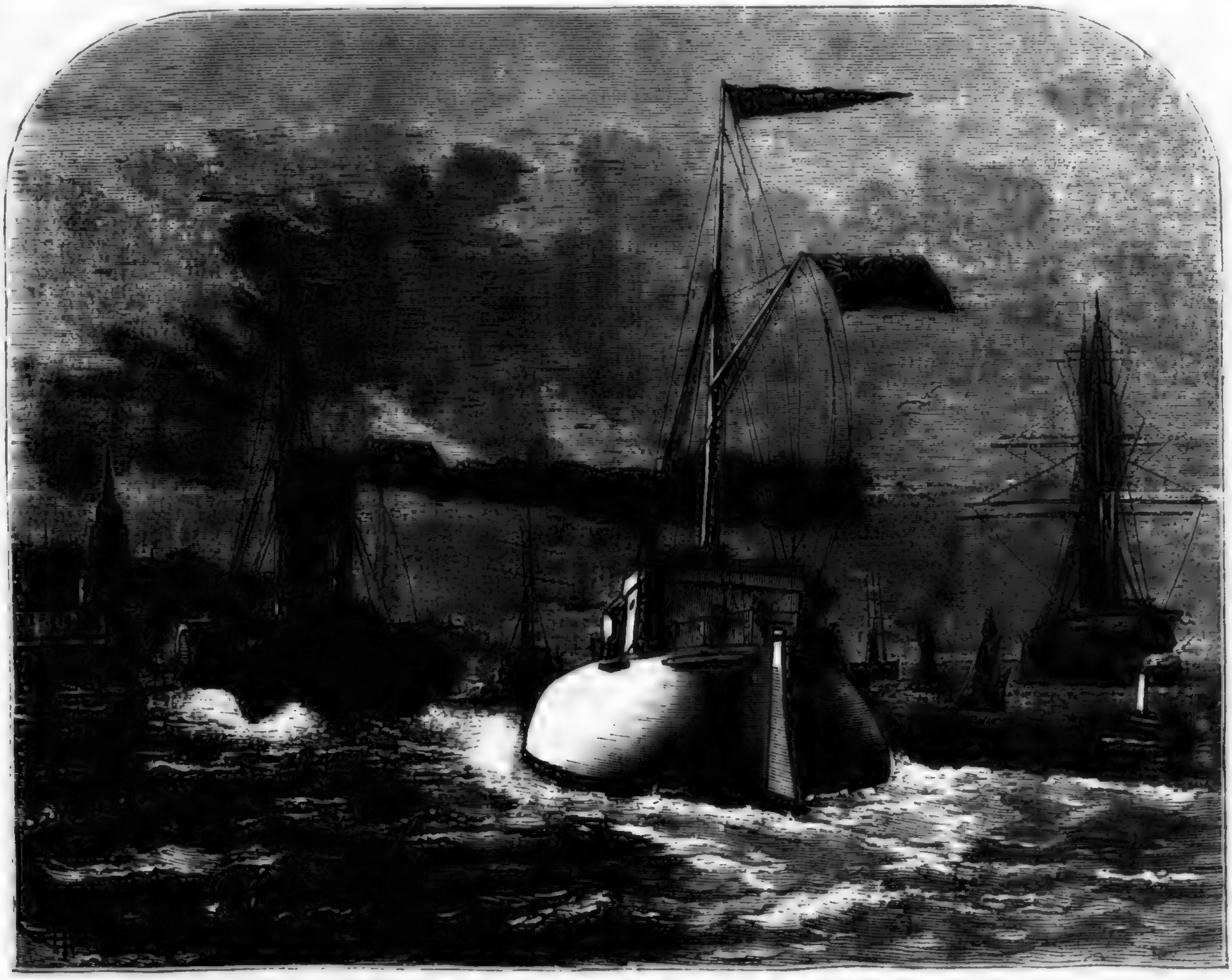


THE TWO STANDING OBELISKS AT KARNAK—THAT IN THE FOREGROUND WAS SET UP BY THOTHMES I., THE OTHER BY QUEEN HATASU.

the editor of the "Speaker's Commentary on the Bible," and one or two other Egyptologists, he was the Pharaoh of the Exodus. The same identification was made 2,000 years ago, on the authority of Heliopolitan tradition, by the Græco-Egyptian chronicler Artapanos, who calls the King Chenephres, which is a monumental name of Thothmes II.

Amensis, or Hatasu, was the queen-consort of this elder brother, whom she survived twenty-five years and a month, during which she reigned jointly, something after the manner of the co-regnant Cæsars and Augusti, along with her other brother, Thothmes III., who must have been very young at the death of Thothmes II. Several inscriptions attest this distributed sway. Her share of the realm was Upper Egypt, with imperial Thebes for her capital. The classical tradition of an African Amazon Queen must have borrowed traits from her. She wears male attire, and habitually speaks of herself as a man. She was the Semiramis, or Zenobia, of the Nile. In right of her navy, the first worthy of the name seen on the Egyptian monuments, she may remind us of Queen Elizabeth, and her glory, perhaps, was eclipsed by no Pharaoh, save by the brother, whose jealous posthumous mutilation of her monuments shows how bitterly he resented her having overshadowed him so long.

The great event of her reign was her Red Sea Expedition. Her large fleet of thirty oared and sail-rigged galleys, after taking tribute from Arabia Felix, passed the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and doubling Cape Guardafui, the easternmost horn of Africa and of the great Gulf of Aden, made the Queen of the Somali tribes her vassal. This was five hundred years before Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.



ARRIVAL OF THE TUG "ANGLIA" WITH CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, OFF GRAVESEND.

Amongst the spoils with which the Egyptian ships sailed home freighted, were precious gums, perfumes, ebony, ivory, gold, stibium, cynocephali, and baboons, panther-skins, horns and slaves. There were also frankincense and other rare trees, which were transplanted into the royal gardens. The Pharaoness says of the cosmetic which she prepared from the best of the scents that it breathed a divine odor, making the skin shine like gold and ivory and bright as the stars.

Queen Hatasu set up in the Karnak Temple, in front of the pylon named after her father, a pair of red granite Obelisks, about a hundred feet high, "the caps of which," she tells us, "were adorned with pure gold taken from the chiefs of all nations. One of them is still standing, with the shattered fragments of its fellow beside it on the ground (see Illustration). The inscription on the upright shaft states that it was set up on the day of the First Panegyry, or Festival of the Thirty-Year Cycle.

The special domain of Thothmes III., during the period of his joint sway with his imperious sister, was Lower Egypt, and his capital was Heliopolis, or the City of the Sun, as the classical writers call the On of the Bible and of the hieroglyphical inscriptions. Upon the Needles and elsewhere he is styled Hyk On, or King of On, and accordingly Pliny, speaking of the Alexandrian monoliths, expressly says they were first set up at Heliopolis by the King of that city, Mesphra. This is a very fair classical transcript of the Pharaoh's prenomen, or throne-name, Me(n)-shpr-Ra. Indeed, it is that of Manetho himself, who combines it with his better-known family name, styling him Mesphra-Tuthmosis.

XUM

At On in its palmy days Joseph grew up to be a Vizier, and Moses became wise in all the learning of the Egyptians. Even in its fall this great University city in the Eastern Delta could still teach Plato philosophy, and Eudoxos such astronomy and chronology as made him the forerunner of Julius Cæsar in reforming the calendars of the Western nations.

The Obelisk of Usertasen I., set up there, is dated by the same First Festival of the same all but perfect astronomical cycle of thirty years as dates Queen Hatasu's, and, as Dr. Birch's critical sagacity first read out from a faulty text a short time ago, the same which dates the British Needle also. A fourth such instance amongst the dozen or so great Obelisks throughout the world is the so-called Campensis. It was first set up by Psammetiches II. at Heliopolis, and was removed by Augustus to the Campus Martius at Rome, whence its name. It now stands in the Piazza di Monte Citorio.

This very striking fourfold coincidence squares well with the idea that many, if not all, of these colossal Obelisks may serve as milestones along the dark road of Egyptian chronology.

Looked at from this point of view, it may seem almost a disappointment that amongst the privileged third of the whole number of colossal Obelisks, namely, the four expressly dated by the First Festival of the trentenary cycle, two should have been set up on the very same day. Yet such is the curious and interesting fact. The two in question are Hatasu's monolith and the British Needle. Amongst the two or three hundred monumentally known Pharaohs, Thothmes III. is believed to be the only one whose reign, the first day and the last, as well as its exact duration, are all hieroglyphically recorded. His monuments, moreover, happily furnish several concurrent astronomical data which enable us to translate this archaic notation of time into our own.

We thus know that Thothmes III., who counted his reign from the death of his brother, Thothmes II., ascended the throne May 7th, B.C. 1515, and died March 21st, B.C. 1461. His masculine sister, on the other hand, dates her years from the accession of her elder brother, whose queen she was from the first. It was in her sixteenth year, on the 30th of the month Mesori, as stated in her pedestal inscription, that she set up her gilded Obelisks at Thebes. As we already know, it was on the First Festival of the Thirty-Year Cycle, which, the monuments teach us, numbered eleven festivals in all, as does the exactly similar trentenary cycle of the Moslems.

We know, too, from its hieroglyphics, that England's Needle was set up on the First Festival of either the same cycle, or of the next, and that it was set up at Heliopolis, its inscription thus verifying Pliny's assertion that it was erected there.

Unfortunately the Needle inscription gives neither regnal year nor day. But Pliny adds the all-important fact that it was set up by Mesphra, *i.e.*, by Thothmes III., when he was King of Heliopolis, and accordingly during his joint reign with his sister. But only one such cyclic First Festival *could* fall within the joint reign, and the Karnak pedestal inscription happily fills in the year and day missing in the Needle record. The reduction gives the 28th of August, B.C. 1502, as the exact date of the erection both of the Heliopolitan monoliths and of the gilded Obelisks at Thebes.

Thothmes III., the latest and most learned historiographers of the Pharaohs, Dr. Birch, of the British Museum, and Brugsch Bey, speak of as Egypt's Alexander the Great, and the doughtiest of her conquering kings. Of the 780 pages covered by the German edition of Professor Brugsch's monumental history, published but a few months ago, and of which an English translation is already in the press, the Obelisk Pharaoh, now in London, fills 96. Before the death of his masterful sister he had slipped from her leading-strings, and had fought his way in person through Syria, Phœnicia and Mesopotamia, in several of the fifteen brilliant campaigns, extending from his twenty-second to his forty-second year, which are recorded in detail at Karnak, and form the grandest chapter of his country's annals. Before his reign closed he marched near enough to India to enjoy a day's sport against 120 elephants—an animal, as Dr. Birch remarks in his Rede Lecture, delivered before the University of Cambridge in 1876, not known in the Euphrates Valley in B.C. 850, when Shalmaneser II. represented it on the Nimroud Obelisk with the ears of a horse, the elephant, in our own day, being 1,200 miles to the east of those alluvial plains.

Our Pharaoh's epoch "was the apogee of Egyptian greatness, and it is scarcely possible to realize the relative magnificence of the period. The inscriptions relating to the time on the walls of Thebes, translated to Germanicus, astonished the Roman masters of Egypt and the civilized world. A pylon at Thebes gives 1,200 names of places conquered or garrisoned by the Egyptians." "The arms of Egypt reached to Nineveh Babel offered tribute and homage."

In Africa his conquests were pushed to the furthest east of the continent, and in the south beyond the Blue Nile. "In the hymns or pæans to Thothmes and lists, Kefa or Phœnicia, and the Isles of the Mediterranean—probably Cyprus, to which some have referred the sculpture of an early age, modeled after contemporary Egyptian sculpture—are mentioned. Not insensible to science, Thothmes commenced in his twenty-fifth year the first collection of botany." This was in Syria.

The timely action of England has at last saved from the fate threatened by barbarism one of the few colossal Obelisks left in the world; one of the only four such monoliths bearing a definite date; one associated with the glories of Abercromby and Nelson, with the names of the first Cæsars and Cleopatra; one engraved with the signs manual of Sesostris and Thothmes the Great.

The vexed question of the most appropriate site for the erection of the Obelisk is at last settled, and it is to find a resting-place at the Adelphi steps on the Thames embankment. The damp, smoke-laden atmosphere of the British metropolis is likely to have a very damaging effect upon the stone, which in a more favorable climate has lasted so long. The *Pall Mall Gazette* states, on the authority of a certain German doctor, that the Luxor Obelisk has suffered greater deterioration during the last thirty-six years by exposure to the atmosphere of Paris, than it did in the purer atmosphere of Egypt during the same number of centuries.

FLOGGING—TURKISH, JEWISH AND ENGLISH.

The rod has played a conspicuous part in history; it enters into scholastic, religious and civil discipline. With the ax, it was the emblem of the power of life and death at Rome, and in our ornamentation the ax and rods, the fasces of the lictor, still enter.

How the rod is used in Turkish schools is shown in our illustration. It will be new to our young folks. The unfortunate culprit is laid on his back, and a pole, with cords fixed in it, is used to raise up his feet, so as to be within convenient distance of the teacher's ferule. This pole is supported by two boys, and the bare feet are run through slip-nooses in the cords so as to hold the feet with the soles upright and immovable.

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Religious flogging, used in monasteries under the name of discipline, is evidently taken from the Jews, whose practice throws light on doubtful passages of Scripture. Buxtorf, in his "Judaic Synagogue" (1661), says:

"There are constantly two men in every Jewish school who withdraw from the rest of the company, and retire into a particular place of the room, where they are met: one lays himself flat on the ground, with his head turned to the north and his feet to the south (or his head to the south and his feet to the north); and the other, who remains standing, gives him thirty-nine blows upon his back with a strap or thong of ox-leather. In the meanwhile the man who is lashed recites three times over the thirty-eighth verse of the seventy-eighth Psalm. This verse in the Hebrew language contains just thirteen words; at every word the patient recites he receives a lash from the other man, which, when he has recited the whole verse three times over, makes up the prescribed number, thirty-nine; and at every time he says the last word he strikes his own breast with his fist. This operation being concluded, the *operator* in his turn becomes the *patient*, and places himself in the same situation as the other had done, who then uses him in the same brotherly manner in which the former had used him, and they thus mutually chastise each other for their sins."

Whipping as a civil punishment has ceased almost entirely with us, but our illustrations from old prints show how it was done in the olden time.

In the year 1685, when Jeffreys was Lord Chief Justice, Titus Oates underwent a whipping almost unprecedentedly severe. Titus Oates was the son of an Anabaptist teacher; and, assuming Holy Orders, became chaplain on board a man-of-war, whence he was dismissed on complaint of beastly crimes. His after career was simply a course of villainy and perjury. The pictures of the period show him as a bull-necked, bandy-legged figure, with "forehead villainous low," and purple, bloated face. He stood his trial with great effrontery, although bullied and reviled by the judges and witnesses. He was found guilty on both indictments, and here is the sentence: "To pay on each indictment a fine of one thousand marks; to be stripped of all his canonical habits; to be imprisoned for life; to stand in the pillory on the following Monday with a paper on his head, declaring his crime; next day to stand in the pillory at the Royal Exchange with the same inscription; on the Wednesday to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate; on the Friday to be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn; upon the 24th of April in every year during life to stand in the pillory at Tyburn, opposite the gallows; on the 9th of August in every year to stand in the pillory opposite Westminster Hall gate; on the 10th of August in every year to stand in the pillory at Charing Cross; and the like on the following day at Temple Bar; to be continued on the 2d of September every year at the Royal Exchange"; the Court expressing deep regret that they could not do more, as they would "not have been unwilling to have given judgment of death upon him."

In "Partridge's Almanack for 1692," it is stated that Oates was whipped with a whip of six thongs, and received 2,256 lashes, amounting to 13,536 stripes.

The other illustration represents Stroud, a notorious cheat, whipped at the cart's tail from Charing Cross to Whitehall.

Be always at leisure to do good; never make business an excuse to decline offices of humanity.

Cities force growth, and make men talkative and entertaining; but they also make them artificial.

KID.

On Tuesday, the 7th of June—the rest of the date not important—Mr. Joshua Tanner, host of The Black Bear Inn, in the pretty and retired village of Bayside, had the felicity of receiving as guests Madame Lubec and her maid, Mademoiselle Florine. And these came not as mere transient guests, but with the understanding that they were to remain some weeks—some months, perhaps, if the air, and the bathing, and the place, and the people, and the rooms, and the *cuisine*, were such as to meet the approval of madame For madame was fastidious, as she avowed, and exacting, as she soon allowed to be apparent; but as she was also rich, and paid liberally, and ordered many *extras* in the way of wine, etc., mine host was content to overlook her little infirmities with the benevolent indulgence of a spirit itself superior to such, so that both parties got on excellently together.

Madame had the best little parlor and bedroom—the former opening upon an upper piazza, prettily shaded with Madeira-vine, and looking, first, down upon an old-fashioned, shady lawn, and thence across a sandy beach to the broad, smooth waters of the bay, and the green shores and pretty hamlets surrounding it, with, far in the distance, a brief glimpse of the ocean. Here, in a big armchair by the window, she generally sat reading novels and papers and magazines—French, most of them—or getting Florine to do it for her, when she was herself too sleepy or "nervous" for that fatiguing employment.

Sometimes she would "exercise" on the piazza, or walk a little on the sands, leaning on Florine's left arm, while Florine's right held an umbrella above her head; and once she even ventured on a little, quiet sail in Mr. Tanner's fishing-boat, and declared it very pleasant.

To be sure, Bayside was only a dull, out-of-the-way little place, with nothing to interest or amuse; but madame must submit to this for the sake of the health she had come in search of. She was a "nervous" sufferer, subject to headaches, pains and weaknesses of various sorts, and her physician had sent her to this quiet, cool, healthy little place, with the assurance that she would be benefited by a brief residence there during the Summer months.

Madame Lubec, notwithstanding her name and title, was not a Frenchwoman. She had been born and brought up in America, and had early married a Frenchman, with whom she had resided in France until his death, a few years back. She had now returned to her native country on a business visit, but so thoroughly imbued with French tastes and habits, that she made no scruple of expressing her disgust of everything American, and especially of American cookery.

In fact, this latter was the one little point of disagreement between mine host and his distinguished guest. Madame insisted at times upon French dishes and French cookery. She looked with dissatisfaction upon good roast beef and mutton, and ordered them to be served minced, and seasoned, and disguised in such quantities of gravy and sauces and spices that the cook, Mrs. Jobson—the landlord was a widower—who prided herself upon her skill in the preparation of "good, wholesome, Christian victuals," frequently averred that when the dishes were prepared and ready to be sent up, she really couldn't tell "which was which, or whether one warn't t'other."

And as to eating what was left of these preparations, Mrs.

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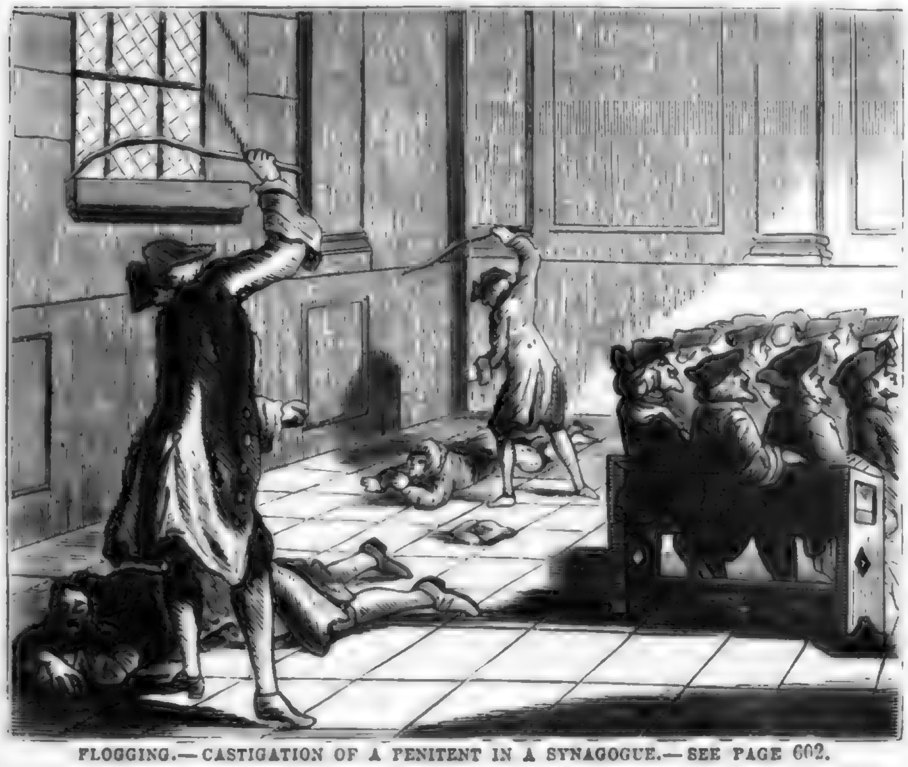
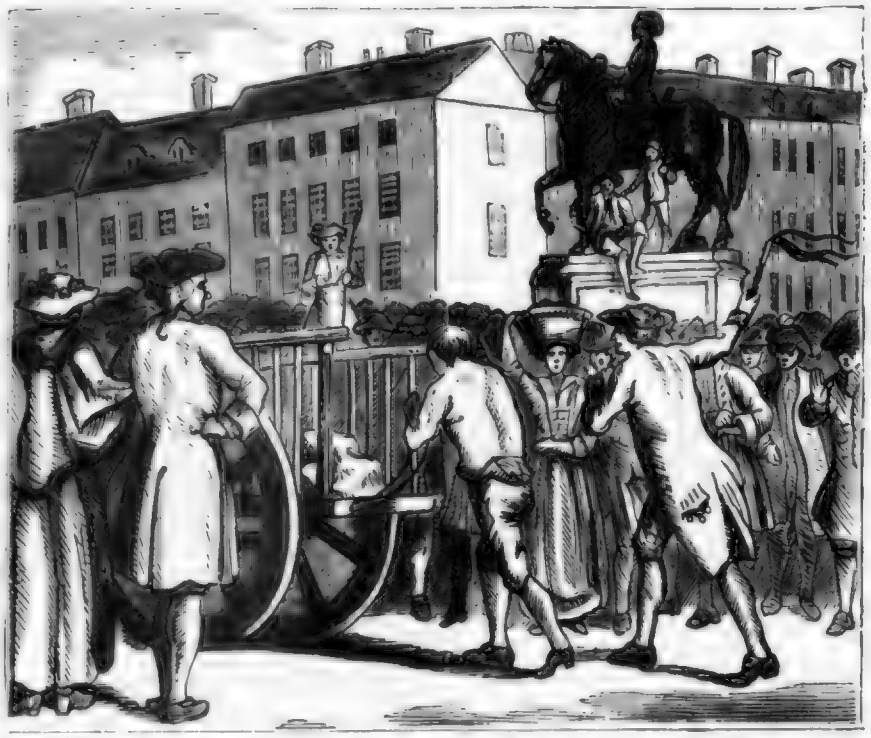


FLOGGING.—CASTIGATION OF A PENITENT IN A SYNAGOGUE.—SEE PAGE 602.



STROUD, THE NOTORIOUS CHEAT, WHIPPED AT THE CART'S TAIL THROUGH LONDON.

Jobson would as soon have partaken of "pizen"—a prejudice shared by every individual of the establishment, with the exception of Dick, the kitchen-boy, and his usual companion, the big white cat—neither of whom had ever been known to be particularly dainty on the subject of gastronomy.

Had the question of the mere method of cooking been all, it would not have been half so bad. But what would people think of an elderly lady, born in America, well-mannered and well-dressed, who unhesitatingly avowed her partiality for—*frogs?*

Yet such was the fact; and Madame Lubec had offered Dick a liberal reward for every one of those hideous reptiles that he could succeed in capturing and bringing to The Black Bear for her special delectation and refreshment.

She was fond of frogs; she knew of no more nice and delicate dish. Chicken was not to be compared with it, and rabbit was—*bah!* Yes, certainly, she quite adored frogs. And before the disgust and astonishment of this discovery had quite worn away from the minds of the good people of Bayside, it was revived and heightened tenfold by the appearance in the kitchen of Mademoiselle Florine, bearing a basket of mushrooms, carefully collected by herself, with a request from madame that they should be stewed in milk, and served hot, with spices, wine and butter.

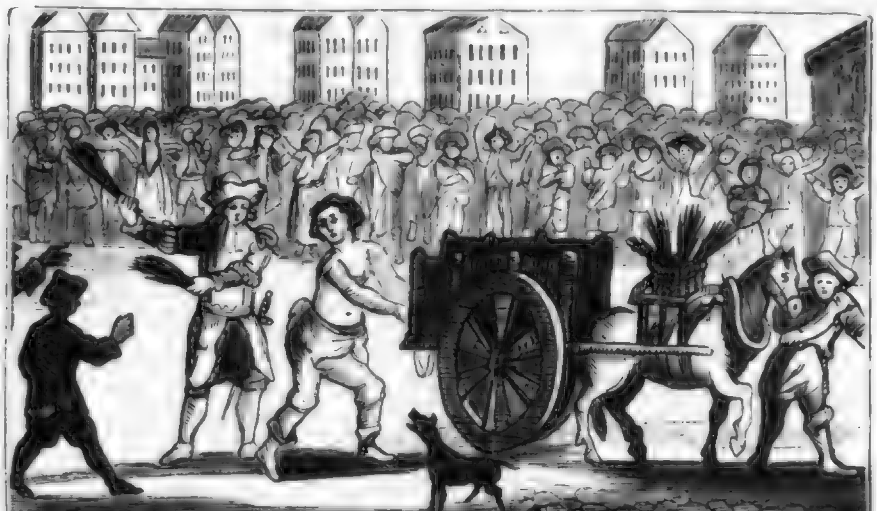
In vain did Mr. Tanner express his warning conviction that all mushrooms were poisonous. Florine averred that nothing was more wholesome. In vain did Mrs. Jobson declare that they were "carrion." Florine swore that they were "divine."

"Mushrooms! Why, the very pigs would refuse to touch 'em!" said the cook.

"Madame Jobson was welcome to do as the pigs did," said Florine. "For herself, she had not the time to stand talking there about what the barbarous Americans could never understand; she must go out again, and search for snails for her lady. Snails were excellent eating. Roasted brown, in their shells, she had herself seen them served to her former mistress, who was consumptive, at the hotel in Nice—six on a silver plate, with a tiny gold fork with which to pluck them out of their shells. They tasted like——"

But here Mrs. Jobson, with a convulsed and seasick countenance, rushed out of the kitchen, into the yard, and so missed the valuable knowledge of the peculiar flavor of a roasted snail.

After this, however, the people of The Black Bear, and the inhabitants round about, were prepared for anything in the way of gastronomical manifestations from Madame Lubec and her French maid. The

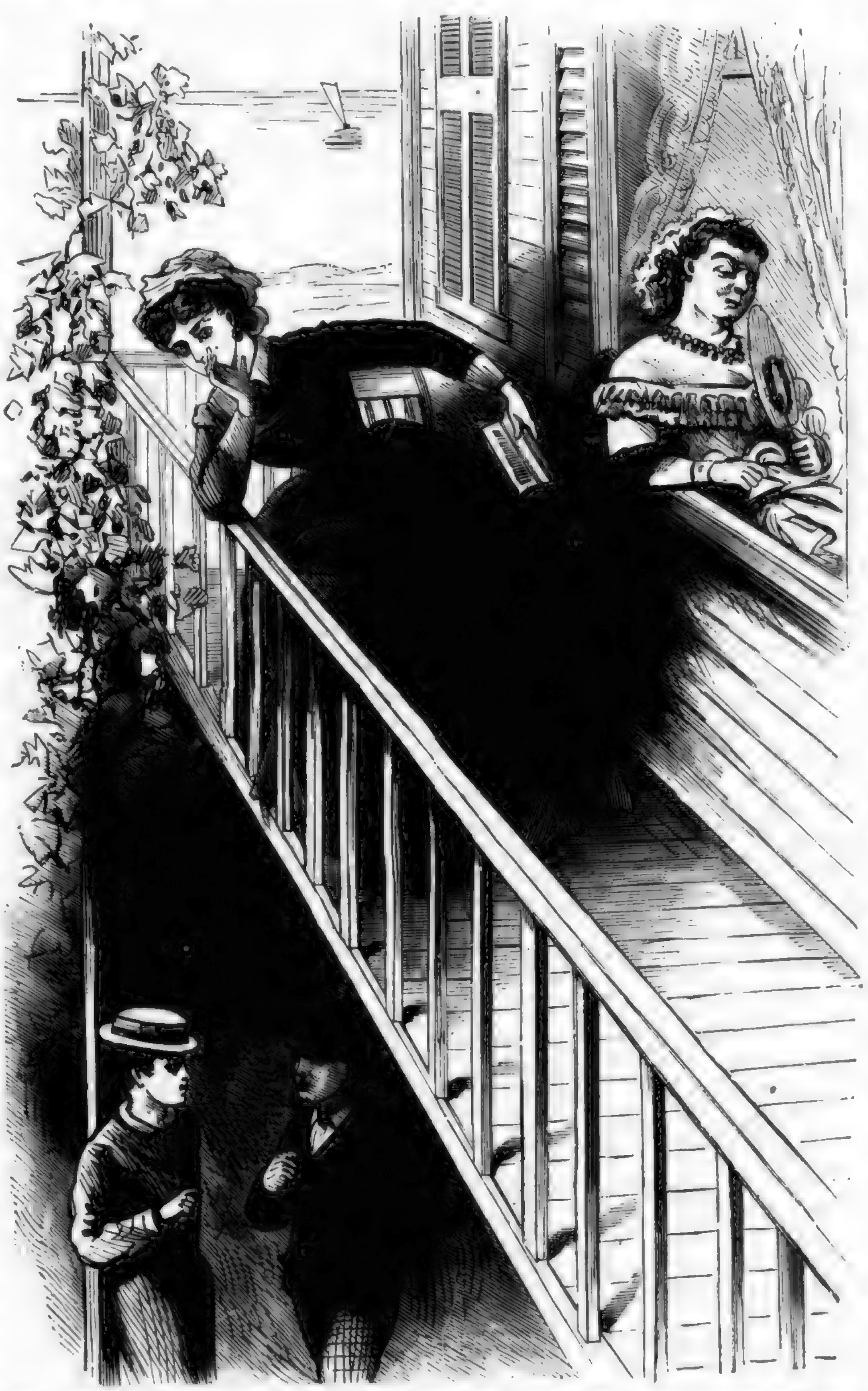


THE SCOURGING OF TITUS OATES FROM NEWGATE TO TYBURN. FROM A DUTCH PRINT.

only wonder was, *what would it be next?* though it appeared doubtful whether anything lower than the snails and mushrooms could be discovered in the animal and vegetable kingdom to serve the gratification of any appetite, whether French or Hottentot.

Even Mr. Tanner remarked, in a low voice, in the privacy of the kitchen, that he should not be surprised any day at an order from madame for a *fricassee* snake, *garni* with earth-worms; to which Mrs. Jobson replied, "that sich might be, only *she* weren't to be expected to cook 'em." And again, lifting her eyes deprecatingly to heaven, she wondered, "What next?" To tell the truth, this question was at that very time puzzling the mind of madame herself.

The fare at The Black Bear, though excellent and plentiful, had the drawback of a little too much sameness. Madame liked variety. No matter how nice the dish, she could not relish it if presented more than once a week; and this was often the case at The Black Bear, especially as regarded the meats. It was not a part of the country for game, and she was tired of the everlasting roast, and baked, and boiled beef, mutton, and lamb. Of this she complained to the host; but he declared, sorrowfully, that it could not be helped.



KID.—"THE MADAME SEEMED SO FAR LAPSED INTO THE LAND OF DREAMS THAT THE MAID PAUSED, AND, LEANING OVER THE PIAZZA, CAUGHT SOME WORDS SPOKEN BENEATH."—SEE PAGE 603.

Bayside was a little place, remote from any great market, farm, or town, and it was very difficult, in Summer, to obtain a regular supply of fresh meats. Visitors were compelled to take what offered, and therewith to be content.

One bright day, madame sat sleepily dozing in the big armchair by the open window, whilst Florine, on the piazza outside, sat reading to her, and occasionally keeping off the flies with her fan. Presently madame seemed so far lapsed into the land of dreams that the maid paused, and laying her book open upon her kneè, yawned long and wearily. And in the interval of time thus occupied, her ear caught some words spoken beneath the piazza. One of the speakers was Dick, and the other an intimate friend of his, who was sometimes employed upon the place.

"Our Kidd," said Dick, proudly—"our Kidd is the handsomest, fattest, playfullest critter of its sort that you ever sot eyes on. You couldn't find another to come up to him."

"He couldn't hold a candle to our'n," said the friend.

"And your'n couldn't hold a match to this 'ere one. Look at him! Look at his long shiny hair! Feel his skin, how thin it is; and his flesh, how fat and tender! Why, he's good enough to eat, is our Kidd."

"Ah, madame," said Florence, suddenly; and madame started from her doze.

"What is it?" she asked, fretfully.

"I beg madame's pardon, but they talk, those two," pointing downward—"they talk of one kid, one fine, fat, juicy kid. Madame did formerly like kid. Madame did complain of one sameness in ze cuisine."

"Certainly, I should like a change of some kind. I think I could relish a bit of kid, properly prepared. I remember when I liked it at the Château des Roches. That good Monsieur Tanner has doubtless obtained it expressly for me."

But as the good Monsieur Tanner made no allusion to the kid, and the kid never made its appearance upon the table, madame, whose desire for the new dish had been nursed by expectation, mentioned the subject to him.

"Monsieur, I hear that you have a fine kid?"

"Kid?" inquired monsieur, doubtfully.

"Yes, a fine, fat kid. Your boy, Dick, mentioned it, I think."

For an instant the host looked perplexed. But suddenly his brow cleared and his countenance expanded into a suave smile.

"Ay, yes, madame—certainly it is a fine animal. His weight is nigh upon twenty pounds, and he's that fat, madame—that fat that one might put a wick into his mouth and burn him for a candle."

"Indeed," said Madame, looking pleased. "You are fattening him for the table, I presume?"

"For the table!"

"I confess I should very much like a taste of his flesh. It would be an agreeable change; and Florine here knows an excellent receipt for making a pleasant dish—necessarily rather strongly flavored, but good. A favorite dish in many parts of France."

The landlord, who had been staring as in blank amazement, now broke forth:

"But surely, madame, you don't really mean it? We don't eat that kind of animal *here*. We don't look upon it as fit meat for Christian folks, nor sceercely dogs—except the lowest."

Madame flushed, and erected herself with dignity.

"Pardon me, Monsieur Tanner," she observed, with elaborate stateliness—"pardon me for reminding you that it is scarcely appropriate in America to give lessons to France upon the subject of gastronomy and cooking. With us"—madame, when excited upon any little national point, was apt to forget that she had not been born in France—"with *us*, it is one of the fine arts, carefully studied; whilst you—Bah! what do Americans know about what is or what is not good to eat, or the proper manner of preparing food?—with you, it is but one degree removed from the native Indians. Hack off the shapeless lump of flesh, dump it in a pot of water, or poke it into the fire on the end of a stick, and call that cooking! Bah!"

"Monsieur" Tanner seemed too dumbfounded to take offense at these candid reflections upon himself and his nationality, or even to reply thereto.

Soothed by his silence, madame assumed a milder tone.

"And your kid, monsieur—shall we have it? I know very well that in this country a prejudice exists against its flesh, and that of the goat; but it is not so in Europe—certainly not in France. I should greatly enjoy the dish, and so I know would Florine."

"Ah, madame!" said Florine, clasping her hands and rolling up her eyes in ecstasy of assent.

Mine host rubbed his head and stroked his chin slowly.

"Well, madame," he said, thoughtfully, "I don't quite like sacrificing the poor critter, seein' he's been a sort o' pet about the place, and Mrs. Jobson might object to cooking it ——"

"Mrs. Jobson is a fool, Monsieur Tanner!" interrupted madame, with a warmth which immediately imposed upon the host the necessity of conciliatory measures. So he answered, hastily:

"Not that I mean to deny but what she's some crotchety ways and notions of her own—Mrs. Jobson has—though I dessay I can bring her round. Yes, ma'am," he added, rather sadly, "seeing as your heart is sot upon the critter, I think I can say as how I'll see what can be done."

With this implied promise madame contented herself, though not without a doubt as to its fulfillment, until, on the next day, assured by Mr. Tanner himself that her wishes should be gratified—nay, that the kid was already sacrificed, and would be served at dinner on the day following, according to the receipt of Mademoiselle Florine.

The landlord looked a little out of spirits as he spoke thus; but replied to madame's polite inquiry, that he was quite well, only—only he had somehow lost his appetite on this day. And madame, divining the cause, uttered beneath her breath, as he left the room:

"The insolence and presumption of these ignorant people, to pretend to despise what *we* eat!"

However, she was again in a good humor when, on being summoned to dinner on the following day, her olfactories were greeted by a most savory odor of mingled meat, herbs and spices, and she saw before her the much-longed-for dish, prepared and cooked to a turn.

On trial it proved even better than she had hoped—tender, savory, and without a particle of the peculiar flavor which renders it so objectionable to the taste of English and Americans. In short, first madame, and then Florine, partook liberally of the *ragoût*. After which madame, calm, placid, pleased, sat at her window, with her glass of wine beside her, while Dick came in to remove the dishes.

Dick grinned furtively as his eye turned from the *ragoût* to madame; and he sniffed at the former secretly, as he prepared to remove it.

"Really, Richard," said madame, condescendingly—"really that was an excellently prepared *ragoût;* almost as good as if from the hands of a French *artiste*. I must express my acknowledgments to Mrs. Jobson for her trouble," and she drew out her purse.

"Please ma'am," said Dick, "it weren't Mrs. Jobson's cookin'. 'Twas me as done it, bekase Mrs. Jobson she said as 'ow *she'd* niver lay a finger on it to tetch it. Poor Kidd!"

Dick looked down at the remnants of meat with a sorrowful visage.

"Where, then, is Jenny," inquired Florine, sharply, "zat she do not wait on ze table, as she have ever?"

"Jenny, she says as 'ow her stomach couldn't stand it no 'ow; and I'm to fling what's left into the ditch behind the garden."

Florine sniffed contemptuously.

"If it be not that good for Mademoiselle Jenny, better give it to ze dog or ze cat," she suggested.

Dick opened his eyes.

"What cat, mum?"

"Zat cat, white and big, what I sometimes see promenade in ze garden with Monsieur Tannare."

Dick's eyes opened wider.

"Kidd, you mean, mum? Why, how can Kidd—poor Kidd!—how *can* Kidd go and eat up his own self?"

Florine stared.

Madame's lips parted. A greenish tinge came into her face. She stretched forth her hand, and grasped Dick's shoulder convulsively.

"Boy!" she gasped, "tell me! You don't mean——"

And more she could not utter, but sank back into her chair, pale and powerless.

"Tell *me!*" shrieked Florine, starting up and seizing the unhappy youth by the collar. "What you call zis?" pointing to the *ragoût*. "Is it what you call ze kid, ze young goat?"

"Young goat! No, in course not!" responded Dick, indignantly. "*We* don't call cats goats! We calls 'em cats!"

"Cat!" shrieked Florine, with a fearful heave of her breast. "Zid you no tell me it was kid?"

"That was his name, to be sure—'Cappen Kidd, and I sailed, and I sailed——'" Dick checked himself, with a sense of the impropriety of this musical outburst, and looked

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apologetically around. Florine had disappeared, and madame had swooned in her chair.

Two days thereafter Madame Lubec and her maid, Mademoiselle Florine, both looking pale and exhausted, as from a protracted illness, drove away from the door of The Black Bear, casting a parting glance of unforgiving scorn and indignation at the guilty-looking host, who stood feebly protesting to the bystanders that it was not his fault; that he had conscientiously believed he was complying with madame's wishes; and that, after all, that—*that Kidd* was as good as frogs, snails and mushrooms—a sentiment to which the bystanders gave an immediate and unanimous approval.

DISCOVERY OF ANOTHER POMPEII.

A correspondent of the London *Times* writes

"Considerable interest has been excited among the archæologists of Southern Italy by reports of a late, remarkable discovery. This was nothing less than the disentombment of another Pompeii. The scene is in the neighborhood of Manfredonia, on the Adriatic coast, about 140 miles northwest of Brindisi, in the low-lying ground which stretches from the foot of Monte Gargano to the sea; and the ancient city which has been revealed is Sipuntum. Already the discoveries have brought to light a Temple of Diana and a colonnade about 65 feet long, and have partially explored an underground necropolis, which seems to be about 40 feet or 45 feet square. A portion of the inscriptions and numerous interesting objects which were found have been already deposited in the National Museum at Naples, and the Italian Government has given the requisite instructions in order that extensive explorations shall at once be carried out in a proper manner. The disappearance of Sipuntum was not owing to showers of volcanic ashes, similar to those that buried its Neapolitan sisters, but to the sinking of the site on which it stood, the effect, probably, of successive earthquakes. It was a lucky fate, for to it we owe its preservation in its present state. The depression has been so great that the ancient buildings now lie at an average depth of 20 feet below the level of the surrounding plain. A portion of the existing town of Manfredonia is built over the remains of ancient Sipuntum, exactly as Dr. Schliemann found one town superimposed over the existing remains of another at Hissarlik. Sipuntum was originally a Greek colony of unknown date. Tradition, as in the case of many other ancient cities of Apulia, attributed its foundation to Diomede. It was old when the Romans resettled all that country after the second Punic war. It was then, probably, its name took the form by which it is historically known. The original name was Sipus or Sipons, given to it, most likely, from the cuttle-fish (*sepia*), cast up on the neighboring shore. From this the Romans formed Sipuntum, in the same way as Tarentum, Hydruntum, and others. It was never very flourishing; indeed, Apulia never recovered the awful devastation of the Punic war. Still, it managed to preserve its existence, while other ancient cities were disappearing so thoroughly that no tradition lingers even of their site. But by the middle of the thirteenth century, we are told, it was considered very unhealthy on account of its sunken position and the marshes by which it was surrounded; the effect, doubtless, of the depression of the ground which had been already established. So, in 1251, Manfred, the son of the Emperor Frederick II., then King of Southern Italy, transferred the population to a new town, which he built in a higher and more healthy situation, and which was called after him Manfredonia. Thenceforward old Sipuntum was deserted and handed over to the earthquakes, which seem to have dealt with it tenderly, not rudely shaking it into ruin, but wrapping it in clay and tufa-sand so effectively as to hide it away for six centuries."

VILLAGE MUSEUMS.

In each large village or town a room should be provided in which to keep on permanent and free exhibition, in connection, perhaps, with a public library, specimens of every department of Natural History. Here should be found the male and female of every bird frequenting the locality, properly prepared, together with their nests and eggs, and all of the fishes that swim in its streams; pieces of the wood from every tree growing within its territorial limits, prepared to show its different characteristics, as the bark, the grain, etc.; specimens of the various kinds of crops raised, as wheat, rye, potatoes, corn, etc.; of fruits and berries; of weeds and grasses; of rocks and minerals; of insects, noting particularly those injurious to vegetation, with specimens showing their ravages—in fact, of everything not too large that flies, swims, crawls, hops or grows within the county.

Such a collection as this could not fail to be of essential service to the general public. As an educational institution for the young men none could be better. If any reader doubts the necessity of such instruction as could be had there, let him ask the next boy of sixteen he meets how many kinds of the forest-trees growing within a mile of him he can name at sight; or the girl, of the same age, how many different kinds of birds she supposes visits her home every year; or the first practical farmer to tell, of a dozen varieties of plants you may hand him, which are weeds and which grasses. The reply will doubtless prove an ignorance greater than would be supposed.

Or, rather than question your neighbor, suppose you ask yourself: What do you know of the world about you? While stopping at a little village on Lake George, a few years ago, we heard a lady visitor ask of a resident the name of a beautiful wild flower she had found on her rambles, and all the information that she received was that it was "some kind of a blow." It is lamentably true that habits of observation are too little cultivated among our rural population. This can be overcome, to a great extent, if a little interest can be awakened, and its effect will show itself not only in the pleasure acquired from the fact of knowing, but the knowledge will manifest itself in practical ways, eventuating in larger and better crops.

No particle of knowledge of anything, good or bad, can be obtained that cannot be put to a good and practical use if its possessor has a will to do it. Therefore, no opportunity should be lost for acquiring it, or for furnishing facilities by which it may be acquired by others.

But how is such a museum to be established? Easily and inexpensively, if you who take an interest in the matter will call a meeting of the young people of your acquaintance that you think would work with you. Our word for it, they will join heartily in the enterprise. The work should be divided in sections—Section A for Birds, B for Fruits, C for Insects, and so on—appointing to each section those whose tastes will make the labor of working therein a pleasure instead of a task. As soon as a few specimens are ready, hold meetings for the purpose of talking about them, and it will soon be found that no more pleasant way of spending an evening can be imagined. The work once begun, a spirit of commendable rivalry between the sections will arise, urging all on to activity and thoroughness, and in a few weeks the nucleus of a complete museum will be established, which will not only prove immensely interesting, but highly educational.

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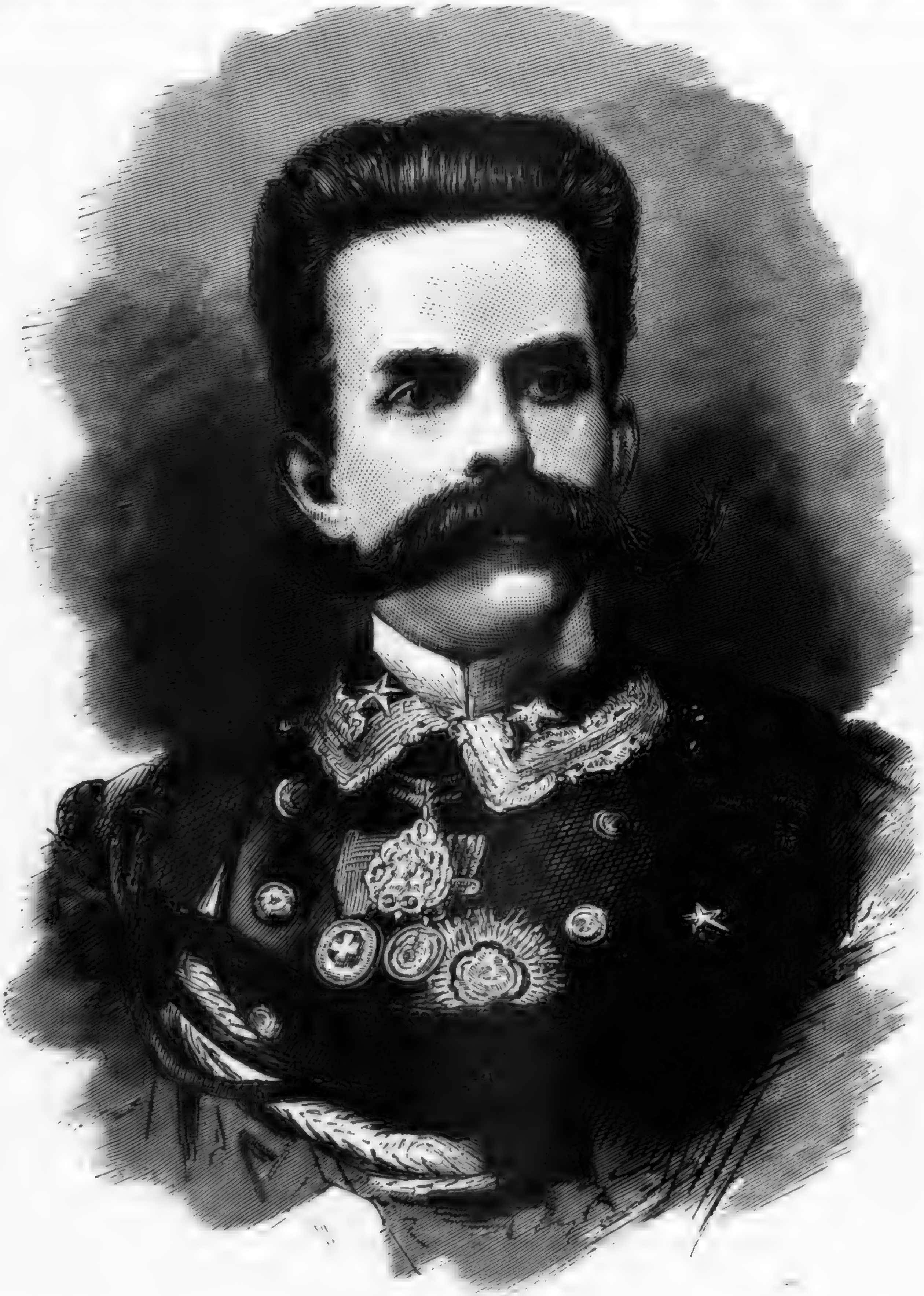
HUMBERT IV., KING OF ITALY, AND MARGARITA, HIS QUEEN.

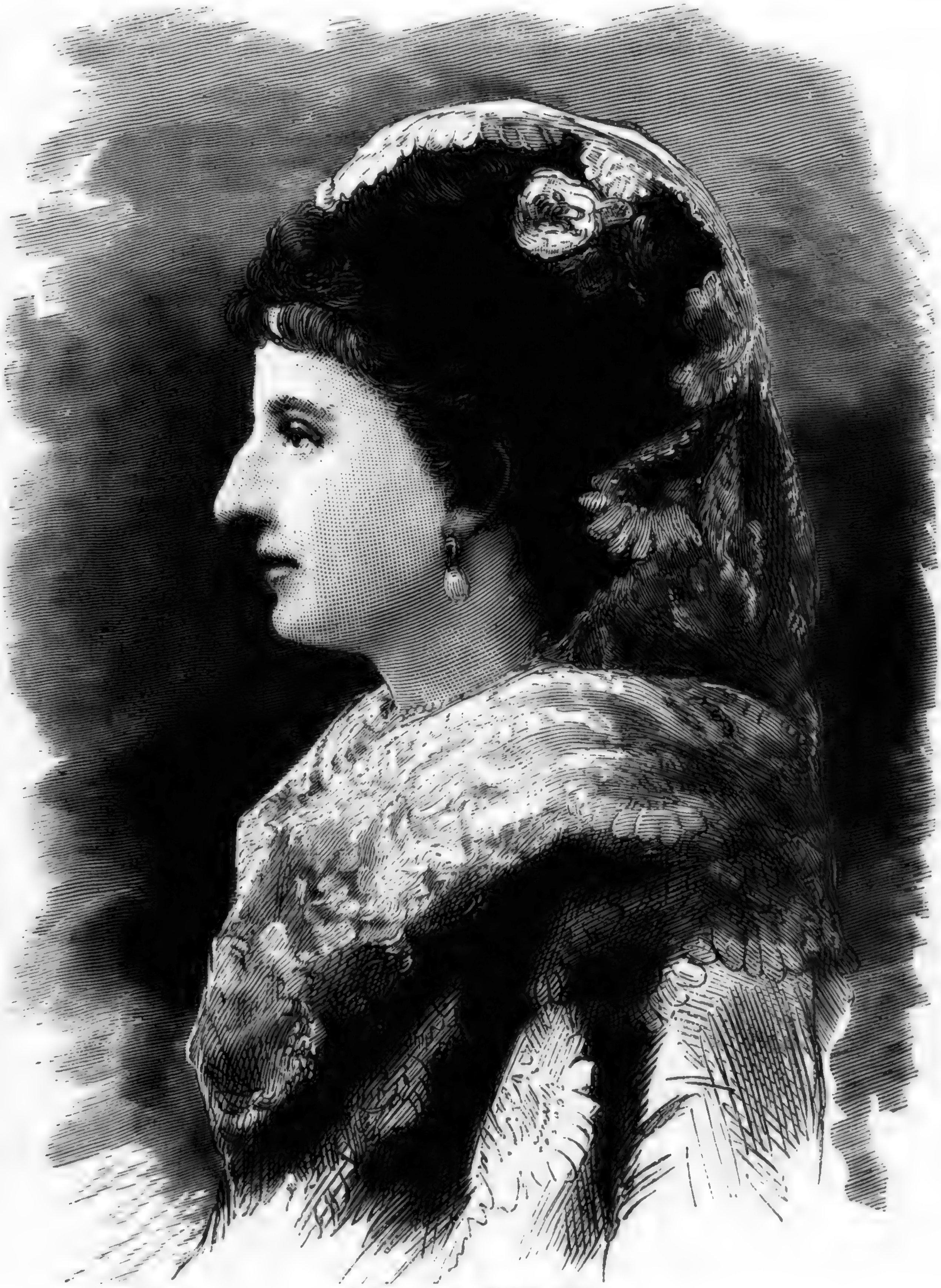
Italy, after many centuries of division, became one kingdom under the hand of Victor Emmanuel the Second, King of Sardinia, of the younger branch of the House of Savoy. The house is an ancient one, and has steadily pushed its way to its present position of influence. It has numbered among its members not only temporal rulers, successful generals, but a contestant of the Papacy, a princess deemed worthy of canonization, a king who, after aiding to suppress the Jesuits in his youth, abdicated his throne late in life to become a Jesuit lay-brother.

Victor Emmanuel lived long enough to mold into a coherent state the new kingdom composed of very clashing material; and but for the antagonism existing between it and the Catholic Church and its head, the Kingdom of Italy would have no element of weakness.



HUMBERT IV., KING OF ITALY.

The death of the first King of reunited Italy, and the almost simultaneous death of Pope Pius IX., devolve on new and untrammeled hands the future of the Peninsula.



MARGHERITA, QUEEN CONSORT OF ITALY.

King Humbert IV., of Italy, is the eldest son, and second child, of Victor Emmanuel; his sister, Princess Clotilde, the wife of Prince Napoleon Jerome Bonaparte, being one year older. He was born on March 14th, 1844, his mother being the Archduchess Adelaide of Austria. The House of Savoy-Carignan, a younger branch of the first reigning House of Savoy, came to the throne in 1831, upon the failure of the elder branch. The Kingdom of Sardinia, including the Principality of Piedmont, with the territory of Genoa and the hereditary Duchy of Savoy, as well as the Island of Sardinia, thus belonged to Charles Albert, who abdicated in 1849, after the defeat of Novara, leaving his crown to his son, the late King Victor Emmanuel, who was enabled, by the extraordinary political and military events of 1859 to 1870, to annex to his dominions all the other

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parts of Italy. He was proclaimed King of Italy in March, 1861 by a vote of the Italian Parliament at Turin, representing every province and capital except Rome and Venice, which were joined to the kingdom, respectively, in 1866 and in 1870.

The population of Italy is nearly 27,000,000, and it has a revenue of 260 millions of dollars, and a national debt of two thousand millions; so that the kingdom, though the youngest in Europe, already ranks fifth of the Great Powers.

King Humbert, like his father, is a soldier whose personal courage has been proved in the battle-field. On taking the oath of fidelity to the Constitution before the united Senators and Deputies, he delivered an address, in which he declared it to be the "faith of his House and his own strength, that the religious observance of free institutions is the best safeguard against all dangers," and that his only aspiration was to deserve the praise, "He was worthy of his father."

Queen Margherita, the wife of King Humbert, is his first cousin, being daughter of the late Prince Ferdinand, Duke of Genoa, a brother of the late King Victor Emmanuel; her mother is Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King John of Saxony and Duchess of Genoa, who is now married to a second husband, the Marquis Rapello.

Queen Margherita was born in November, 1851, and married Prince Humbert in April, 1868. She has one child, named Victor Emmanuel, who was born in November, 1869.

THE PIGEON-HAWK, OR AMERICAN MERLIN.

"Handsome is as handsome does," is a proverb that will scarcely apply to this handsome little hawk. Its coloring is striking; bluish, tipped with white; every feather made more effective by a black line. The male is smaller than the female, and young birds are marked in a manner so different from the adults as to be readily mistaken for some other variety.

Like the European merlin, these little hawks are the boldest of their size. They pounce upon thrushes, wild pigeons, woodpeckers, snipe, and even teal; but the blackbird and other feathered game of that size are its predilection. It attacks fiercely, and undisturbed by the presence of man. It comes around our habitations with all effrontery, and will attack a singing-bird in its cage on the veranda of a city house.

Were falconry ever to become the fashion in this country, this bird would be a favorite, as it could be easily trained, and its bold, impetuous spirit would make its attack on larger birds exciting.

It is found in all parts of our Continent; but breeds in the north, building a coarsely constructed nest for its spherical eggs, of dusky white, splashed with brownish dashes.

As the morning sun calls out our little songsters of the woods, it is no pleasant sight to see one of these robbers of the air dash into their midst, and bear one off to its haunt, in order to pick out the brain; while its mate and young, encouraged by its success, sail off gracefully through the air, fair and bright, but on an errand of blood.

Envy is the most inexcusable of all passions. Every other sin has some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of an excuse; envy alone wants both. Other sins last but for a while; the appetite may be satisfied, anger remits, hatred has an end; but envy never ceases.

THEODORE HOOK.

By Henry Barton Baker.

That we are of a sadder race than were our grandfathers is past a doubt; that we are, in consequence, of a wiser, is very disputable. Fun, mirth, real animal spirits are dead amongst us; over-fastidiousness, false refinement, have so toned us down that no brightness remains in us, and we are a mere agglomeration of negatives. Our jests have no laughter in them; they have only the grin of a death's-head mocking its own corruption; and the grin can only be evolved at the expense of something that preceding generations have ennobled. Our very schoolboys are dyspeptic cynics, who would scorn such efflorescences as once characterized men of twenty and thirty. Practical jokes are now held in horror—and, regarded from a certain point of view, they are indefensible; but they were frequently the first outcomes of that vigorous life which thereafter made daring soldiers, sailors, and heroes of all kinds, reformers, explorers, the men who make a nation's history. The old-young man of the present day, with his cynicism, his intense realism which strips the very flesh off humanity and gloats upon its skeleton, who believes in nothing save himself, and that the whole duty of man is summed up in Iago's creed: "Put money in thy purse," who scorns sentiment and love as the hallucinations of a silly, bygone age, who finds in the noblest records of what men and women have done and suffered only capital subjects for burlesque, who sneers at everything on earth save gold; these young men have not the vices of their great-grandfathers, but neither have they their virtues; they do not *publicly sin* against the proprieties, neither do they ever sin against their own interests.

To appreciate the vast gulf in manners that divides us from, say, the opening years of the nineteenth century, we have only to turn to the lives of the wits and humorists of that period, to the account of their sayings and doings, their mode of life. Endeavor to conceive a Charles Mathews the Elder, a Theodore Hook, a Thomas Hill, a Barham, in the present day. It is an impossibility; they would be as much out of place as a knight-errant or a medieval monk. Fancy a man perpetrating the Berners Street or the Spanish Ambassador hoax in this year of grace 1878. You can no more imagine it than you can a mail-clad knight nailing his mistress's colors against the Charing Cross Hotel and challenging every man who drove up in a hansom to do battle in defense of her peerless beauty. The sequel to both such adventures would be a policeman and Bow Street.

It is with the most notorious of all practical jokers that this paper has to do. Theodore Hook was born in the same year as Lord Byron, 1788, and was likewise his schoolfellow at Harrow, where, however, he did not remain long enough to form any intimacy with the future great poet. Hook's father was a musical composer of some celebrity in his day; his only brother, born eighteen years before him, became Dean of Worcester; he was a man of wit and ability, and the author of a couple of novels, frequently ascribed to his younger brother, "Pet Owen" and "Percy Mallory." In his novel of "Gilbert Gurney," which contains so much of his personal history, Theodore gives a glimpse of his youth which admirably foreshadows the man. "My school life was not a happy one. I was idle and careless of my tasks. I had no aptitude for learning languages. I hated Greek and absolutely shuddered at Hebrew. I fancied myself a genius, and everything that could be done in a hurry and with little trouble I did tolerably well, but application I had not." The death of his mother—an estimable woman, who might, had she lived, have toned down the extravagances of his disposition—when he was only fourteen years old, had a momentous effect upon his future life. His father, an easy-going, jovial man, readily listened to his pleadings not to be sent back to school, and kept him at home as a companion to solace him in his affliction, though, young as he was, he had already given evidence of those talents which thereafter rendered him so famous. He had a fine ear for music, a beautiful voice, and was a brilliant pianist. One evening he played and sang two songs, one pathetic and the other comic, which were new to his father, and which, upon inquiry, he declared to be his own composition, both music and words. Mr. Hook composed ballad music, but had to seek elsewhere for the verses; nothing could be more opportune than this discovery of his son's abilities. Henceforth there was a partnership. "So I remained at home," to again quote Gurney, "and was my father's darling; he fancied nothing on earth was like me. I was the wittiest if not the wisest fellow breathing, and I have seen my respectable parent shake his fat sides with laughing at my jokes and antics, till the tears ran down his cheeks."

We can imagine the clever, precocious, handsome boy, with his brilliant eyes, the lion of his father's table, surrounded by such gay and pleasant company—actors, singers, wits and authors—as gathered beneath the musician's roof, singing, playing, punning, jesting, complimenting, improvising, regarded by everybody as a phenomenon; writing songs for the theatres, petted by pretty actresses, and lounging in green-rooms. Such a life would have turned older heads than that of this mere boy.

Rumors came to the ears of his elder brother, who was already rising in the Church, and who urged his father to place the youth in some more solid career. The Bar was decided upon, and in 1804 Theodore was sent to Oxford. His appearance was more juvenile than his years.

"You seem very young, sir," remarked the Vice-Chancellor; "are you prepared to sign the Thirty-nine Articles?"

"Oh, yes, sir, *forty* if you please," was the cool reply.

This levity so horrified the don that it was only by the strong intercession of his brother and his own humble apologies that Theodore was admitted to matriculation. It being arranged that he should not reside until after the expiration of two terms, he returned to London, there to pursue a certain course of study. "There is something extremely vague," says Gurney, "in the term studying for the Bar; in seven cases out of ten it means doing nothing, under a gentlemanly pretense; in mine nothing could be more unlike what it professed to be. I paid my entrance money, gave my caution, and thenceforth proceeded to 'mine inn' for four or five days each term, threw on my gown, walked into hall, and, dreading the fatigue of even eating professionally, wrote down my name, and walked out again." His studies were of a very different kind from those prescribed by the University, being chiefly directed to French vaudevilles, and the outcome was a two-act comic opera, "The Soldier's Return, or What can Beauty Do?" The overture and incidental music were claimed by Mr. Hook, but Theodore's name did not appear upon the bill. Unlike the production of his pseudonym, Gurney, the piece was an immense success, and brought him into intimacy with two men almost as brilliant as himself, Mathews and Liston, with whom he remained friends through life. A second farce, "Catch Him Who Can," was written to display the opposite styles of humor of those inimitable comedians. "The Invisible Girl," "Music Mad," "Killing no Murder," and other farces now forgotten, and the musical melodrama "Tekeli," were all produced before the author had completed his twentieth year. There is as much wit, humor and rollicking fun in any one of them as would serve for half a dozen such productions of the present time; nothing so good had been writen since the days of Foote, and they were most exceptionally fortunate in being interpreted by such actors as Mathews, Liston, Terry, and other artists little inferior in their own particular line. These works procured him an introduction to Sheridan. This important event is well described by Mrs. Mathews, in her memoirs of her husband. A dinner was given to the great manager of Drury Lane, by the actors, to celebrate his victory at the Westminster election, and to this the young dramatist was invited. In the course of the evening many persons sang; and Mr. Hook, being in turn solicited, displayed, to the delight and surprise of all present, his wondrous talents in extemporaneous singing. The company was numerous, and most of them were strangers to Mr. Hook, but without a moment's premeditation he composed a verse upon every person in the room, full of the most pointed wit, and with the truest rhymes, unhesitatingly gathering into his subject as he rapidly proceeded, in addition to what had passed during the dinner, every trivial incident of the moment. Every action was turned to account, every circumstance, the look, the gesture, or any other accidental effects, served as occasion for more wit; and even the singer's ignorance of the names and condition of many of the party seemed to give greater facility to his brilliant hits than even acquaintance with them might have furnished. Mr. Sheridan was astonished at Hook's extraordinary faculty, and declared that he (Sheridan) could not have imagined such power possible, had he not witnessed it. No description, he said, could have convinced him of so peculiar an instance of genius, and he protested that he should not have believed it to be an unstudied effort, had he not seen proof that no anticipation could have been formed of what might arise to furnish matter and opportunities for the exercise of this rare talent.

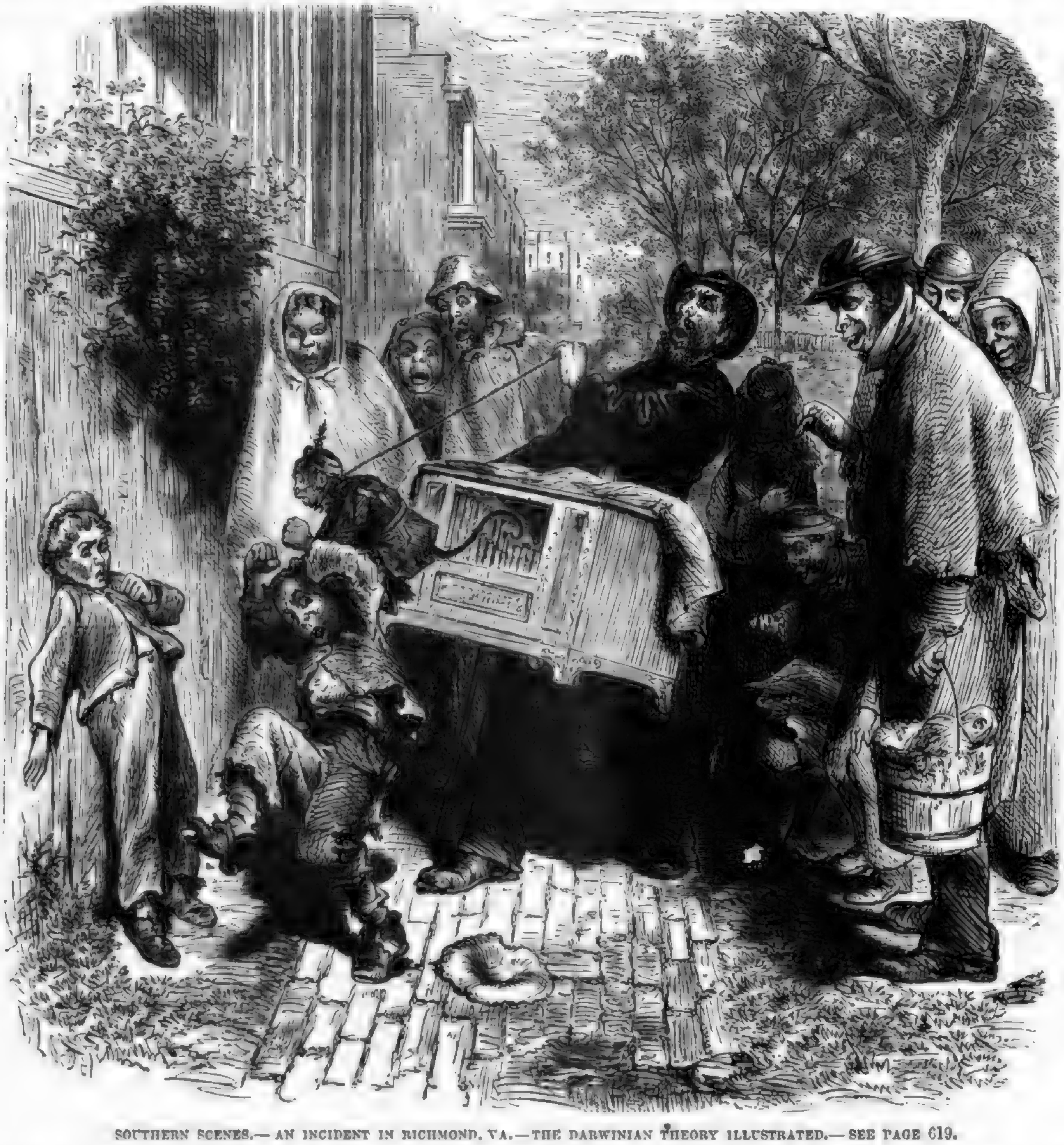
Sheridan talked everywhere among his fashionable friends of this extraordinary phenomenon, with his marvelous talents for improvising, and so roused their curiosity, that invitations were sent to Theodore for several aristocratic parties; among others, for one at the house of the Marchioness of Hertford. There he had the privilege of exercising his abilities for the delight of no less a person than the Prince Regent. "Mr. Hook, I must see and hear you again," said the Prince, laying his hand upon Hook's shoulder. And the Prince did see and hear Hook again and again, at suppers and dinners too, and declared that "something must be done for Hook." From that time, the wit was a welcome guest in the most fashionable circles.

At twenty he gave up writing for the stage, and ever after, for some inexplicable reason, entertained a most virulent dislike for everything and everybody connected with it—except his few chosen friends—of which he years afterward gave bitter proof in the theatrical criticisms in "John Bull." In after life, he used to repeatedly express his wonder that there could ever have been a time when that world was all in all to him, and kept himself away from it as if there was contamination in the very lamps. From dramatic he turned to novel writing, and at twenty published his first novel, "Musgrave," under the pseudonym of Alfred Allendale. It was an utter failure. He afterward re-wrote it, and inserted it in "Sayings and Doings," under the title of "Merton." It appears to have been a work of little merit, in no way foreshadowing the brilliance of its successors.

In the meanwhile, he was privately acting in his own person the lives of the scapegrace heroes of his own farces. It was an age of practical jokes—all the memoirs of the period abound with them—but Hook may be regarded, if not as the inventor, at least as the perfector of the hoax. His jokes respected neither time, place, nor person, and were played equally upon his most intimate friends and the most perfect strangers.

Wrenching of knockers, bell-pulls, and sign-boards, of which *débris* he made a museum, was a fashionable amusement he shared in common with nearly all "the young bloods" of the day.

There is a story told of his carrying off a splendid wooden Highlander from before a snuff-shop, throwing a cloak round it, and thrusting it into a cab. "My friend," he said, addressing the driver, who looked rather astonished at the figure, "a very respectable man, but a little tipsy." Not even the passers-by in the street were exempt from his cool impudence. Observing a man of most pompous air strutting down the Strand, he stopped him with "I beg your pardon, sir, but are you any one in particular?" Then, without waiting for a reply, Hook walked off, leaving the stranger transfixed in amazement.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—AN INCIDENT IN RICHMOND, VA.—THE DARWINIAN THEORY ILLUSTRATED.—SEE PAGE 619.

These, however, are but poor specimens of his effrontery. Strolling one day arm-in-arm with Daniel Terry, the actor, up a street in Soho, Hook's nostrils were assailed by a very savory odor. Looking down an area, he saw the servants in the kitchen below dressing up a very fine dinner. "A party, no doubt," said Terry; "jolly dogs! what a feast! I should like to make one of them." "I'll take a bet I *do*," replied Hook. "Call for me here at ten." Leaving his friend, he mounted the steps and knocked at the door. Believing him to be one of the expected guests, the servant conducted him to the drawing-room, where a number of persons were already assembled. Making himself perfectly at home, he had half-a-dozen people about him, laughing at his *bon mots*, before the host discovered that a stranger was present. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, addressing the uninvited one, "your name?—I did not quite catch it; servants are so incorrect." "Smith, sir, Smith," replied the unblushing Theodore, "don't apologize; you are quite right, sir, servants are great blockheads; I remember a most remarkable instance of their mistakes." "But really, sir," interrupted the host, mildly, "I did not

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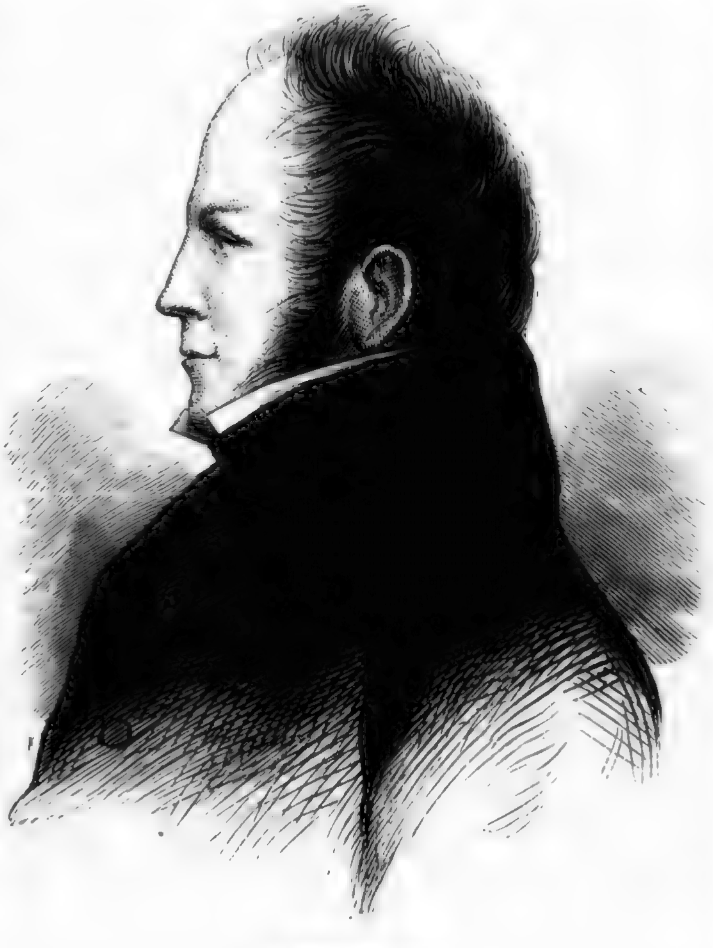
anticipate the pleasure of Mr. Smith's company to dinner. Whom do you suppose you are addressing?" "Mr. Thompson, of course," answered Hook, "an old friend of my father's. I received a kind invitation from you yesterday, on my arrival from Liverpool, to dine with you to-day, family party, come in boots, you said." The host at once disclaimed the name of Thompson, or any knowledge of the vivacious Smith. "Good heavens! then I have come to the wrong house," exclaimed the hoaxer, "my dear sir, how can I apologize? so awkward too, and I have asked a friend to call for me." The old gentleman, probably thinking so witty a personage would make an excellent addition to his party, begged him to remain. With a profusion of apologies, Hook at first pretended to decline—ultimately accepted. Everybody was delighted with him; all the evening he kept up a constant fire of wit and repartee, and ultimately sat down to the piano, and sang extempore verses on every one present. In the midst of these the door opened and, true to his appointment, in walked Terry, at the sight of whom, striking up a new key, he sang:

"I'm very much pleased with your fare—
Your cellar's as fine as your cook;
My friend's Mr. Terry, the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook."



THEODORE HOOK.

And "that name," says Lockhart, "was already enough to put any wig in Guildhall out of curl."

One day, after riding some distance in a hackney-coach, he discovered he had no money in his pocket to pay the fare. Catching sight of a friend upon the road, he took him up, hoping to borrow from him the sum required, but the friend was as impecunious as himself. Hook considered for a moment, then, calling out to the coachman, desired him to drive to Mr. ——'s, a well-known West-end surgeon. Arrived there he sprang out of the coach, knocked loudly, and demanded of the servant who answered if Mr. —— was within. The doctor was descending the stairs at the time. "Oh, my dear sir," he cried, in a wildly agitated voice, "I trust you are not engaged—excuse the feelings of a husband, perhaps a father by this time—your attendance is required instantly at Mrs. ——, No. — such-and-such a street. Don't lose a moment; a most peculiar case, I assure you."

"I will order my carriage and go at once," said the Doctor.

"No need for such delay, I have one at the door; jump in; I have to go for the nurse, and will follow immediately."

The lady to whose house the doctor was driven was a sour-tempered, middle-aged spinster; her indignation upon receiving such a visit for such a purpose may be imagined, and the doctor was too glad to escape from her very pronounced wrath. But his troubles were not yet over, for upon arriving home cabby demanded of him the entire fare, and would not leave the house until it was paid.

But all such tricks sink into insignificance beside the immortal Berners Street hoax. The story is so well known that I must almost apologize for introducing it, yet no sketch of its hero would be complete without it. Walking down Berners Street one day with Mathews, Hook remarked a particularly neat-looking house. "I'll bet you a guinea," he said, "that in one week that nice, quiet dwelling shall be the most famous in all London." The bet was taken. Within a week Hook had written and despatched 1,000 letters to different tradesmen, containing orders for goods to be delivered on one particular day, and as nearly as possible at one hour, from coals and potatoes to books, prints, ices, jellies, two thousand five hundred raspberry tarts from half a hundred pastry-cooks, etc., from dealers whose shops and warehouses extended from Whitechapel to Kensington. Nor was this all: he had written in most moving terms for the Lord Mayor and his chaplain to come and take the death-bed confession of a peculating Common Councilman. Similar missives were sent to the Governor of the Bank, the Chairman of the East India Company, a Lord Chief Justice, a Cabinet Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Duke of York. Hook had taken a lodging in the opposite house, and, with one or two confidants ensconced behind his window-curtains, watched the fun. As the appointed hour approached the quiet street became blocked with carts and wagons; very quickly the block extended from one end of Oxford Road to the other, and every thoroughfare leading to it soon became unapproachable. And still they came from east, west, north and south, to swell the confusion. Mingled with tradesmen's wares were lawyers, doctors, nurses, teachers of all kinds, hair-dressers, milliners, divines, preachers, lovers to meet their sweethearts, Members of Parliament, even a carriage of the Commander-in-Chief. The horror of the inhabitants of the devoted house can be only faintly imagined. As the hoax became apparent, the turmoil increased, the indignant exclamations of genteel victims swelled the roar of anathemas that burst from the more vulgar ones. The vehicles were so jammed that extrication without considerable damage was impossible; the sides of carts and carriages were smashed in, and the crash of glass, china and other breakables was awful to listen to; beer and wine barrels were overturned and their contents spilt upon the road; and when at length the different conveyances moved away, the streets presented a spectacle such as might have followed a terrible fire or a shock of earthquake. The affair of course made a great sensation,

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and there was a loud outcry for the detection of the perpetrator. Hook was suspected by all his associates, but his confidence was well kept. He considered it necessary, however, to be ill for a week, and afterward take a trip into the country. He was only twenty-three at the time, and this is the only excuse that can possibly be made for such a frolic.

To recount all the hoaxes and practical jokes in which he was concerned would be to write a small volume. Those who would learn more of them will find their curiosity amply gratified in the pages of "Gilbert Gurney" and in the memoirs of Mathews, who was his associate in several. "Of these," says Lockhart, "his own talk *inter pocula* was the only adequate memorial. We may catch some outline in his Gurney and Daly, but even his pen was too slow and cumbrous for the vital reproduction of such scenes. They are nothing without the commentary of that bright eye, the deep, gurgling glee of his voice, the electrical felicity of his pantomime; for in truth he was as great an actor as would have been produced by rolling Liston and Terry and Mathews into one. So told, no mirth in this world ever surpassed the fascination of those early mountebankeries. We have seen austere judges, venerable prelates, grand lords and superfine ladies all alike overwhelmed and convulsed as he went over the minutest details of such episodes."

Pass we on now to more serious matters. In 1812, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent did "do something for Hook," and something handsome too, appointing him Accountant-General and Treasurer to Mauritius, with a salary of £2,000 per annum. But the responsibilities of office brought with them no gravity to the irrepressible Theodore, who was as frolicsome and *sans souci* in the Indian island as he had been in the drawing-rooms of May Fair. "We are here surrounded by every luxury," he writes to Mathews, "which art can furnish or dissipation suggest, in a climate the most delightful, in a country the most beautiful, with society the most gay and pursuits the most fascinating." And of this gay society he was the king. Neither did the dignity of his position repress his appetite for practical jokes. There is a story told of an extraordinary banquet he had prepared for some cockney visitors to the island. "Allow me to offer you some cat curry," he said to his astonished guests, who were surveying the various horrors of the table with faces sickly pale, "or a little deviled monkey? I can strongly recommend those fried snakes; I'm aware there is a prejudice against them in England, but they are excellent when you get used to them. Hand round those lizards, John—they seem particularly fine." One of the victims said faintly that he would try a little lizard; but when it was transferred to his plate it caused a catastrophe almost as disagreeable as that recorded by Smollet in his dinner after the manner of the ancients. A second course, of more edible and commonplace materials, made up for the joke of the first. A yet more impudent trick, however, was that perpetrated at a public dinner at the government house. On the morning of the banquet the Governor was taken ill, and, by a curious coincidence, his second in command, who presided in his place, became so unwell during the meal that he was obliged to retire. Hook was now requested to take the chair and propose the toasts, which he did with a vengeance. There was not a person present, down to a sub-lieutenant, whose health he did not insist upon being drunk with military honors, commanding salutes to be fired after each. When he had exhausted the officers and officials, he added the servants of his Excellency's household, down to the cook and housemaid, whom he had up in the dining-room to return thanks, salutes being fired as before. The continuous roar of the cannon was deafening, and was only discontinued after the last grain of powder had been used.

But this gay and pleasant life was leading up to the darkest and saddest episode in Hook's career—one which cast a shadow over many years and threatened to blight his whole existence. An error to a large amount was discovered in his accounts. The clerk, Allan, by whom the deficiency was made known to the authorities, accused his principal of offering him a bribe to make his escape from the island. Soon afterward Allan committed suicide. Hook was arrested, thrown into prison as a common malefactor; and after a few days sent to England under a military detachment, to be tried for the alleged offense. Even under these gloomy circumstances his wit and spirits did not desert him. The vessel putting into St. Helena, he there encountered Lord Charles Somerset, who was on his way to assume the governorship of the Cape, and who had heard nothing of Hook's arrest.

"I hope you are not going home for your health," he said.

"Why," replied the incorrigible Theodore, "I am sorry to say they think there's something wrong in the chest!"

Upon landing in England he was released from custody, the Attorney-General declaring that though Mr. Hook might be prosecuted for a civil debt, there was no ground for a criminal procedure.

A scrutiny, which lasted five years, failed to establish satisfactorily either his guilt or innocence. The deficit, which was at first declared to be £22,000, was ultimately brought down to £12,000, for the payment of which he was held responsible. The most gross negligence, both in keeping the books and in the care of the treasury, was brought to light; but this told more in favor of his innocence than of his guilt, since, among the numerous omitted entries of cash received and expended, many were against himself; and it appeared that the treasure boxes were frequently under the charge of subordinates—English, French, Indian and mulatto clerks. No man could possibly be more unfitted by nature and habits for such an office than was Hook. "Our own strong, ultimate suspicion," says an impartial biographer, Lockhart, "is neither more nor less than that a *general laxity* had prevailed from the time when these motley myrmidons of the money-bags hailed the arrival of the raw treasurer-in-chief, and took cognizance of his habits and manners, his utter ignorance of business and of account books, his open, unmistrusting disposition, his gay, pleasure-hunting existence in his new Eldorado. Let him be blamed as he deserves, but we may be pardoned for asking upon what principle, if he was ultimately considered guilty of more than negligence, was he not dealt with as a criminal and brought to justice for a most serious crime, more sharply than several other voluntary defaulters had been not very long before?"

It was in 1819 that he returned to England. His father was just dead, and he went to reside in a small cottage in Somers Town, wrote for the newspapers and periodicals, and set up one of his own, *The Arcadian*, which, however, very soon died of inanition. He painfully felt the change in his position, thus fallen from honor and affluence to disgrace and penury. A few old, trusty friends—Mathews, Terry, Hill (the original of Poole's Paul Pry), gathered about him. It was through the introduction of the first that he at this time made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, who, like every one else, was fascinated and delighted by his wit and conversation, and recommended him to a certain nobleman then in search of an editor for a paper about to be established in a county town. Sir Walter was always inclined to believe that it was to this recommendation Hook owed his position on *John Bull*, which appeared a few months afterward. This brings us to the most famous episode of his life.

The nation was at this period divided into two factions,

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the King's party and the Queen's, and never were two factions more virulent one against the other. Hook had already entered the field against the Queen in the Summer of 1820, in a pamphlet entitled "Tentamen, or an Essay toward the History of Whittington and his Cat, by Dr. Vicesimus Blenkinsop." Whittington was Alderman Wood, the Queen was the cat. The projection of "John Bull" was conducted with the utmost skill and secrecy; a fictitious editor, who never went beyond correcting a proof, and was as ignorant of the authorship of the articles as the outside public, was engaged at a small salary to mask the real Simon Pure, who was carefully kept in the background. The first appearance of this Tory thunderbolt is thus graphically described by Barham in his "Life of Hook":

"Meanwhile the important day of publication arrived. A brief announcement, couched in terms sufficiently mysterious, had been for some weeks circulating among 'the trade,' but without attracting any extraordinary attention. And now, on the eventful December 16th, 1820, let Hook and his coadjutors be imagined, seated in a small parlor, situated in a silent, trafficless spot enough, though within a hundred yards of the busiest thoroughfare in London, denominated Gough Square—torn newspapers, sheets of 'copy,' 'slips,' 'revises,' fresh, or rather foul, from the printer's hands, with all the many *désagrémens* of an editor's room, scattered in confusion around—post hour drawing on —Hook himself fretting and fuming, fancying everything wrong, storming, apologizing, starting from his chair, pacing the apartment, stopping ever and anon to gulp down huge draughts of a suspicious-looking sedative, and in the whirl and agony of excitement uttering as many good things as would have supported his paper for a month—at length, unable to endure suspense, seizing brush and scissors, and, by pasting the *disjecta membra*, the corrected 'proofs,' upon a blank sheet, endeavoring to form a sort of Frankenstein similitude of the coming stranger, all eagerness, anxiety, rehension;—when lo! just in time to save the night's mails, the reeking devilet enters, bending beneath the first impression.

"Within a few hours the town was in a blaze, orders arrived from every quarter, and the office was beset with applicants. Preparations for the distribution of the paper must have been made by its patrons to an extent unsuspected by the proprietors themselves, for so moderate had been the anticipations held as to the probable demand, that no more than 750 stamps had been procured. Hundreds of copies were in consequence struck off upon unstamped paper and issued in the course of that and the following day, the publisher making the proper affidavit and paying the extra duty on the Monday. The success was complete and unexampled; at the sixth week the sale reached ten thousand, the first five numbers were reprinted more than once, and the first and second actually kept in stereotype."

No periodical ever produced so sudden and startling a sensation from one end of the kingdom to the other. "There was," says Lockhart, "talent of every kind, apparently, that could have been desired or devised for such a purpose. It seemed as if a legion of sarcastic devils had brooded in synod over the elements of withering derision." Thomas Haynes Bayley, Barham—and the celebrated song, "Michael's Dinner," which celebrated the Whig defeat on the Reform Bill, is ascribed to Canning—contributed probably a few articles, but the honor or dishonor which attaches to the authorship of nearly all the squibs, songs and parodies which appeared in "John Bull" from its first number until the death of the Queen, is Hook's alone. They are coarse, unsparing, and even shocking to our present ideas upon such subjects, but they are overflowing with wit and humor. An excellent collection, including one or two very scarce pieces, of these *débris* of the once fierce battle, was published by the late Mr. Camden Hotten under the title of "Wit and Humor of Theodore Hook," in which those curious upon bygone scandals will find a rich harvest.

As soon as they had recovered from their first consternation, the Whigs bestirred themselves to crush this terrible enemy. The printer and editor were ordered to appear at the bar of the House of Commons to answer a charge of libel and breach of privilege, and were forthwith committed to Newgate. Every threat was used to make them divulge the names of the real culprits; a promise was made not only to stay further proceedings against them, but to pay down the sum of £500. upon these conditions being fulfilled. In order to avoid being seen in company with the avowed proprietors, and to elude any watch that might be set upon the office, certain coffee-houses were selected, and designated by numbers ranging from one to ten, at which private conferences might be held and the business of the paper carried on. A note couched in the most melodramatic terms, "To-night at half-past eight, No. 5," was usually the sort of summons received by the printer to meet the great unknown at some obscure place of tryst in the purlieus of Westminster. By-and-by, Hook's name began to be whispered about in connection with "John Bull"; but he endeavored to avert the suspicion by the following impudent paragraph inserted therein:

> "MR. THEODORE HOOK: The conceit of some people is amusing. Our readers will see we have received a letter from Mr. Hook, disclaiming all connection with this paper. Partly out of good nature, and partly from an anxiety to show this gentleman how little desirous we are of being associated with him, we have made a declaration which, doubtless, will be quite satisfactory to his morbid sensibility and affected squeamishness. We are free to confess that two things surprise us in this business: that anything we have thought worth publishing should have been mistaken for *Mr. Hook's*, and, secondly, that *such a person as Mr. Hook* should think himself disgraced by a connection with *John Bull*."

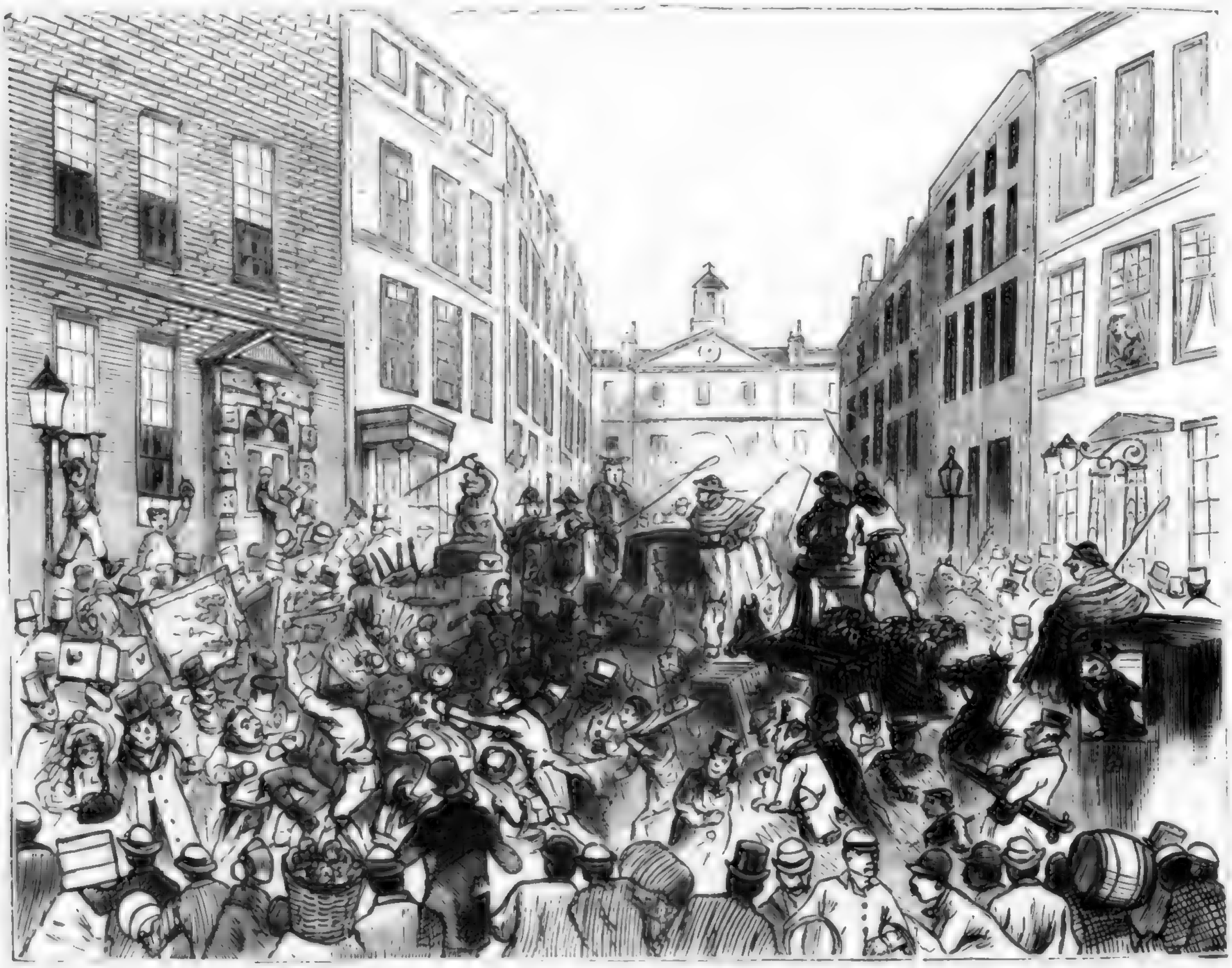
The cool audacity of this is highly characteristic of the writer.

I have no intention of defending Hook's virulent attacks upon, and abuse of, the unhappy wife of George IV.; it can only be said, that they were justified by the code of the day, and, after all, were but the retorts upon those who had exposed the private life of the King and abused him with equal unscrupulousness. As to the merits of either case, it would be difficult to find them.

In spite of all disclaimers, it was impossible that Hook's connection with "John Bull" could long remain a secret, and the whigs revenged themselves for their flagellations by pushing on the Mauritius business.

In 1823 the award was given, and he was declared debtor to the Crown for £12,000, was arrested and put in the sponging house in Shire Lane, where he remained nearly a year. He came out a changed man, pale and flabby in the face, with a figure fast tending to corpulency. He was now transferred to the King's Bench, a situation far more healthy and agreeable than his last, where he could frequently obtain leave of absence to dine out with a friend; but as a rule the greater part of his time was taken up by literary work. After the death of the Queen, "John Bull" became less scurrilous. Upon its first starting he had realized £2,000 a year (half the profits), but this income began to slowly dwindle. He now started several other literary ventures, among others "The London Literary Journal," but all failed.

In 1824, however, he appeared as a novelist in the first series of "Sayings and Doings." The sale amounted to six thousand copies. Colburn, who had paid him £600 for the copyright, afterward presented him with checks for £150



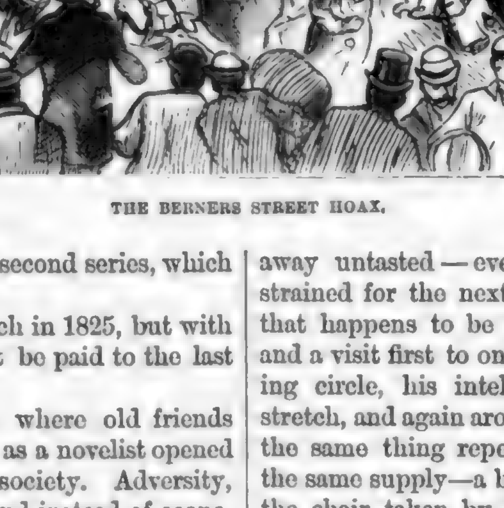
THE BERNERS STREET HOAX.

and £200, and gave him £1,000 for the second series, which followed in the next year.

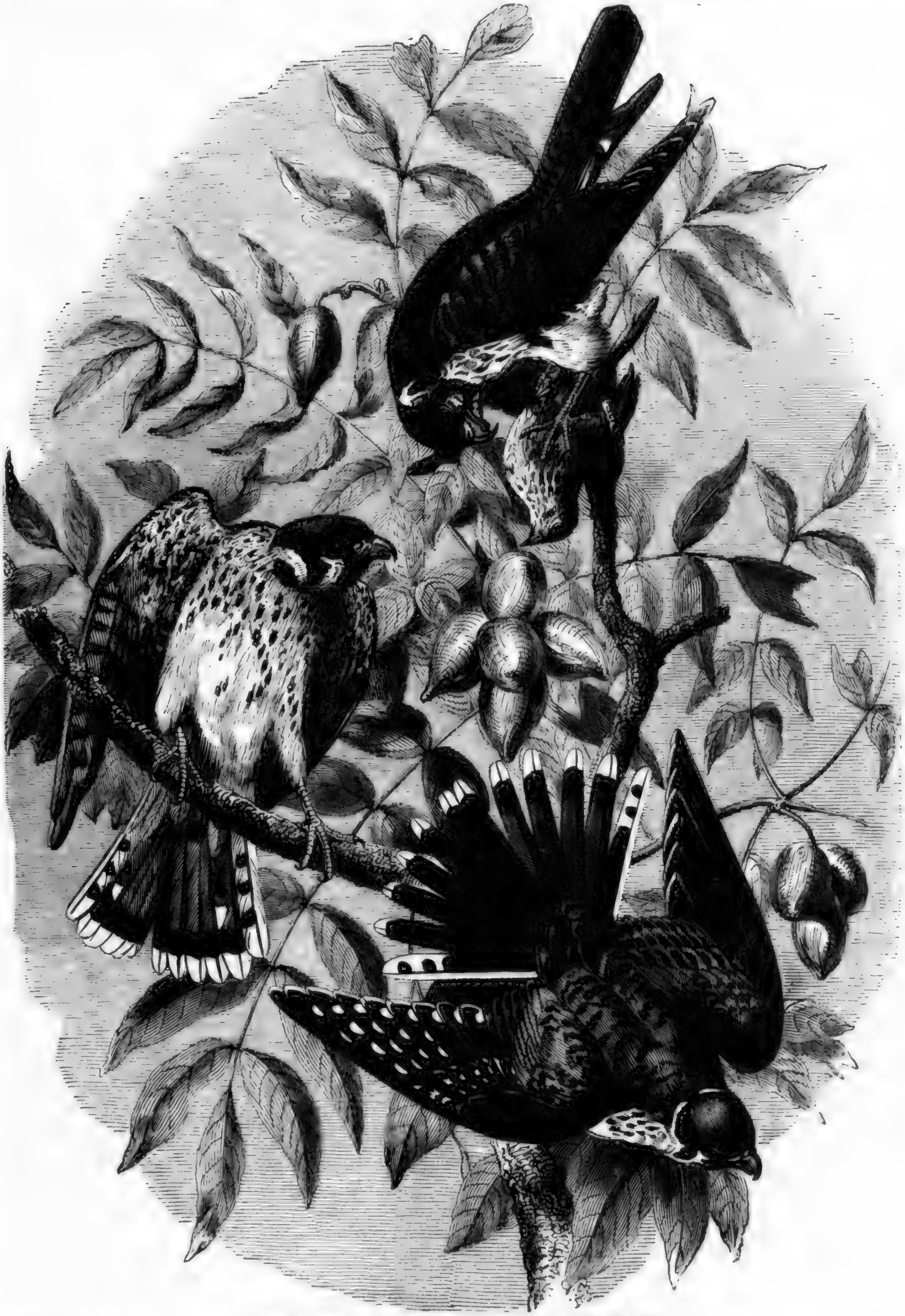
He was released from the King's Bench in 1825, but with the understanding that the debt must be paid to the last farthing.

Then he took a house at Putney, where old friends again rallied round him, while his fame as a novelist opened to him once more the gates of high society. Adversity, however, had taught him no lesson, and instead of economizing to rid himself of the impending sword, he plunged into an extravagant style of living, removed to a house in Cleveland Row, gave grand dinner parties, and, as a natural consequence, became burdened with new debts. 'By and by he had to remove to a smaller establishment at Fulham; all the time, amidst all his numerous fashionable engagements, working terribly hard, and covering more paper with MS., says Lockhart, "than would have proved in almost any other man's case the energetic exertion of every hour in every day that passed over his head."

"We may venture," says Barham, "to supply, by way of specimen, a sketch, by no means overcharged, of one of those restless, life-exhausting days in which the seemingly iron energies of Theodore Hook were prematurely exhausted. A late breakfast, his spirits jaded by the exertion of yesterday, and further depressed by the weight of some pecuniary difficulty — large arrear of literary toil to be made up—the meal sent away untasted — every power of his mind forced and strained for the next four or five hours upon the subject that happens to be in hand—then, a rapid drive to town, and a visit first to one club, where, the centre of an admiring circle, his intellectual faculties are again upon the stretch, and again aroused and sustained by artificial means; the same thing repeated at a second—the same drain and the same supply—a ballot, or 'general meeting,' at a third, the chair taken by Mr. Hook, who, as a friend observes, addresses the members, produces the accounts, audits and passes them, gives a succinct statement of the prospects and finances of the society, parries an awkward question, extinguishes a grumbler, confounds an opponent, proposes a vote of thanks for himself, carries it, and returns thanks with a vivacious rapidity that entirely confounds the unorganized schemes of the minority, then a chop in the committee room, and 'just one tumbler of brandy and water or two,' and we fear the catalogue would not always close there. Off next to take his place at some lordly banquet, where the fire of wit is again to be stirred into dazzling blaze, and fed by fresh supplies of potent stimulants. Lady A—— has never heard one of his delightful *extempores*, the pianoforte is at hand, fresh and more vigorous efforts of fancy, memory, and application are called for, all the wondrous machinery of the brain taxed and strained to the very utmost, smiles and applause reward the exertion; and perhaps one more



THEODORE HOOK'S HOUSE.



THE PIGEON-HAWK, OR AMERICAN MERLIN.—SEE PAGE 610.

chanson, if he has shown himself thoroughly in the vein, is craved as a special favor, or possibly, if the call has been made too early or too late, some dull-witted gentleman hints that he is a little disappointed in Mr. Hook, and the host admits that he has not been so happy as he has known him. He retires at last, but not to rest, not home. Half an hour at Crockford's is proposed by some gay companion, as they quit together. We need not continue the picture; the half-hour is quadrupled, and the excitement of the preceding evening is as nothing to that which now ensues. Whether

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he rises from the table a winner or loser, by the time he has reached Fulham the reaction is complete, and in a state of utter prostration, bodily and mental, he seeks his pillow, with, perhaps, a precisely similar course on the morrow."

It is said that, while on a visit to some great nobleman, he used, every Wednesday night after the family had retired to rest, to steal out of the house, enter a post-chaise that was waiting for him, and ride fifty miles across country to meet the printer to arrange for the forthcoming number of *John Bull*, and get back to the castle by the time the dressing-bell was ringing, his servant having intimated during the day that his master was too indisposed to leave his room. At the dinner-table he would be as gay and brilliant as ever, although his mind might be racked by a thousand anxieties, unpaid bills, money lost at play, arrears of work, books neglected which had to be finished within a certain time. The matchless wit and humorist whom half the world envied for his brilliant gifts, and the exclusive circle in which he moved, when alone, as his diary proves, was as miserable a man as could be found with a roof over his head. "January 1, 1840," he writes in his journal. "To-day another year opens upon me with a vast load of debt and many encumbrances. I am suffering under constant anxiety and depression of spirits which nobody who sees me in society dreams of; but why should I suffer my own private worries to annoy my friends?"

This constant, feverish excitement and mental strain, together with the hard drinking habits which still lingered among the men of the Regency, would have worn out a constitution of iron; and of such had been Hook's. His health broke rapidly. "In May, 1841," writes his biographer, "he dined for the last time with Mr. Barham; the party had been made up, in a great measure, for the purpose of bringing together him and Lord ——, one of the few magnates in literature and wit with whom he was not previously acquainted. Hook came late, and appeared feeble and out of spirits, but he soon rallied, and throughout the evening—fortunately not prolonged until his powers were exhausted—bore himself bravely in the convivial tourney with his noble rival."

Dining a little later with a friend at Brompton, as Hook stood in the drawing-room with his coffee in his hand, he turned to the mirror and exclaimed, "Ay, I see I look as I am—done up in purse, in mind, and in body too, at last!"

He tried hard, however, to hide the ravages of time and disease, and 'made up' with as much care as an old actor who plays juvenile parts. Caught one day *en déshabille* by an unexpected visitor, Hook said, "Well, you see me as I am, at last—all the bucklings, and paddings, and washings, and brushings dropped for ever—a poor, old, gray-haired man with my belly about my knees."

Up to within a fortnight of his death he spent many hours daily at his desk, working upon a novel he left unfinished—"Peregrine Bunce."

He died on August 24th, 1841, at his house at Fulham, and is buried in the churchyard of that parish. The funeral was a private one, only a few obscure people attending it, none of his brilliant friends and patrons thinking it necessary to pay this last tribute to a man whose talents had so frequently delighted and amused them. Neither did they subscribe to the fund which was raised for the unhappy lady who had been a wife to him in all but name, and her fatherless children; except the King of Hanover, who generously sent £500.

It is said that at "the Athenæum" the diners fell off nearly 300 yearly after Hook was no longer to be found in his corner near the coffee-room door. Dozens of gentlemen dined there two or three times a week in the season, merely for the chance of getting near his table to catch some of his good things. In order not to shock the more grave frequenters of the club, when he wanted whisky or brandy, he used to call for tea or lemonade, from which the place was slyly called "Temperance Corner."

There was a tender and even romantic side to the character of this wit, humorist and brilliant man of the world, which few suspected in his life. Twice his affections had been seriously engaged, but something had interposed to thwart them; there are entries in his diary which prove the wounds were not easily, if ever, healed. "They put me in what used to be her room," he writes, after visiting a friend's house; "I lay in her bed, ——'s bed! Oh, God, what a night!"

There are passages, too, in this record which bespeak a mind not destitute of religious reverence. "*September* 22, 1831: My birthday—why to be kept joyously I know not; and yet I thank God humbly and heartily for all the blessings He has been pleased to vouchsafe to me, and those whom I scarcely dare call mine." "*October* 9, 1835: To-day to work in various ways. I am anxious and unhappy; but God, who knows my heart, and to whom I devoutly pray, not for myself, but for others who are, as far as they are concerned, innocent children of mine; but I have faith in His goodness, and, sinner as I am, I *do* hope He will preserve me for their sakes."

While books of *ana* and anecdote exist, the sayings and doings of Theodore Hook can never die; for who else, except Foote, ever said so many good things worth preserving? I can find room for only two or three specimens.

While dining at Hatfield one day, Lady Salisbury remarked him making a series of bows without any apparent cause. At length she ventured to ask the reason of this eccentric behavior. "The fact is," replied Hook, "I have been accustomed all my life to those social recognitions at table which are now interdicted by fashion; and as I can't quite get out of the habit, I usually 'take wine' with the epergne and bow to the flowers."

A friend, viewing Putney Bridge from Hook's terrace, inquired of him if it were a good investment—if it really answered. "I don't know," he replied, "but you have only to cross it and you are sure to be *tolled*." When Abbot and Egerton took the Coburg Theatre in 1836, for the purpose of producing the legitimate drama, Abbot asked Hook if he could suggest a new name, the old being too much identified with blue fire and broad-sword combats to suit the new style of entertainment. "Why," was the answer, "as of course you will butcher everything you attempt suppose you call it the *Abattoir*."

As a novelist he has fallen into undeserved oblivion. The best of his novels are scarcely inferior in comic power to Dickens's most successful works. Indeed, there is a great similarity between the two humorists, the same tendency to exaggeration and caricature. "In casting our eyes over the volumes," says Barham, "we are at a loss to point out a single character of importance that has not its prototype, or an incident—the most incredible, the most true—that is not in some measure founded upon fact." Some of the best known persons of the day, so little disguised as to be easily recognizable, were introduced in his novels. He himself and Sam Beazley, architect and dramatist, divided Gilbert Gurney and Daly between them; Hull was the noted Tom Hill, before mentioned as the original of Poole's "Paul Pry"; Godfrey Moss in "Maxwell," the Rev. Edward Canon, the King's Chaplain, etc. Nor was the *vis comica* his only excellence. There is a power in "Maxwell" and "Cousin William" not inferior to the best sensation novelist of the day. Yet all his works were composed hurriedly, under high pressure; the plots are badly constructed, and the whole requires finish. But his powers of observation, his profound knowledge of human nature, his fun, the excellence of his detached scenes, must ever place him in a high rank among novelists; and a perusal of his bygone books, were it only for the striking pictures they give of bygone men and manners, would still prove more profitable and amusing than that of three-fourths of those which have no other claim to attention than their being new.

THE DARWINIAN THEORY ILLUSTRATED.

Our artist has given a humorous and satirical illustration from actual life of one of the favorite theories of Darwin, which have created an excitement almost without parallel in the scientific as well as in the religious world. One of those theories being that there has been a gradual and progressive variation from the lowest order of animals to the highest, it will be scarcely straining his proposition to assume that, at some remote period of creation, the monkey may have been the ancestor of the human race.

If this be conceded, it may not be regarded as impossible that in the march of progress a gleam of intelligence may flash across the mind or instinct of the monkey, and suggest to him the idea of claiming kindred with his more favored brother. To accomplish this, inasmuch as language is as yet denied him, the only method left to express his thoughts would be by signs indicating that he recognized points of resemblance between himself and some member of the human family, and to enforce that idea by an effort to introduce himself as a familiar acquaintance, without regard to the wishes of the individual.

After these remarks, the scene depicted by our artist, in which the monkey of an itinerant organ-grinder has suddenly fastened himself upon the head of a little negro of the pure African type, needs no further explanation. The interest, if not affection, manifested by the animal, and the surprise, if not dismay, of the juvenile human, are graphically portrayed; and while the bystanders probably never heard of Darwin, or his theories, it is not unlikely that they, too, may regard the incident as an instance of *natural selection.*

In his work on "The Origin of Species," Darwin gives the following definition of the term "natural selection": "Let it be borne in mind how infinitely complex and close-fitting are the mutual relations of all organic beings to each, and to their physical conditions of life. Can it then be thought improbable, seeing that variations useful to man have undoubtedly occurred, that other variations, useful in some way to each being in the great and complex battle of life, should sometimes occur in the course of thousands of generations? If such do occur, can we doubt (remembering that many more individuals are born than can possibly survive) that individuals having any advantage, however slight, over others, would have the best chance of surviving and of procreating their kind? On the other hand, we may feel sure that any variation in the least degree injurious would be rigidly destroyed. This preservation of favorable variations and the rejection of injurious variations, I call Natural Selection."

RACHEL WRIOTHESLEY, LADY RUSSELL.

If there is one period of English history more repulsive than any other, it is the reigns of Charles II. and James II., when Englishmen seem to have lost truth, manliness and honor. It is a series of plots, trials and executions: the first, often unreal; the second, shams; the last alone terrible realities.

Among these trials where perjury was so rife, stands the Rye House Plot, and among its victims was William, Lord Russell, third son of the Earl of Bedford. His wife is one of the most memorable women of history, herself the daughter of the Earl of Southampton, the earnest adherent of Charles I., who stood alone beside the corpse of the beheaded monarch.

Born in 1636, we find her, in her seventeenth year, marrying Lord Vaughan, eldest son of the Earl of Carberry, with whom she seems to have had a life of quiet retirement during Cromwell's rule. Her husband died in 1667, and we then find Lady Vaughan's hand sought by many. Mr. William Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, won her choice, and they were married in 1669. Her husband, three years her junior, embarked in the stormy political affairs of the day, and soon became a leader in the party opposed to James, Duke of York, which in Charles's reign deprived the duke of all offices, and after his accession to the throne succeeded in expelling him.

Arrested on the 13th of April, 1683, Lord Russell was placed at the bar of the Old Bailey, to be tried for treason. We need only add that Jeffreys was the prosecutor. With difficulty Lord Russell obtained the use of pen, ink and paper. He then asked: "May I have somebody to write, to help my memory?" "Yes; a servant—any of your servants may assist you." On which Lord Russell simply exclaimed: "My wife is here to do it." At these words Lady Russell rose, calm and self-possessed, to assist her lord in this hour of his utmost distress; and even amid that crowd, a feeling of sympathy was felt for the daughter of "virtuous Southampton" as she moved to her husband's side. With wonderful self-control she took notes, her heroic tenderness, her fortitude, her constancy, affording her husband his only comfort on that day of bitterness.

We cannot describe her anguish when the verdict of guilty was brought in and sentence of death pronounced. But she went forth to endeavor to avert his doom. In vain the daughter of the great Southampton knelt at the feet of Charles's son; in vain she sought to move the King and his brother. All was unavailing; and she at last renounced all hope.

The day before the execution, she took her children to their father to receive his last farewell; and, sending them away, remained to enjoy her last converse with her beloved husband. When supper-time was near, he said to her: "Stay and sup with me; let us eat our last earthly food together." And as they sat at table he talked cheerfully, especially of his two daughters, and of his own state of mind at this close approach of death.

At ten o'clock she left him, with many embraces, Doctor Burnet having come to prepare him for death. To him Lord Russell spoke of his happiness in having such a wife.

It is believed that she withdrew to Southampton House, and passed the time till the fatal blow in anguish and in prayer.

During the first days of her widowhood, she wrote a letter to the King, defending her husband's memory from an unjust charge. Thenceforward she was devoted to her family, and had the consolation of seeing her children, as they grew up, justify her early care. Her son succeeded to his grandfather's title of Earl of Bedford, and her daughters became Duchesses of Rutland and Devonshire. Revered and respected by all, she died at the age of eighty-six, September 29th, 1723.

Nothing hardens the heart more effectually than literary trifling upon religious subjects. Where all is theory or scholarship, the conscience is untouched.

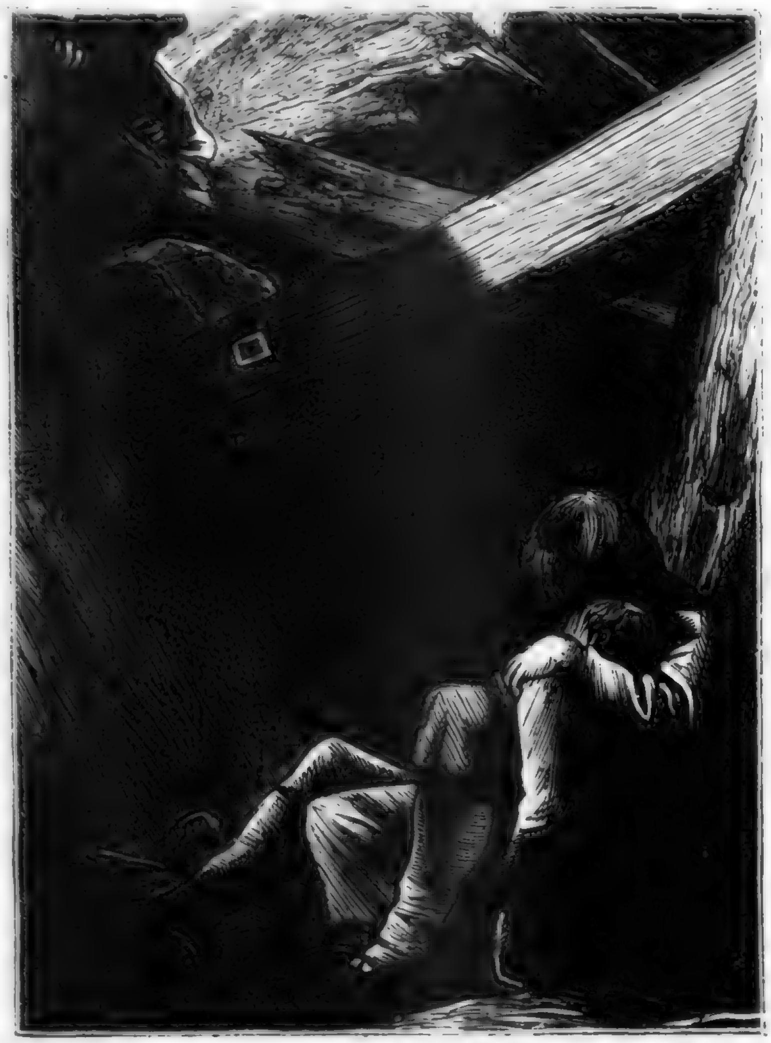
XUM

BURIED ALIVE.

The miner, in the pursuit of his daily work, is so frequently exposed to danger, that his life appears to be in continual jeopardy.

In the Winter of 1815, at Hucklow, in Derbyshire, a man of the name of Frost was engaged in one of the mines, and while thus occupied, a large mass of earth fell in, and he was buried beneath. His companions soon hurried to the spot, and heard his voice, by which they ascertained that his head and his body remained unhurt, the principal weight having fallen upon and bruised his thighs and legs. Great care was required to effect his release, and some of the most experienced miners were employed for that purpose.

A mass of earth had been stopped in its fall, and hung suspended over the head of the poor man, ready at the slightest touch to crush him to pieces. The miners, aware of his great peril, were not able to attempt his release by the most direct and expeditious means of removing the earth over him, but they were obliged to dig through the side of the pit, and make a gallery, in order to reach the place where the man was lying, and this occupied them from Monday, the day when the accident took place, until the evening of the following Thursday, when they were able to release poor Frost from his dreadful situation, after a temporary burial of seventy-five hours.



BURIED ALIVE.—BODEN AND PEARSON IN THE MINE.

He had received a few slight bruises, but a mass of stone had fallen upon one of his legs and crushed it. A few drops of water that fell near his head, and which he contrived to catch in the hollow of his hand, allayed his thirst, and, no doubt, contributed to his preservation. He was cheerful even in the midst of his great danger and pain, for Frost was a religious man, and placed all his confidence in the merciful God who preserved him from death. He was removed to his home, and, with careful treatment, recovered his strength, and the loss of a leg did not prevent him from pursuing his work in the mine.

The Godbeheres Founder mine, in Derbyshire, is rendered memorable from an occurrence that took place there about sixty years ago. Two men, named Boden and Pearson, were working in the mine at different depths, when the earth and water suddenly rushed in upon them, and, in one moment, buried them alive in the deep recess below. On the third day after this happened, Pearson was found dead among the rubbish, and the men who were employed in clearing away the earth that had closed up the entrance to the mine, had now so little hope of finding Boden alive, that they were scarcely disposed to pursue their labors. They were, however, prevailed upon to proceed, until, on the eighth day of their work, they distinctly heard Boden's signal, and ascertained that he was living. They now worked with greater energy and with more care, and, after a few hours, they found the object of their search, almost exhausted, but still in existence, and fully aware of the providential nature of his escape.

His recovery from the effects of this premature entombment was slow, but effectual, and he returned to the mine in about thirteen weeks, and lived many years afterward.

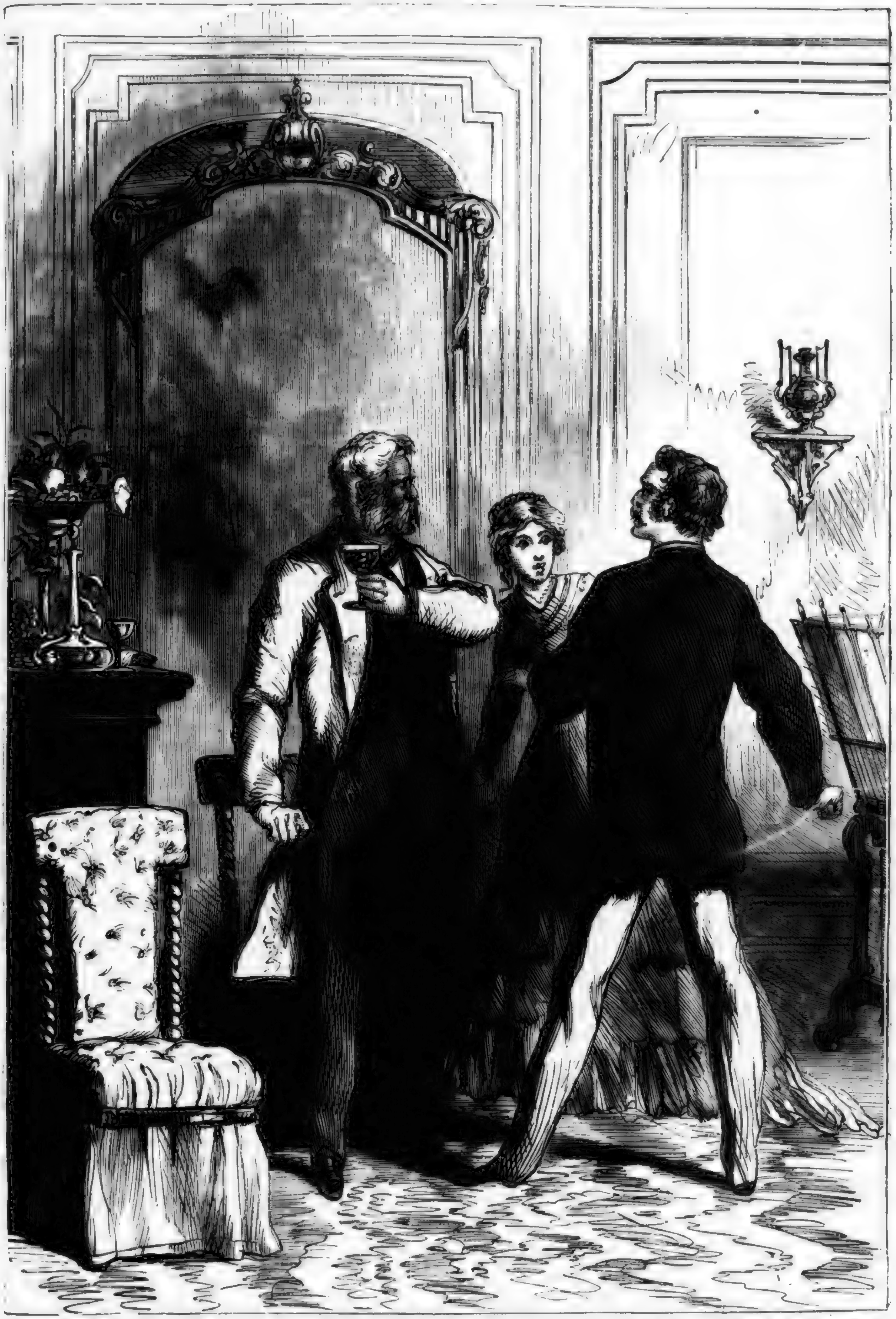
When the accident took place, Boden was in the lower part of the mine; Pearson was in the drift above when the earth fell upon and killed him. Boden's situation was equally perilous, but the earth was stopped in its fall by a projecting mass of rock, and this saved his life. In this situation, with no prospect before him but death, the poor man passed *eight* days in his narrow cell, without light or food, or wherewithal to quench his thirst, which he felt more severely than any other deprivation. Hunger he bore with fortitude, but thirst was intolerable; and during the whole of his confinement he was sufficiently sensible to feel all the horrors of his situation. He likewise suffered greatly from cold, but having a few yards to move in, he found a windlass (a handle by which a rope is turned), and exercised himself in moving it round, but by some mishap, the handle fell into the shaft below, and he could not recover it again.

Deprived of this means of employment, he still found something to do. In that part of the shaft where he was imprisoned, a rope was suspended over his head; he clambered up it, and, working at the earth above him, he loosened a portion, which fell into the chasm at his feet. While he was thus engaged, he thought he heard the noise of men laboring to release him; he listened again, almost breathless with anxiety. The sound, for a time, almost paralyzed him.

Shortly afterward he saw the light of heaven and human faces gazing upon him, as if they had actually beheld a man rising from the grave, and not a living body. He was, indeed, little more than a skeleton compared to what he had been, for mental and bodily suffering had so reduced him, and the pallid hue and altered expression of his countenance had nearly obliterated his personal identity. In this state he was restored to his friends.

Boden kept the anniversary of his deliverance from his subterranean prison as a day of thanksgiving to the Almighty for his wonderful preservation.

May such terrible accidents be few and far between.



THE MYSTERY AT GARTHWAITE PARK.—"BELOSENSKY RAISED A GLASS OF WINE THAT HE HELD IN HIS HANDS, AND HURLED IT DIRECTLY INTO THE EYES OF HIS ASSAILANT."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

THE SECRET AT GARTHWAITE PARK.

CHAPTER I.

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

DREAMING of pigeons was always a sure sign, to my mind, that I was to get an unexpected letter; but I certainly looked for no such surprise as I experienced when, on coming down to breakfast, I found a great, sprawling missive under my plate, bearing the Holbourne monogram and the lodge-keeper's stamp at Garthwaite Park. Here was Francis turned up again, after a silence of nearly two years! Reading, I found that he had been away—to Australia, for one place—but had now returned, like Robinson Crusoe after his last voyage, "cured of his rambling inclinations, and only desirous to end his days in peace." I greatly wondered at the latter statement (if, in truth, I believed it at all), and at once cast about in my mind for an explanation; but, none of my guesses being easy to definitely settle upon, I ended by resolving to avail myself of the invitation in the preface to the letter, and see Francis in his proper person.

So I packed up, and shot away with the first train that sped, arrow-like, from the station; and, one cool evening in November, might have been seen, if there had been any person to look at me—which there wasn't, except a small boy guarding some sheep—picking my way up the dusty lane that led to Garthwaite Park gate.

The first odd circumstance that struck me was the remarkable deafness of all the servants. I rang the lower bell at least half-a-dozen times before there was any apparent effect produced on those who ministered to it on the inside; and even the seventh stroke—a peal that might have rung in the New Year—only produced a tousled head at an upper window.

"At your leisure," said I, with some touch of sarcasm, "I should like to see Mr. Francis Holbourne."

If I had addressed it in Hebrew, the head could not have held itself more immovable.

"The gentleman," I added, in explanation, growing less patient every instant, "who, a day or two since, was master here. Will you, or somebody, let me in?"

The head stared at me for a second or two longer, looked up at the sky meditatively, and at last, with much deliberation, withdrew itself. Three minutes after, the door opened on a sudden, like a theatrical trap, and I nearly fell, face-foremost, into the passage.

"Confound you!" I cried, bursting out, unable to contain myself any longer; "wake up! The moment I put my eyes on your master I shall complain of this negligence and stupidity, be assured."

The head, which had by this time slowly multiplied itself into a round, red countenance, a bundle of flannel rags and an enormous projection which might have been termed indefinitely a nose, at my threat underwent a curious transformation. A sort of ghastly grin developed over it, and a husky, sepulchral voice struggled up from somewhere in the region of the neck.

"I've only one maister," was articulated, as if some hoarse ventriloquist were practicing, "and that's missus."

"Show me in, at any rate. Bring me to Mr. Holbourne."

Never had I seen this state of affairs before at Garthwaite. Fifty fantastic conjectures chased each other through my mind as I rambled through the hall behind my conductor, who kept continually leering at me over his shoulder, as if he suspected I had some design of stabbing him in the back. At last, after ascending a flight of dark stairs, we emerged once more into the daylight of a large room. Two people stood by the mantel-piece, in the crimson shadow of the firelight, one of whom was Francis.

"Dear old fellow," said I, advancing to him rapidly and holding out my hand, "I am so glad to see you!"

He grasped my fingers with all that warmth which was ever the chief ingredient of his nature, and said that our meeting was to him happiness itself.

"You do not need that I should tell you that, however," he added. "This, Mr. Erskine, is my wife."

Certainly a very handsome woman. The only matter which surprised me, however, was that Francis should have married a person older than himself, as she evidently was. But the fact that age had merely brought more of perfection to her figure and riper beauty to her face, struck me as explanation sufficiently satisfactory, and I greeted her with all the respect I could command.

It took not over ten minutes for me to perceive that my friend was thoroughly infatuated. Although he endeavored to pay me all imaginable attention, his kindness evidently proceeded entirely from a thought that it was due me as a guest; so, with all his skill, he could not prevent civility from assuming more the appearance of ceremony than, perhaps, it should have properly borne. That is to say—if I have not expressed my idea well—he was all toward me that a man could be, and what he did came from his heart; but, at the same time, his mind was on his wife, and he would have been happier to have continued in her society alone.

However, that was very natural, and I forgave it. Indeed, I made it a point to at once indicate, delicately as I could, the fact to him, by saying, after we had talked a while about indifferent things:

"Consider me in the old light, Francis—a fellow used to make himself at home anywhere, and especially at Garthwaite Park."

This was pleasing, for he brightened immediately; so, to follow a good point closely up, I added:

"To prove which, I shall instantly seek the society of old Abel Petheridge, and obtain, if possible, some brandy-and-water."

Going down-stairs again, my thoughts ran upon a singular subject—Mrs. Holbourne. "In love," I reflected; "according to Rochefoucauld, one loves, and the other is loved. Here is precisely the history of this marriage. Mrs. Holbourne is emphatically not the one who loves."

Abel Petheridge hailed me with ecstatic joy. If I had been his dearest brother, he could not have expressed more demonstrative kindness; and certainly I should have been flattered, had it not been for a remote suspicion that my arrival was associated most intimately in his memory with the production of unlimited quantities of potent cordials—which, let me add, was the reason that poor Francis always believed me excessively devoted to Bacchus, so much of his cellar disappearing whenever I came to see him; when the truth was that either, as Abel averred to me confidentially, the peculiar temperature of the house made the bottles burst, or, to give a faint conjecture of my own, Abel had unconsciously hidden them somewhere himself while in a state of somnambulism.

"Sir," said he, tasting the generous liquor I had poured out for him, "people's preferences differ. For my part, I don't find myself liking Mr. Francis's wife so much as I hoped I might. Things don't go as they used to, since her

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servants have been here, which you may have seen when you came in."

"I certainly did notice it, Abel. But tell me, where did Francis first meet Mrs. H. ?"

"Why, haven't you heard, sir ? He met her abroad—at the opera, in Paris. She was the great singer, and, indeed, she do sing divinely, as I myself can testify. But, Mr. Erskine"—Abel's voice sank into a brandy-and-water whisper—"nobody know'd anything about her. There was only on the programme, which I myself have one, 'Mademoiselle Sylvie, Prima Donna leggiera,' spelled as I spell it now to you. But they say Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg and other great cities were frantic about her. Mr. Francis saw her, fell head and ears in love with her, offered himself, and married her. He brought her here to make himself, and she came to make herself, happy ; but, sir, pardon me, and no disrespect to my master and his wife, I don't think either of 'em is even contented."

Abel concluded with a swig that nearly strangled him.

"Why neither ?" I demanded, much interested.

"She is not, because her mind is far away across the sea ; he is not, because he suspects it."

At this moment the door opened, and the ventriloquist in the flannel—if I may so indicate the person who had let me in—entered, and handed Abel two or three damp newspapers, and then stolidly disappeared.

"The mail," said Abel to me, apologetically. "I will return in one minute, sir."

He went out, and I sat thinking. I pitied poor Francis, and yet I was angry with him. How wrong these sudden marriages are, where one knows nothing of the history of the other ! Evidently Mrs. Holbourne was a woman with a past—an eventful past—for the annals of it were written in her face and eyes, and the past seldom entirely buries itself. Might not some phantom out of it return and——

Abel re-entered, and interrupted me.

"Ah, there they are—there they are," he sighed, absent-mindedly pouring out another drain of brandy for himself, "billing and cooing ; and who knows what they will be at this day six months ! Heaven send us grace !"

"Francis, I suppose, translates the papers to her every evening, as she doesn't understand English well ?"

"He do, sir ; and such a mess of words as that French language is ! How them French people can understand it, I don't know ; but I suppose they're educated to it, Mr. Erskine. For my part, give me plain English. I'm a plain man, and it'll do for me all the world over."

What Abel's impressions were concerning the respective characters of the languages, I never had the opportunity to inquire ; for at this moment a peal of bells rang all over the house, and I heard the voice of Francis shouting for help. Abel and I darted up-stairs precipitately. We entered the room I had been in once before, meeting at the door other people of the house, and there beheld, prostrate on the floor, still in the shadow of the crimson firelight, Mrs. Holbourne.

"Great heaven !" exclaimed Francis, wringing his hands distractedly, "my wife, for some cause or other, has fainted. I was reading the paper to her aloud, and had scarcely concluded the account of an accident near the railway-station below, to-day, when suddenly she dropped down, apparently lifeless."

While they were all engaged in assisting the sufferer, I glanced quickly over the paper. My eye fell on the following paragraph :

> "Correction.—The person whose hand was injured in getting off the train at this place, this morning, was not, as first reported, Mr. Job Wackley, the eminent brewer of our town, but a Russian gentleman, named Belosensky, a stranger."

"Belosensky !" I repeated, absently. "What is there so startling in the name of Belosensky ?"

Again I left the room, and descended the stairs. In the corridor below, I was just about to pass the glass door that led from the park grounds, when I thought I perceived a ruddy, gray-whiskered face looking at me through the glass.

I advanced instantly. "Who are you, and what do you want ?" I asked.

"I should like much to see Mrs. Francis Holbourne," was the reply, delivered in a singular accent.

"Your name ?" I half opened the door.

"Belosensky !"

CHAPTER II.

ABEL'S REVELATION.

After three days, the ventriloquist in the flannel might have given to his epigram a different turn ; there was but one master and mistress in the house, and that was Belosensky. His progress had been like Cæsar's—he had come, had seen, had conquered. For my own part, I was surprised almost out of my senses.

The first shock occurred on the morning after the Russian's arrival. I happened to observe Francis in the garden, and hurried down to him.

"Who's our friend ?" was my question, pointing over my shoulder with my thumb.

"The new arrival ?" asked Francis, with a peevish sort of inflection in his voice. "Some acquaintance of my wife. Where they met, I don't know, but I fancy in St. Petersburg."

"How do you like him ?"

"Tolerably. That is to say, not much."

"Quite my own feeling," I rejoined. "He has too plentiful a lack of modesty. But, talk of the angels ! Here he comes."

The man—burly, impudent, swaggering—advanced toward us from the house, Mrs. Holbourne by his side. His very manner of crunching the gravel under his feet, as he strode along, had a sort of brutality about it that, I thought, fitted his character exactly.

"Gentlemen, my salutations ! Mademoiselle Sylvie—pardon me, that is to say, Mrs. Holbourne and I are about to enjoy this delicious morning by walking over the park. Is it not a good idea ?"

I loooked at Francis, with a frown on my face, and an unmistakable signal in my eyes. He understood it and immediately took his wife's hand.

"Unfortunately," he said, decisively, "I must beg you to excuse the lady for the present, Monsieur Belosensky. Some other time she may be more at your service."

"Sorry, sorry ! Now this really *is* a disappointment."

"Be assured my regrets are deep as yours. But my wife, if she remembers, is already engaged for the morning to me."

The Russian paused for a second, then raised his eyes and looked steadily into those of the former opera-singer.

"She will *not* accompany me, then ?" he inquired.

The emphatic word was accentuated in such a manner as to make the sentence a stern and final threat.

There was another brief silence. Slowly the wife relinquished her husband's grasp, and came over to her visitor. "Francis is mistaken," she said, in a low tone. "Monsieur Belosensky, I *will* accompany you."

And both passed by and went on.

It is not necessary that I should pause to describe my indignation, and my friend's shame and grief. After staring at each other speechlessly, I broke silence by offering one

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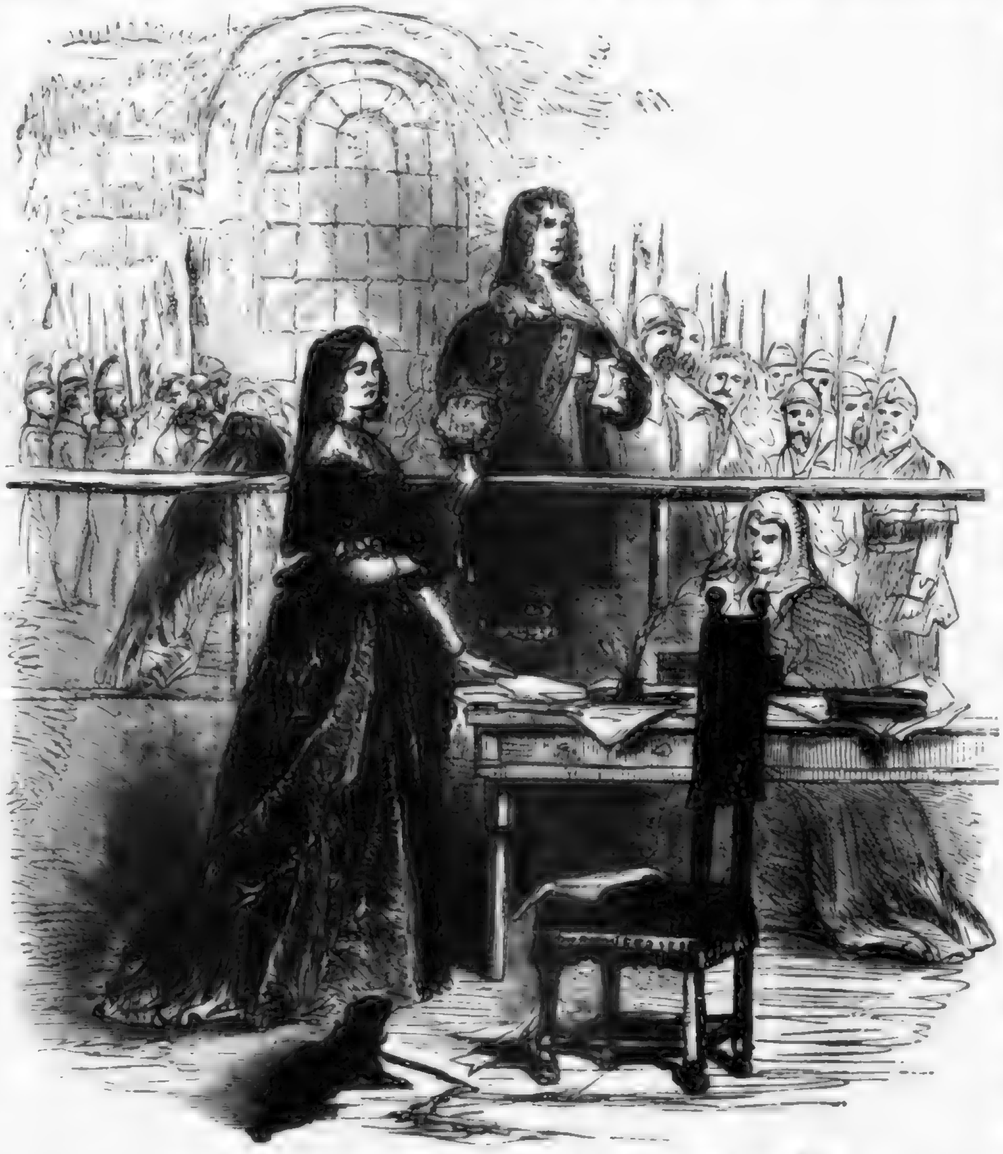
simple piece of advice. This was, to turn the fellow out without a moment's delay. Francis was cooler, however, and said he should go on the more regular plan of making investigation.

Conceive, then, my increased amazement to find, on the day following, the Russian more at home than ever! His coarse voice and loud laugh could be heard ringing over the house all the hours through.

At dinner, he was host. Through every course he talked with ceaseless volubility, commenting technically upon each dish, as it appeared, in a manner that Soyer, Blot, Damas—any, in short, of the great modern cooks—could scarcely have surpassed.

Francis had become another man. To my looks of inquiry, he held down his head abashed. But the cause of this transformation was not far to seek. It had been brought about by the magic wand of Madame Sylvie-Holbourne, late prima donna leggiera of the grand opera of Paris. But, for myself, Heaven knows I was not so easily satisfied. Watching my opportunity, I seized upon my friend, and expostulated.

"It is useless, Erskine," said he, in a tone of despair. "My wife has made me promise that I will treat this man with respect as long as he remains in the house."



LADY RACHEL RUSSELL AT HER HUSBAND'S TRIAL.—SEE PAGE 619.

"Respect! Great heaven! He claims no respect, man! He takes complete possession, and demands absolute obedience and service. I am going to ask you some questions. What do you know of your wife's former history?"

He looked at me somewhat angrily, but I met his glance, and let him read in mine the really generous motive that I had at the bottom of my heart.

"I know nothing, dear Erskine," he returned. "Her parents, she says, as far as love and duty are concerned, are to her dead. A famous tenor took a fancy to her when she was a girl, instructed her in music, and made her the magnificent singer she is. You have learned, I believe, all about her public career. It ended at her marriage with me."

"She never mentioned this Belosensky's name before his arrival?"

"Never! What his peculiar influence over her is, I cannot even imagine. Evidently she has a particular regard for him, and would not allow me to give him offense for the world."

"Influence!" I repeated. "My poor friend, it is power; her regard is fear!"

He turned instantly pale as death.

"What do you mean?" he articulated, between his teeth, his fists clinched and his eyes flashing fury.

"Nothing but what I have said. There is a secret here, Francis Holbourne, which I shall not try to fathom. But, if you are the man I have always taken you to be, *you* will not consider it so lightly."

And so saying, I left him; but, looking over my shoulder as I went out of the door, I saw he had dropped into a chair, and, holding his head with both hands, was rocking himself backward and forward.

There is nothing, I think, so satisfying, when one's state of mind is inclined to be tumultuous, as a smoke. I went into the smoking-room for a match, and there met Abel.

"Abel," said I, "I have not been availing myself lately of the luxury of your society. But, now that I am at leisure, we must have a talk. What do you think of the turn matters have taken since the past two days?" The old man shook his head rebukingly.

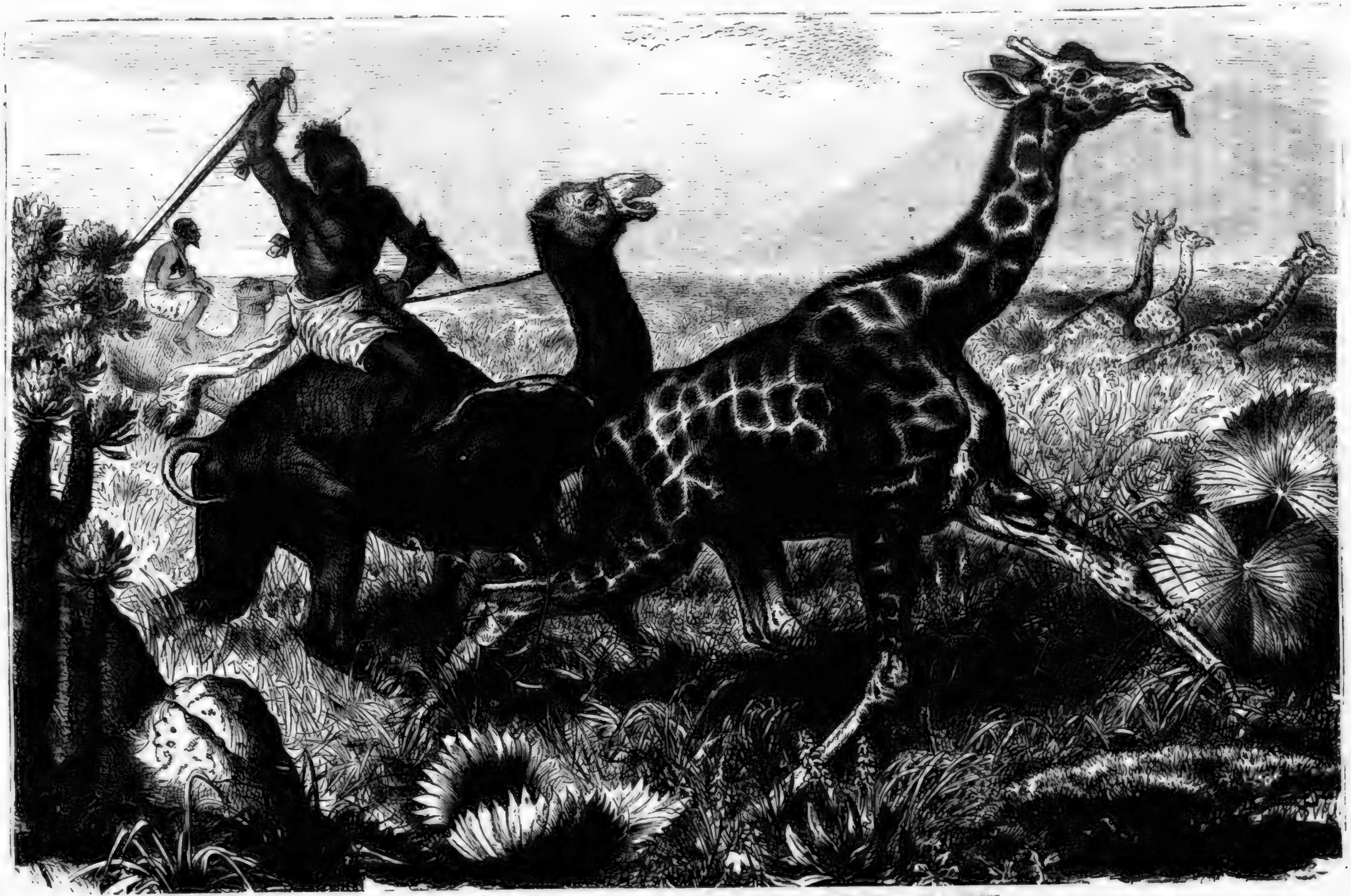
"I should consider myself presumptuous, Mr. Erskine, to pry and comment on the actions of my betters."

This sudden tack on Abel's part took me a little by surprise. Hitherto he had seized every opportunity for gossip with avidity; now he thrust all invitation to it virtuously away. Here was another mystery.

"But tell me," I continued, returning to the charge, "what you think of Monsieur Belosensky?"

"A very free-spoken gentleman," answered Abel, suddenly much interested in an old newspaper, which he unconsciously held upside down.

"Come, come, Abel, this won't do, my old friend! You've got something on your mind. You know very well that you are not reading one syllable in that paper."



THE AGGAGEERS, OR SWORD HUNTERS, ON THE UPPER NILE, PURSUING THE GIRAFFE.—SEE PAGE 627.

He sprang to his feet and came over to me, holding out his hand.

"True, Mr. Erskine, true! I can contain myself no longer; I will reveal all!" We both went to the window. "It is horrible! Prepare yourself, sir, or you will not be able to stand it. I should even suggest, sir, a touch of brandy!"

This idea was so good that I embraced it instantly. Abel fortified himself likewise, and then continued:

"I've a dreadful suspicion, sir. Something I would not communicate to any one but you."

Scarcely had the last words left his lips, when I heard the door creak. At that time I was so interested in Abel that I paid no attention; but now I remember the noise distinctly.

"This morning," pursued the old man, "I was dusting the books in Monsieur Belosensky's room. On his desk I found this note."

I read the scrap hastily. It contained but these words:

> "You know, Sylvie, that I never break my word. Do what I command, or I will reveal all. It will be sufficient to say to Holbourne, 'Of the woman you have married I am the——'"

The last word was irreparably scratched out.

"For heaven's sake, Abel," I cried, "tell me your suspicion!"

"My suspicion, Mr. Erskine, is, that the woman up-stairs is that Russian's lawful wife!"

The door swung open, and Francis Holbourne, haggard, wild of eye, mad with rage and grief, slowly tottered in.

"I have heard all!" he shrieked. "By this hour to-morrow, Death will have come to Garthwaite Park!"

CHAPTER III.

FACE TO FACE.

He darted out again, Abel and I hot upon his heels, and entered the room where the luncheon was always placed. The Russian and Mrs. Holbourne stood together at a buffet. Francis walked deliberately up to the former, and said:

"I consider you no longer my guest!" with which he struck him a sharp blow across the face.

Belosensky paused, shut his teeth, raised a glass of wine that he held in his hand above his head, and hurled it directly into the eyes of his assailant. Then, taking out a small, white pockethandkerchief, he brushed his sleeve, upon which some drops had fallen, and remarked:

"I give you the choice of weapons, but reserve to myself the choice of time. Let us say, this evening."

Whereupon, lightly pulling his mustache, he sauntered away.

Mrs. Holbourne fainted, and was taken by the servants to her room.

I seized Francis impetuously.

"This must end here!" I said.

"It shall not! You know very well, Erskine, that I am a patient man—that I have been patient beyond endurance. But, like others of the same temperament, my limit once reached and transgressed I am patient nevermore!"

"You are fully determined upon the duel?"

"I am. You must consider yourself my friend—I will not say second, for neither my enemy nor myself shall need any. At once prepare yourself to carry my message to the man whom I am to meet."

"What weapons do you select?"

He sat down and seemed to mentally prepare the form of the sentence he wished to use.

"I have read in the annals of the Byron family that the fifth or sixth lord, I cannot recall which, fought his adversary, Mr. Chaworth, with knives, in a totally dark room, where there was no one else present. Such is the mode I have resolved to adopt here."

I drew back with horror.

"It is useless to even dream of altering me. Nay, if you refuse to play the part I ask of you, I shall consider you, too, an enemy."

No one knows better than I that all I could say now would not be sufficient to excuse my sin in consenting to this dreadful proposition. Therefore, I willingly bring my narrative nearer to its end by simply stating that I did agree to assume the responsibility I was called upon to take, and bore the message, word for word, to Mr. Belosensky.

He received me with most deferential politeness, listened with a smile, and consented.

The room for the affair was to be the apartment immediately under the turret; the time, ten o'clock. No one was to come upon the upper corridor after nine; at a quarter past ten I was to give alarm by means of every bell in the house, and so divulge the secret to the world.

In the smoking-room, with Abel Petheridge—whom emotion, or something else, had totally unfitted for intelligible conversation—I sat, my eyes glued to the clock. How slowly limped along the leaden minutes! For the first time in my life I endeavored to sing a song. My companion praised it, but I felt it was a failure. Then I did sums and wrote some Latin verses. In the midst of an angry contention with an obstinate dactyl, I suddenly heard a piercing shriek. The hand of the clock had just crossed my equator—ten. I paused not a moment, but pulled the turret-bell, and heard it ring out upon the night. Then, followed by Abel, I rushed up-stairs.

We were joined by the servants with torches on our way, and, at their head, we entered the chamber of the duel. A flood of light was poured upon the occupants already there. Francis Holbourne stood, a bloody knife in his hand, glaring at an object on the floor.

But this object was not the body of his enemy, Belosensky. It was the almost lifeless body of Sylvie, his own wife!

"He has escaped!" she gasped, in the French language. "You have killed me in his stead. In the dark, happily, you knew me not, Francis. But, villain and outcast as he was—mean as was his purpose against you, my husband—I am prepared, Francis, to die for him. He was my father!"

"Your father!"

And so, by her dying lips, the secret was revealed.

Belosensky had played the selfish scoundrel to the end.

By whom, does the reader guess, was he accompanied in his flight from Garthwaite? By none other than one of the most artful, yet seemingly most stupid, scamps in the world—the ventriloquist in the flannel.

THE AGGAGEERS, OR SWORD HUNTERS, ON THE UPPER NILE, PURSUING THE GIRAFFE.

No country in the world surpasses tropical and Southern Africa in the abundance and variety of game. As the descriptions published by Galton, Anderson, Speke, Baker, Stanley, and others, fully demonstrate, Africa is a paradise for sportsmen, where they can shoot and revel among the rhinoceros and elephants for centuries to come.

On the Upper Nile, immense plains or steppes are thickly overgrown with high grass, dwarfed shrubs and small

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thickets, in which a great variety of quadrupeds are thriving. The porcupine, the ant-eating hog (*orcyteropus*), a creature resembling closely the armadillo, and several kinds of field-mice, burrow there in the loamy and sandy ground. At times the lion raises his dreadful, roaring voice, as he passes by the camp-fire of some nomadic tribe; and the nicely spotted semech-dog is busy hunting or stirring up the timid antelope, which roams in thousands of herds over the vast prairie.

In quaintness of exterior no African beast surpasses the giraffe, which may be considered as characteristic of this torrid soil, as the emu or kangaroo is of Australia. Its gigantic frame sometimes reaches the height of twenty feet; its skin is most conspicuous for the regularity and beauty of its brown or reddish triangle or square-shaped dottings; its eyes for a certain softness of expression.

The giraffe received, it is said, its present Arabian name from the elegance of its motions. It avoids the tropical forests and their entangling creepers, and is not even found either among the steeper hills. It thrives best among the acacias and bauhinias of the South African plains, in the grass-covered lands of Southern Nubia, and in the shrubs and bushes of Sennaar, where the ground resembles a carpet interwoven with the most beautiful lilies and other flowers. Their olfactory and auditory senses are most sharply developed, and it is by no means easy for any hunter to approach them so near as to kill them, even with a rifle ball.

A European who visited Sennaar on a sporting tour, had approached a group of five giraffes, with some fellow-hunters, to within a distance of about eight hundred yards, when suddenly they stopped feeding, raised their long necks, and, a sign of apprehension having been given by one of them, they quickly disappeared.

The excessive hardness of the palate enables the animal to tear off and chew twigs from acacia-trees, although these are thickly studded with thorns of the size of a man's finger.

The most general and successful method of hunting this noble animal is the one practised by the sword-hunters, or Aggageers, in Southern Nubia. Several Sennaar tribes, as the Tungi negroes and the Abu-Rof Bedouins, delight in this kind of sport. They are mounted on the swiftest dromedaries, and as soon as a flock of giraffes has been espied in the steppe, the hunters assemble. They use no saddle, and can keep, therefore, on the top of the fatty protuberance only by a firm appliance and grasp of their muscular knee-joints. Their bodies are of a dark bronze hue, and are always shining with an abundance of grease. No garments cover their limbs, except a long strip of cotton fastened around the hip and the shoulder. From the left shoulder dangles the long and broad cross-hilted sword, sheathed in a reddish-colored leather scabbard.

The party is followed at some distance by an attendant, who carries water in a leather bag, and raw sorghum-grains previously soaked in water. This food, called *belileh*, with a mouthful of water, constitutes all the food that the frugal giraffe-hunter stands in need of.

The hunt continues all day long amidst the tough and thorny shrubs, diminutive palm-trees, some not unlike our palmetto, amidst large cactus-like euphorbias, and thickets filled with llianas and creepers.

The images of blue, distant mountains sometimes emerge to a monstrous height above the horizon, owing to the deceitful reflection of a fata-morgana, which has proved disastrous to many an exhausted traveler in the wildernesses and deserts of the African continent.

A careful search has finally revealed the spot where a little flock of giraffes has gathered. The hunting company approaches most noiselessly, hiding itself when possible behind trees and thickets. When near enough, the riders emerge from the thickets, and by loud clicks excite their dromedaries to speed on with their utmost power after the game. They then draw their swords, their strange hunting-weapon, the blades glittering brightly in the sunbeams. The doomed victims soon become aware of their persecutors, and in their rapid flight wave their long necks forward and backward. Dry branches break and crack under the step of their quickly moving hoofs; stones, pebbles, roots and earth are whirled in all directions, and clouds of dust fill the atmosphere.

In a desperate, frantic chase the hunter follows his game, which cunningly tries to evade or outstrip its unmerciful pursuer by cross-steps and jumps; but the despondent look of the exhausted victim already presages that its doom is sealed, and that an escape is utterly impossible. The velocity of the pursued is no longer equal to that of the pursuer, and when its pace begins to slacken, the livid tongue, covered with froth, protrudes out of the mouth, and the glaring, desperate eyeballs starting from their sockets, exhibit the anxiety by which the animal is consumed.

When the hunter has arrived at a sufficiently short distance, he leans forward on his seat, takes aim, and with his ponderous sword hamstrings his victim. Rarely is a second blow needed to fell the colossal frame of the pursued giraffe. The animal falls panting into the grass, or crouches down upon its hind legs in convulsions, and kicks to right and left, whirling up clouds of dust.

By a loud cry, "Tachû el-Hami-lillâhi (thanks to God), Allah-Kerim (God is merciful)," our Nubian sportsman announces his victory, and calls together his companions in the chase. Those who are not actually engaged in pursuing or slaying another victim from all sides readily respond to the call.

They dismount from their dromedaries and dispatch the victim by a few sword-cuts into the throat and the extremities. They flay the animal on the spot, and divide the meat among the party, who cut it lengthwise into strips. When the meat has been thoroughly dried in the sun, it is used as provision, and stands in high favor with hunters and travelers.

Sometimes, when a party is hunting at a considerable distance from their villages, a meal is hurriedly prepared from giraffe-meat immediately after the animal is slain. They strike a match and set on fire some grass-stalks and dry wood, roast some pieces of the meat on their surface, and eat them up without loss of time.

Almost every part of the giraffe's body serves to some useful purpose of the negro. Its skin is tanned and furnishes excellent material for shields and sandals; the bushy end of the tail becomes a fan or flap to keep off flies and mosquitoes; even the pelvis yields its bony frame to the Flammég negro, who turns it into a banjo and sings to its tune his love-songs and war exploits.

Young giraffes are easily caught alive, when the parent animals have been killed or dispersed, for, helpless as they are, they surrender to their pursuers after a very short chase; and when they have grown to a more advanced age, they are captured almost in the same way as the Guaranis on the Plata lasso their wild horses.

Ethiopian chieftains and Turkish pashas are very fond of keeping giraffes around their houses, and when sold to European speculators or merchants, they fetch considerable prices. They are brought up with camels' milk, the grain and stalks of the sorghum plant, and in the court of an Ethiopian potentate, they generally form one of the most admired and attractive features.

All the tribes inhabiting the Taka country hunt the giraffe. They follow the method described above, and differ

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from it only by using the horse instead of the dromedary. But an inconvenient circumstance prevents giraffe-hunting on horseback from becoming general; it is the relative smallness of the horse in comparison to the long extremities of the dromedary.

The giraffe, when driven into close quarters, sometimes defends itself with the utmost vigor, kicks its assailant with its powerful hind legs, and with such force that it often breaks the chest of a rider's horse standing behind, while the chest of the taller dromedary cannot be reached so easily by the furious animal. Its kick is so powerful as sometimes to kill or stun even lions.

Some tribes of the Barka region, and in Eastern Abyssinia, the Maria, are accustomed to drive the giraffes into thickets made impassable by ropes or nettings; the quadrupeds becoming entangled in them, are easily killed or caught alive.

Our readers will see in our illustration an exciting episode of a giraffe chase; all the particulars of the dress, etc., were drawn most faithfully on the spot by a traveling artist, Mr. R. Hartmann.

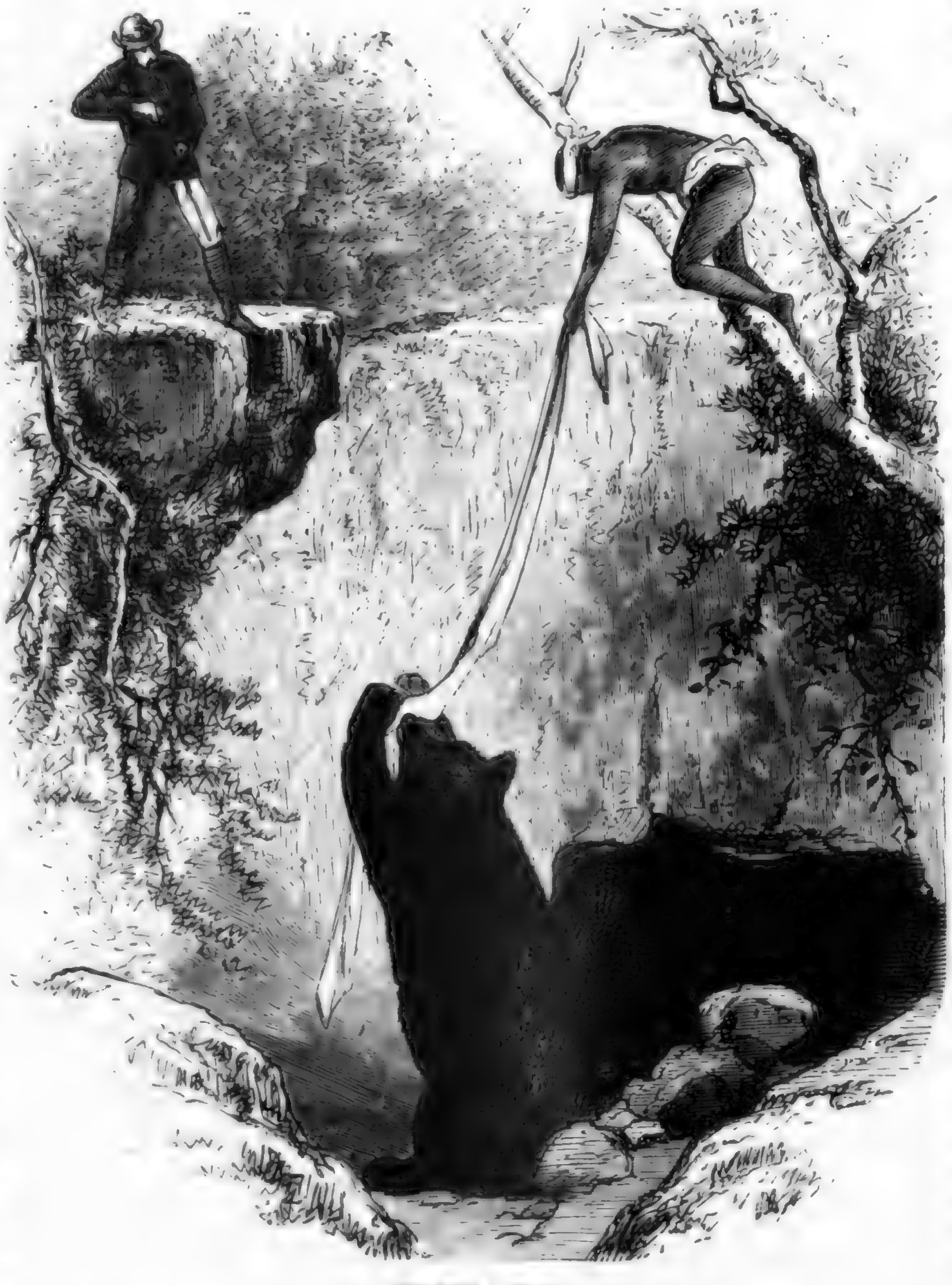
DRAWING A BEAR.

"On my return march to Sirdarpore," says Gordon Cumming, "I sent my men ahead to mark game on the Vindyah Hills, and on reaching my tents, four miles from Tirla, I found that a couple of bears had been marked. The grass had been burnt, and the ground was perfectly bare throughout the jungle.

"On the side of a very steep slope, thinly studded with tall trees, was a bit of rock scarped to the height of seven feet, and extending some twenty yards along the face of the hill. Under this rock were some holes, into which the bears had gone in the early morning. We went very quietly down till we reached the edge of the scarp, when one of the men, pointing over, showed me the snout and two forepaws of a sleeping bear from a hole at the base of the rock.

"At the mouth of this hole grew a peepul-tree, and the noise made by the rustling of its green leaves in the wind prevented the bear from hearing our footsteps. The body of the beast was inside the hole, and the only effect of a low whistle was to make him move his head to the right and left. At length I cast down a small pebble, on which he made a grab at it with his forepaws, and then threw himself back into the hole with his hind legs protruding. At length he disappeared altogether, and though we threw down sticks and stones, he would not show.

"The aforementioned peepul-tree grew up the face of the rock, and I now directed one of my men to climb out into the tree, and, having tied a stone into the end of his turban, to shake it over the mouth of the hole. The ruse succeeded admirably. The bear rushed out, and as he rose on his hind legs and furiously attacked the dangling turban, I shot him through the head, and he fell. We then went down to the mouth of the hole, and lit a fire of dry grass, wood, and green leaves. A dense smoke was carried into the hole, and soon after the she-bear bolted with the cub clinging to her back. I shot the old one, and then running in, captured the cub, which we took home alive.



DRAWING A BEAR.

Such is the superstructure of vanity that turret after turret is added to adorn the stupendous fabric, till at last the foundation totters beneath its gaudy superfluities.

None are more apparently valiant than the coward when freed from danger. What is lost in reality finds a supply in assumption.

THE ART OF VENTILATION.

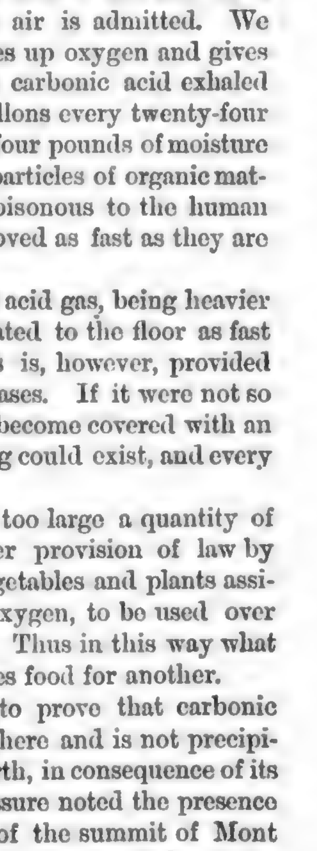
By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

There is no topic on which so much has been written and so little is known as the art of ventilation. There are as many views on this question as there are directions in which the weather-vane can point, and it would almost seem to be a hopeless task to endeavor to bring order out of such a chaos of opinions.

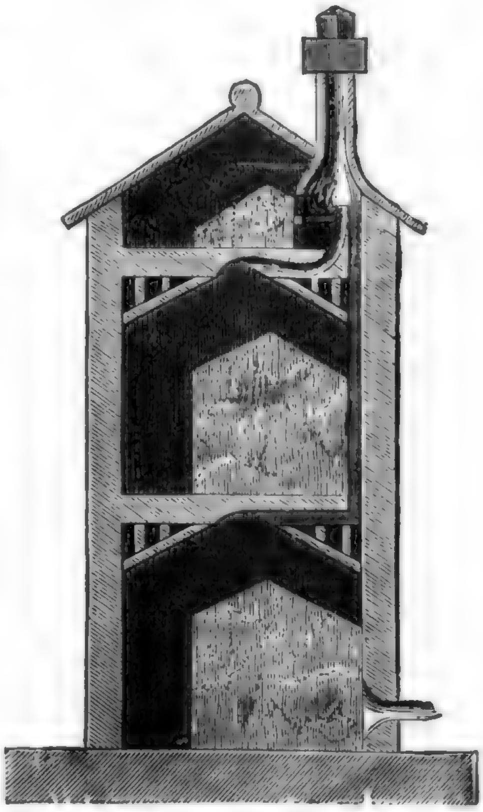
It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a skepticism proportional to the confusion of ideas prevails in the popular mind, and that a majority of mankind endure in silence what they think they cannot remedy.

We live at the bottom of a great ocean of fluid, which, under ordinary circumstances, is a gas, but by great pressure and intense cold is capable of being converted into a solid like the granite of the mountains. As a rule, we do not see the atmosphere, neither do we hear it nor feel it. We move in it as a fish does in water, and die sooner when deprived of it than does the fish when it is cast upon dry land.

The first act in the drama of life is to draw a breath, and the last is to cease from respiration. The immortal chemist Lavoisier showed that he understood the true principles upon which life is dependent, when he traced, more than one hundred years ago, the analogy between respiration and combustion: "Respiration is the gentle combustion of carbon and hydrogen, analogous to that which takes place in a burning lamp. In respiration as in combustion, it is the atmospheric air which furnishes the oxygen and heat; but in respiration it is the very substance of the animal, the blood, which supports the combustion. If animals do not constantly repair by food the loss incurred by respiration, the fuel will soon be wanting in the body, and the animal will perish, as the lamp goes out when its oil is exhausted." This analogy between respiration and combustion, did not escape the poets and philosophers of antiquity. The fire snatched from heaven, "The torch of Prometheus," does not simply present an ingenious poetical idea, it is the faithful picture of the operations of nature. The torch of life is ignited the moment the child is born, and it is not extinguished until death."



M. D'ARCET.



GENNETTI'S VENTILATING APPARATUS.

Lavoisier early appreciated the necessity of oxygen to respiration, and hence that gas was at first called "vital air." This vital air it is which we see introduced into every place occupied by man, and the way to do this must be ascertained by studying the laws of ventilation. Hence the subject is one of the first importance, and we can well afford to devote some time to its consideration.

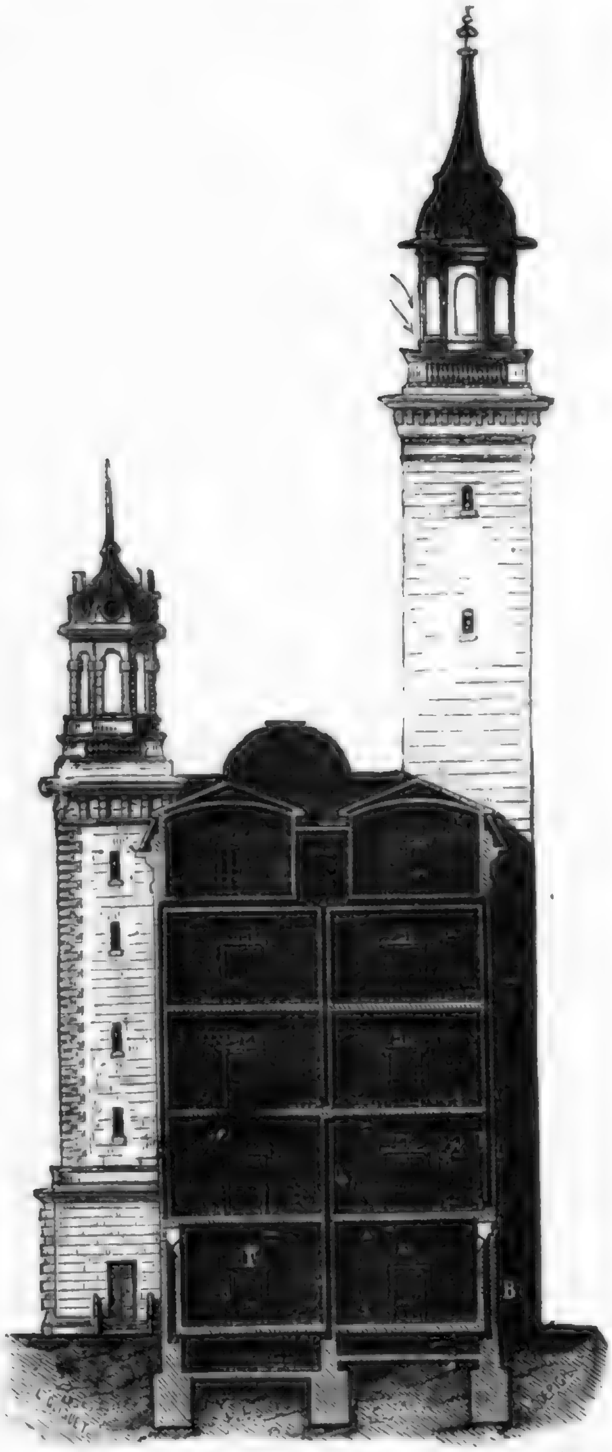
I have, in a former article, given a history of the various methods resorted to for warming our dwellings, and the topic of ventilation can well be treated as a continuation of the same subject.

No heating of a room can be said to be complete unless provision is also made for supplying it with pure air. Simply to heat the bad air is to bring on suffocation and cause death; and unfortunately this result is too often achieved by modern inventions. When a number of persons are shut up in a closed space they soon begin to feel dull and ill at ease, and do not revive until fresh air is admitted. We know that a person in respiring takes up oxygen and gives out carbonic acid. The quantity of carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs of an adult is 250 gallons every twenty-four hours. There are in the same time four pounds of moisture given out, contaminated by minute particles of organic matter. All of these exhalations are poisonous to the human race and ought in theory to be removed as fast as they are formed.

It is often supposed that carbonic acid gas, being heavier than common air, must be precipitated to the floor as fast as it issues from the lungs. This is, however, provided against by the law of diffusion of gases. If it were not so the surface of the earth would soon become covered with an ocean of gas, in which no living being could exist, and every fire would be extinguished.

To prevent the accumulation of too large a quantity of this "choke damp," there is another provision of law by which plants require it as food. Vegetables and plants assimilate the carbon and liberate the oxygen, to be used over again in the respiration of animals. Thus in this way what is poison for one form of life becomes food for another.

There are numerous facts going to prove that carbonic acid gas diffuses itself in the atmosphere and is not precipitated to the floor or surface of the earth, in consequence of its being heavier than the air. De Saussure noted the presence of carbonic acid in the atmosphere of the summit of Mont Blanc, in the region of perpetual snow, and he states



GUY'S HOSPITAL VENTILATION.

explicitly that the proportion of this gas is greater on the tops of mountains than in the plains or valleys. This view has been confirmed by Gay Lussac, who made experiments upon air collected at great elevations in balloons.

Pure air is a mechanical mixture of twenty-one parts by volume of oxygen, and seventy-nine parts of nitrogen; it contains in addition four to six parts of carbonic acid in 10,000, also a quantity of the vapor of water, varying according to temperature. Finally, it holds in suspension a quantity of solid particles which play an important part in the phenomena of nature.

Every one has seen the atmospheric dust when a beam of light across a room makes it visible. These particles are so small that it is only by the aid of light that they are made visible. In order to collect and examine them it is necessary to draw a large volume of air through water or gun cotton. The cotton method has been successfully tried in hospitals, where a search was made for the germs of disease. After the gun cotton has caught these minute sporules it is dissolved in a mixture of alcohol and ether, and the sediment, on examination under a powerful microscope, will be found to be made up of a great variety of constituents, such as mineral and vegetable fibre, granules of starch, threads of cotton, atoms of charcoal, fragments of carbonate of lime, crystals of salt, and organic sporules. The most important of these constituents in their sanitary effects, are the organic matters, which Pasteur and Tyndall have shown to be ferments.

In combating the doctrine of spontaneous generation, Professor Tyndall has had occasion to perform an extensive series of experiments in which the conditions of the atmosphere played an important part. Substances sealed up in tubes deprived of air, remained unaltered, but others of the same source when left in open vessels soon showed signs of putrefaction and fermentation. The germs in the air can also become the occasion of zymotic or ferment diseases, and are therefore proper objects of solicitude and study.

What we call pure air is therefore composed of oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, vapor of water, fragments of vegetable and mineral substances, organic and miasmatic corpuscles. It will be seen by this that the best air we can obtain has a fair share of impurities. If the air of an occupied room loses one per cent. of its oxygen, respiration becomes difficult; the loss of four per cent. renders life nearly insupportable, and death arrives when the loss reaches five or six per cent.

The study of these facts has led mankind to try to obviate the inconveniences and dangers arising from vitiated air, and as a result we have the art of ventilation.

The ventilation of public and private buildings is altogether a modern invention. A century has scarcely elapsed since the question was first raised, although our knowledge has been greatly enriched by the experiments and researches of architects and men of science during these hundred years. It is a mortifying fact that the world has been slow to profit by what has been learned. It is true that attempts were made to ventilate mines from the earliest times; but it was not until Lavoisier made known the true nature of the air that any practical knowledge could be obtained of the subject.

In the celebrated work of Agricola, "*De re Metallica*, published at Basle in 1546, and devoted to the metallurgy of the sixteenth century, we find plans and drawings of the methods of ventilation in use at that early period. The apparatus consisted of enormous bellows manipulated by hand or driven by some kind of power. The bellows were attached to wooden tubes which penetrated to the bottom of the mine; and there were sometimes several pairs in operation at the same time. The fresh air was blown into the galleries, and the foul air made its exit up the mouths. In England, toward the close of the eighteenth century, mechanical means were employed to ventilate the Houses of Parliament, hospitals, and Newgate Prison.

Ventilation by chimneys was suggested in France by du Monceau and Gennetti. According to the system of the latter, outer air was introduced at the base of the building, and by means of a fire in a chimney under the roof a sufficient draught was produced to force it out at the top. In this way the foul air was drawn out of the building.

The most important contributions of the early part of the present century were made by Reid in England, and D'Arcet in France. The former introduced ventilating apparatus in the Houses of Parliament, Guy's Hospital, and many other public buildings, and wrote extensively on the subject. The latter gave to the principles of ventilation scientific precision, and contributed largely to make them known to the popular mind.

As soon as the necessity for fresh air was universally admitted, methods of supplying it were sought on every scale. The walls of rooms were pierced at the top and bottom, to afford access for pure air and exit for the foul. Holes were cut in the window-panes and revolving disks inserted. These measures, if not perfect, at least seemed to aid the natural ventilation, which commonly takes place through the chinks and doors of apartments, and thus lessens the danger arising from bad air.

There is a fact in connection with the study of ventilation in France which deserves to be mentioned here. It was not humanity that first suggested practical inventions in this line, but industry. It was not for the sick in hospitals that new devices were introduced, but for the silkworms in the spinning of cocoons. Observation showed the necessity of fresh air to the preservation of the worms, and it was carefully introduced; and after it was done, the same apparatus was pronounced to be equally useful for man.

A similar story is told by Mr. Henry A. Gouge, who was so successful in ventilating the stable of a well-known citizen, that he was permitted to apply his invention to a bank. First came the horses, then the men. The following is an account of his success: "The well-known New York Bank may be mentioned as an instance of imperfect ventilation, which came to my knowledge through the instrumentality of Judge Henry Hilton, of New York City, whose stable I had ventilated very much to his satisfaction. Owing to this circumstance, he was kind enough to give me a letter of introduction to the cashier of the above bank, suggesting that it would be well to employ me to ventilate the place."

Mr. Gouge was employed, and was eminently successful, thanks to his previous experiments on horses.

In France, after the success with silkworms, the first building to be ventilated was the House of Peers and Chamber of Deputies; then the prisons, the hospitals, the churches and the theatres received attention.

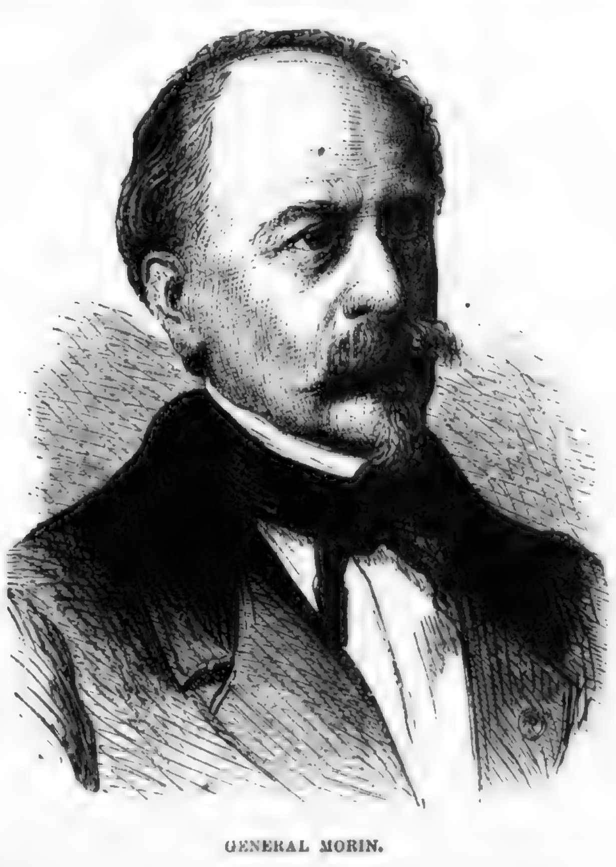
One of the most conspicuous writers on the subject in France is General Morin, a member of the Institute, and a Director at the Conservatoire des arts et Métiers. Probably no writer has done more than he to popularize the subject, and apply its principles to public and private edifices.

Another member of the French Institute, M. Combes, has contributed an important instrument to aid in the solution of some of the difficulties in the way of the study of currents of air. We owe to him the invention of the anemometer, an instrument designed to measure the quantity of air that can pass through any given aperture. Without this instrument we should be unable to adapt certain principles and obtain absolute control over the various forms of apparatus offered for competition. Combes's anemometer indicates the velocity of the wind by the number of revolutions imparted to a fan-wheel in a given time. It is a small windmill, to which is attached an index marking the number of revolutions per minute. The stronger the current the greater the number of revolutions made.

Two systems have been adopted to provoke ventilation. One by draught, and one by mechanism; each has its advocates, and both are no doubt applicable, according to circumstances. The method by a draught produced by a fire of some kind in a chimney, is more commonly employed, as there is less machinery about it, and it can be introduced, once for all, when the house is built. If the interior of an edifice communicates with a chimney of sufficient height in which can be built some kind of fire, the heat rarefies the air, which at once has a tendency to rise, and, by so doing, to produce a draught which carries the foul air of the building with it. In order to keep up the current, it is necessary to maintain a connection with the outer air, and to sustain the heat by replenishing the fire. The ventilation can be hastened or retarded by suitable valves, at pleasure. The simplest contrivance is to force the air to pass through the grate of a coke or coal fire. The strength of the draught must depend largely on the height of the chimney. Care should be taken to prevent the return of the foul gases into the building, and also not to contaminate the air of the neighborhood. Hence the chimneys ought to be made as high as they would be for an industrial establishment. The size of the flue must also be carefully studied. Too large a section requires a correspondingly large consumption of fuel, and too small a bore may admit the return of foul gases. A convenient velocity of draught in the chimney has been found to be at the rate of 3 feet to 3½ feet per second. The size of the chimney and the quantity of fuel can be computed from the height and the volume of air. The mathematical formulæ for such calculations are given by Peclet, in his celebrated work on Heat.

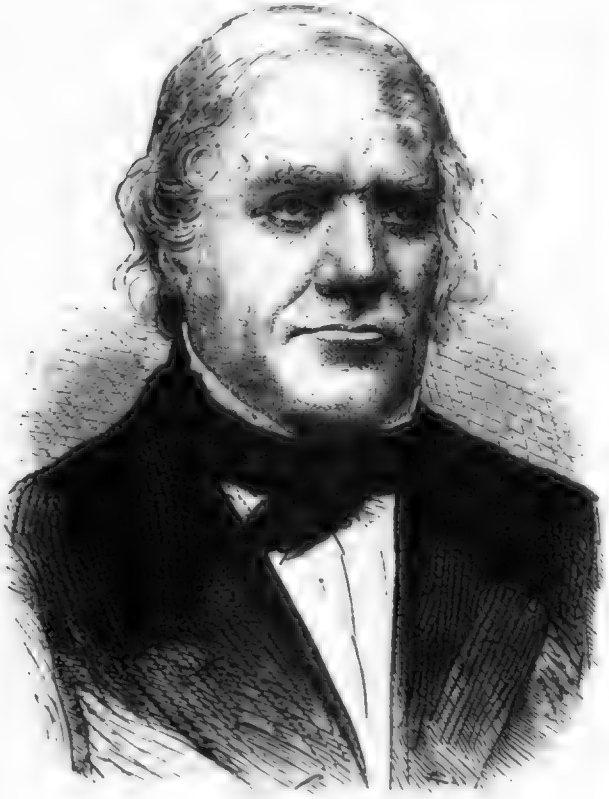
After a building has been put up, it is difficult to construct new chimneys and flues for the purposes of ventilation, and in such cases application can be had to gas as a source of heat, and to flues which can be put up within the building. The atmospheric ventilation of Mr. Gouge is one of the forms which appear to be admirably adapted to this purpose. The air within the ventilator is heated and set in motion by the combustion of gas or kerosene. A single Argand burner, consuming about a foot of gas to the hour, in connection with a proper system of inlet and outlet flues or air ducts, will produce the requisite movements of the air, and secure thorough ventilation in a building of moderate size. The air ducts are of variable size, and unless the larger and smaller ones have a proper and definite relation to each other, the current of the air will be imperfect. The upward force of an induced current of air has a strict relation to the capacities of the flues through which it is made to pass.

An English plan for ventilating rooms is mentioned with approval by the *Plumber and Sanitary Engineer*. It consists in admitting air from the outside, at the floor level, to pipes on the outside, which are about six feet high. The air thus admitted is passed over or through water, which can be renewed at intervals, through the pipe, or flushed when the water-receptacle needs cleansing. The air, passing



GENERAL MORIN.

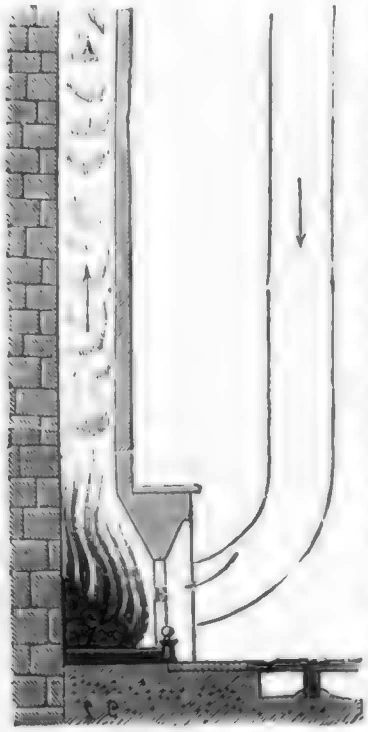
XUM



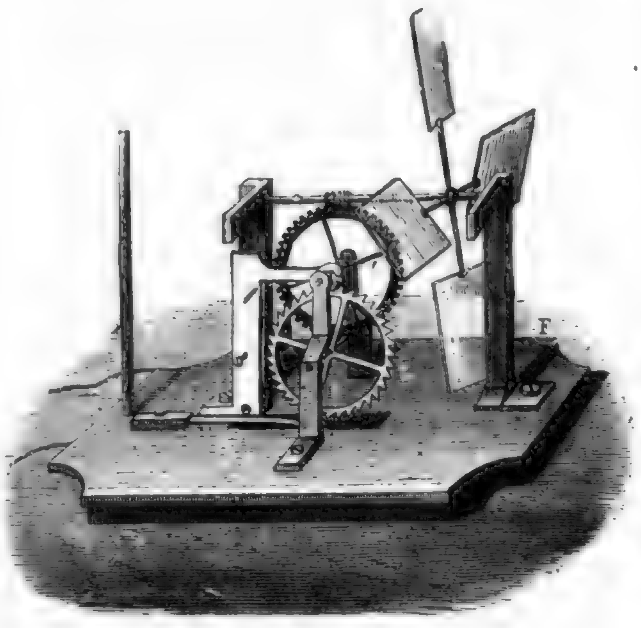
M. COMBES.

ing through the pipe, ascends in the room, mixes with the warm air near the ceiling, and eventually permeates the apartment. Something like this, so far as the admission of air is concerned, has been achieved in this country, by short pipes bent at right angles, to be set up in the openings of a window; and also, yet more cheaply, by the separation of the sashes in the middle, at their ordinary point of junction. But the difference between the outside and inside temperatures of dwelling-houses is much greater here than in England, and contrivances of the kind above described have generally a short-lived popularity in this country, because they soon cool apartments below the range of comfort in cold weather.

According to General Morin, chimneys may easily be made to serve as ventilators during the Summer, or on special occasions, by placing in them a tube furnished with several gas-burners. On the chimney of an ordinary apartment, having an earthenware flue eleven inches square and sixty-six feet high, the amount of air drawn up the chimney to each foot of gas burned will be greater the less gas is burned and the less the temperature of the flue. This mode of ventilation may be employed to advantage in drawing-rooms on reception-days, provided that registers be placed at convenient points for the introduction of moderately warm fresh air. During the Summer the system of ventilating by means of gas-jets will also allow the room to be maintained at a lower temperature than that of the external air, by drawing in the air from clean cellars to replace that carried off.



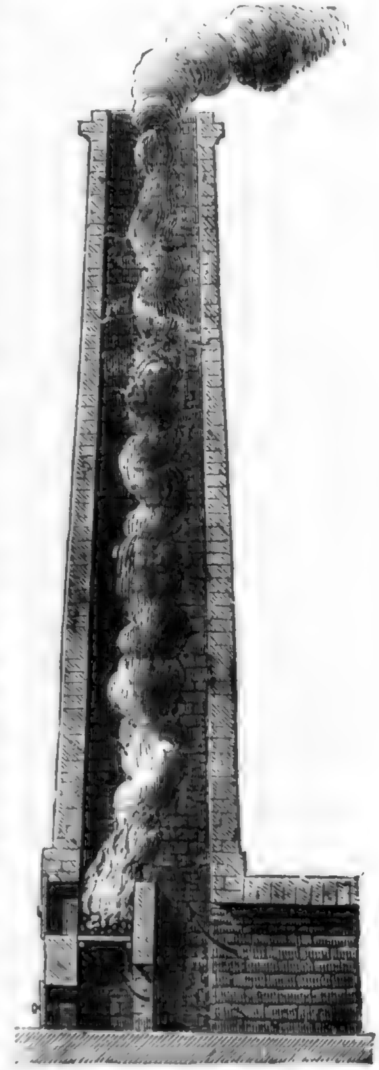
PRINCIPLE OF THE DRAFT OF CHIMNEYS.



COMBES'S ANEMOMETER.

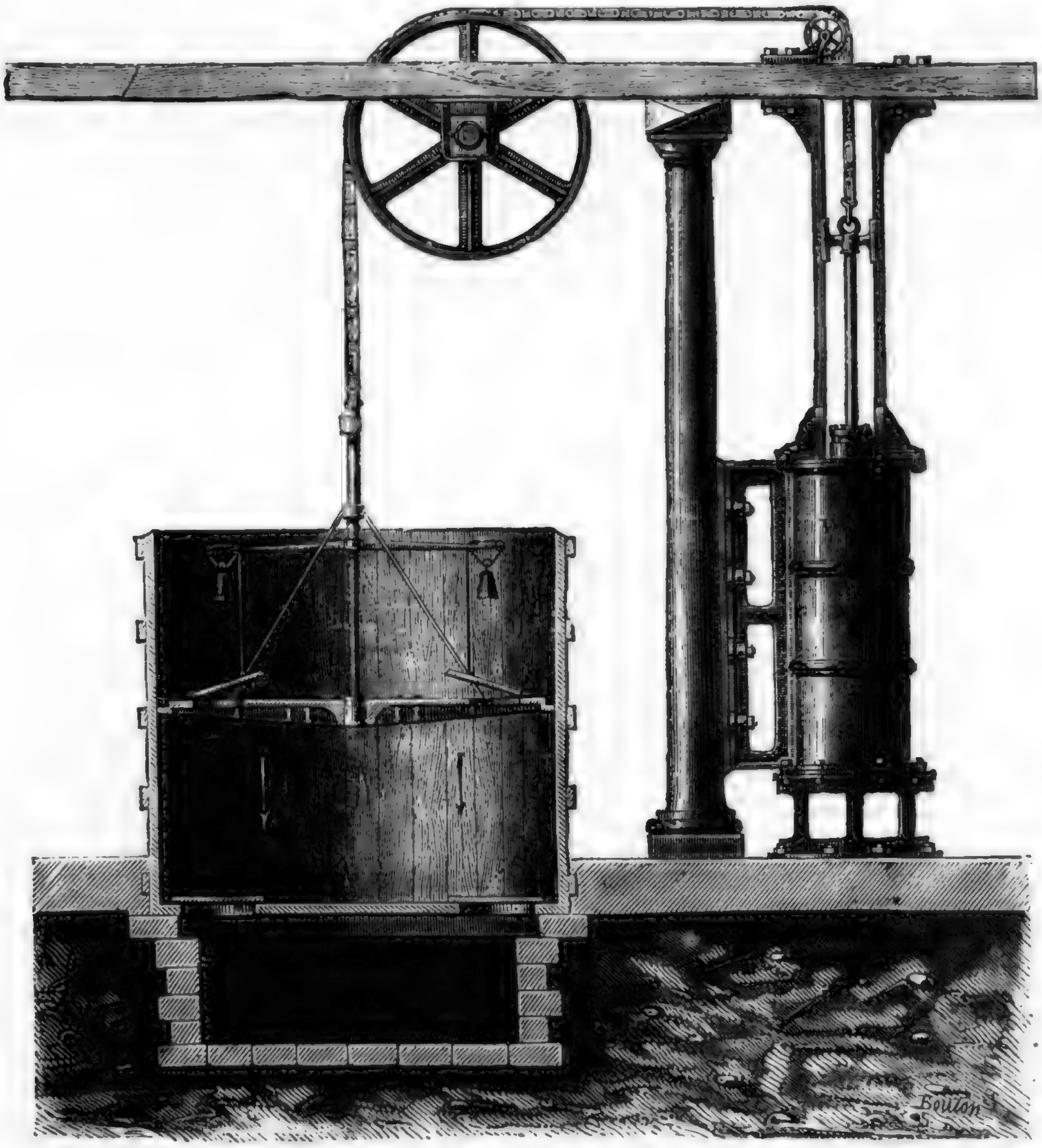
The ventilating fireplace of Captain Galton has been much commended in England. His device differs little in external appearance from an ordinary grate, except that it has a high brick back, which forms the exterior boundary of a chamber, into which air passes directly from without, becomes moderately heated in a separate flue, and is injected thus into the room under the ceiling. A plenum of pressure is established within the room, whereby indraughts through doors and windows are avoided, and the air is continually renewed by passing away through the fireplace-chimney as usual. The fireplace-chimney is encircled by the air-flues, so that the heat of the ascending products of combustion is utilized throughout its whole length. Mr. William Siemens says of Captain Galton's invention that "the cheerfulness of an open fire, the comfort of a room filled with fresh but moderately warmed air, and great economy of fuel are here happily combined, with unquestionable efficiency and simplicity."

There are numerous examples of practical ventilation in this country, without the aid of mechanical contrivances. A plan for ventilating



CHIMNEY VENTILATION.

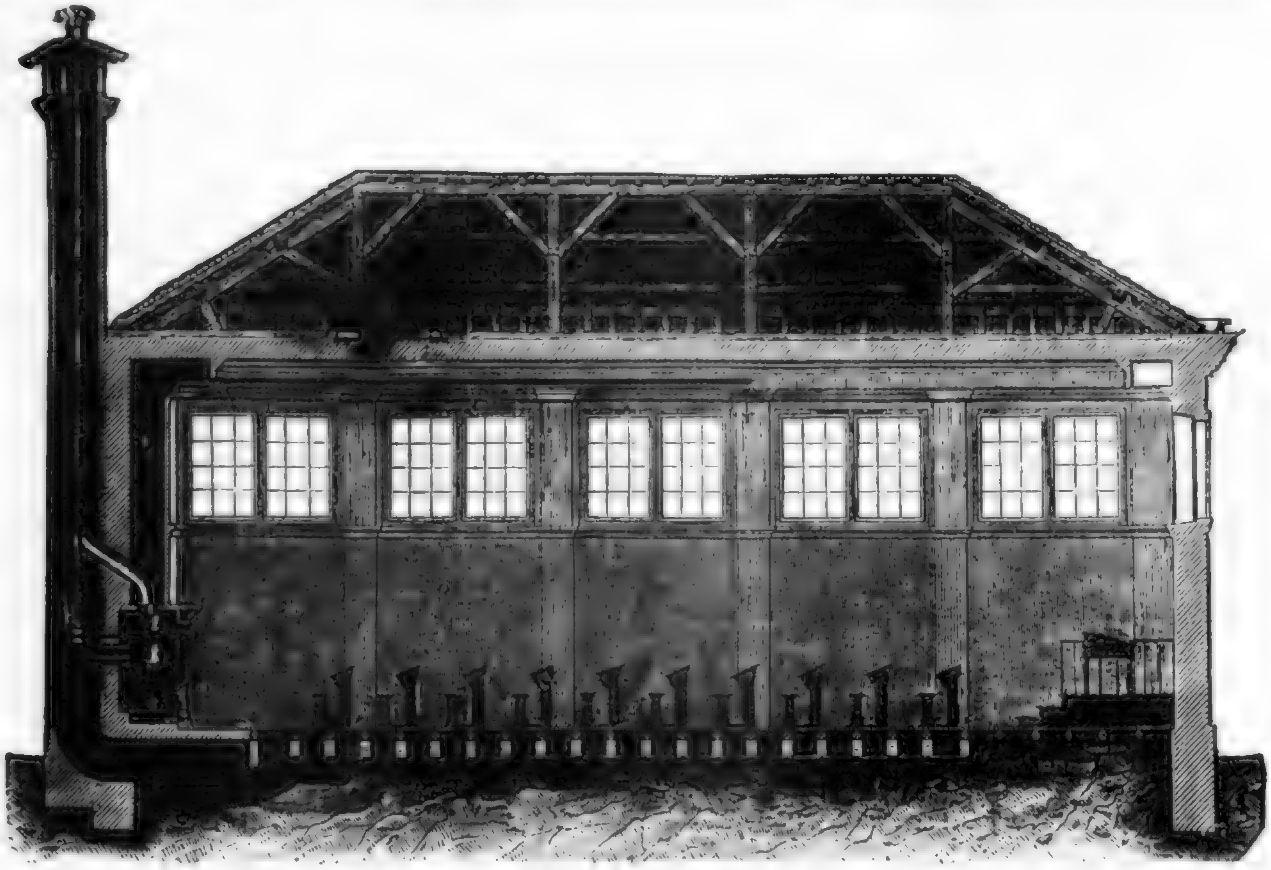
schools, by Mr. A. C. Martin, of Boston, appears to be well adapted to its purpose. The heater is an incased stove, by which the fresh air for ventilation, which enters beneath it from outside, is warmed and discharged into the room above the heads of the pupils. The foul air is drawn out of the room through numerous apertures in the floor, which open into four ducts. These lead to a ventilating chimney, kept warm by the smoke-pipe of the stove passing upward inside the chimney. A small stove may be placed in the chimney for Summer ventilation. Cold air inlets are provided at the ceiling to temper the air of the room when it is too warm, and to furnish additional fresh air. Horizontal deflectors under these openings direct the currents of cold air along the ceiling.



MACHINE FOR VENTILATING MINES.

The second example, of a hospital ward, is from plans suggested by Doctor Folsom, for the Johns Hopkins Hospital. The ward is heated chiefly by two steam heaters in the basement, to which the outdoor air is supplied through two cold-air boxes which cross the basement from side to side, so that the air may always enter from the windward side—a provision which evinces the possibility of regulating the ventilation in windy weather. A mixing-valve permits the cold air to pass above the heater when it is necessary to cool the air which enters the wards through two registers, situated on each side of a large ventilating chimney in the centre of the ward. Two open stoves, built into the ventilating chimney, serve as auxiliary heaters, and their smoke-pipes, which pass upward inside the ventilating chimney, heat the chimney and produce ventilation. A small grate in the lower part of the chimney can be used to heat it in Summer. The main openings for removing foul air are at the floor's level. They are ten in number, and distributed at equal distances around the walls of the room. A downcast flue from each opening leads to the floor of the basement, beneath which all ten ducts converge to the bottom of the central chimney. Two openings into the chimney are provided near the ceiling for Summer ventilation, and there are *louvres* over the windows, all of which can be opened and closed at will.

According to General Morin, the plans adopted for primary schools should be designed to carry off and replace a volume of 400 to 500 cubic feet an hour for each child. The ventilating openings should be placed in or against the vertical walls of the two long sides of the room. It is only in case of great constructive difficulties that they may be confined to a single side. There should be as many of them as possible, and they should have a clear cross-sectional area that will give to the air carried off a velocity of more than twenty-eight inches a second. They should connect with descending flues leading into the cellar or under the floor of a collecting-pipe, which, in most cases, should be carried directly to the foot of the ventilating shaft. The latter should be placed for its whole length beside the smoke-pipe of the heater, the heat from which will assist



VENTILATION OF SCHOOLS.

the draught. But this heat will not usually be sufficient to give proper activity to the draught, even when the external atmosphere is very low, and it will be necessary to keep up a little coal-fire at the bottom of the ventilating shaft, in a grate detached from the walls. The fresh air, warm or cold, should be admitted near the ceiling, and parallel to its surface. In the season for fires, the air supplied by the heater should be mixed with the external cold air. The proportion of each may be regulated by means of registers, easily controlled from the interior of the room, so that the mixture may have only the temperature of 85 to 95 deg. at most. The fresh-air openings should be arranged, if possible, along the whole length of the room, or at least be very numerous, and their section calculated so that the entering air should have a velocity of forty inches a second if it is directed horizontally, parallel to the ceiling, or twenty inches if it has a vertical direction.

Further illustrations of the ventilation of buildings by the system of draughts can be deferred until we have taken up the discussion of the mechanical contrivances more recently introduced.

The absolute necessity for a very active and certain system of ventilation for mines was the occasion of the invention of mechanical means to accomplish the purpose. The atmospheric air sent through a mine undergoes in its passage certain modifications which render it unable to keep the workings clear of gas. The respiration of men and animals gives birth to extremely deleterious gases, in which the oxygen disappears and gives place to carbonic acid, carbureted hydrogen, nitrogen and ammonia. For the safe working of such places, it is necessary that there should be a large and constant supply of fresh air sent from the surface, so as to permeate every part of the mine. To effect this, various systems have been tried, including the furnace, fans, steam-jets, screws, etc. The furnace was for a long time the chief method adopted. The amount of air produced by a well-constructed furnace varies from 4,000 to 8,000 cubic feet per minute for each foot in breadth of the bars. Still, the temperature of furnaces is very variable, and to some extent, also, is the ventilation; while there is considerable danger in the return air containing the gas being carried over the furnace instead of into the shaft.

The furnace is also a source of danger from other causes, as it has been known to set fire to the coal and produce great danger. On account of this danger, the furnaces have been replaced in many mines by machinery for accomplishing the ventilation. Pumps, fans and screws have been tried with varying success. Some form of fan appears, upon the whole, to have obtained the preference.

After the invention of the air-pump, it appeared very natural to apply the same principle to the removal of large volumes of foul air from mines. It was only a question of increasing the size of the pump to suit the work to be done. The larger the piston and valve, the greater were the obstacles to be overcome, and this method has pretty much given way to propeller screws and fans.

These are of different dimensions, according to circumstances. The fan is usually 13½ feet in diameter, with 8 vanes, each 3 feet 6 inches wide, and 3 feet long. It is fixed on a horizontal shaft, 8 feet 7 inches in length, from centre to centre of the bearings, which are nine inches long by 4½ inches in diameter. The vanes are of tin plate iron and carried by forked wrought-iron arms secured to a centre disk fixed upon the shaft. The fan works within a casing consisting of two fixed sides of thin wrought plate, entirely open round the circumference, and connected together by stay rods; the sides are 3 inches clear from the edges of the vanes, and have a circular opening 6 feet diameter in the centre of each; from which rectangular wrought iron trunks are carried down for the entrance of the air; the bearings for the fan shaft being fixed in the outer sides of these trunks, which are strengthened for the purpose by vertical cast iron standards bolted to them, and resting upon the bottom foundation stone.

The fan is usually driven by the engine used in the hoisting. This form of apparatus has proved very effective in mines of more than a thousand feet in depth, and was at one time extensively used in England.

XUM

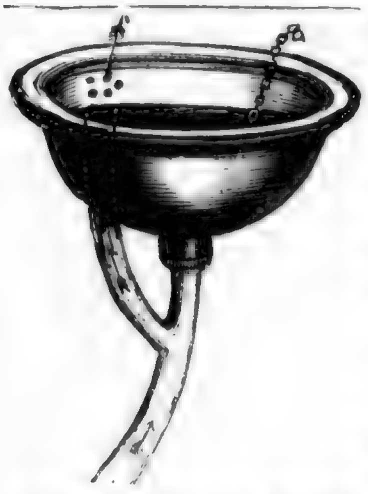
In New York City, the church in which Dr. John Hall preaches is ventilated in the most thorough manner by the same form of propeller screw that is used in the pneumatic dispatch. The fan or propeller draws pure air from a tower and drives it under the seats in the church through suitable canals. In each pew are registers within the control of the occupants. In Summer, the air is cooled and moistened by being brought into contact with water spray. In the Winter it is warmed before being forced into the church. The congregrations worshiping in this church are very large, but no complaints are ever heard of impure air or oppression of any kind. In this instance the blowing apparatus has proved entirely satisfactory.

The Capitol at Washington has an expensive and complicated apparatus designed to furnish pure air to the Senate Chamber and House of Representatives. A large quantity of air is drawn into chambers, where it is warmed by passing among stacks of pipes heated by steam-boilers, and forced into the halls of Congress through apertures in the floors and walls. The column of air thus introduced displaces an equal quantity of vitiated air, which escapes through openings in the ceilings and numerous doors leading into the halls and galleries. There are four fans employed for this purpose, operated by steam engines. The fan for the Senate Chamber is described as being 14 feet in diameter, and weighing over six thousand pounds, and is moved by an engine of 16 horse power. The fan for the House of Representatives is 16 feet in diameter and weighing nine thousand pounds, and requires a steam engine of 30 horse power.

Notwithstanding this ponderous machinery, it seems to be impossible to prevent the air of the halls from becoming very foul and stifling.

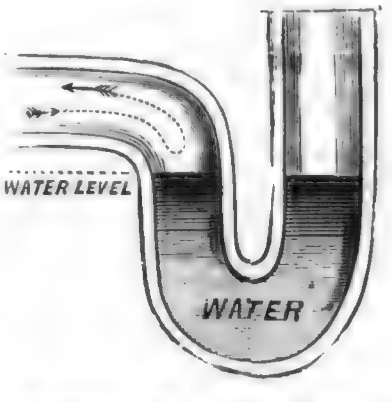
In the Spring of 1876 there was so much illness among the members of Congress that committees were appointed to examine the ventilating apparatus. They found that the arrangements were such that the cold air sweeps down upon the floor and thus forces upon the members the foul atmosphere generated by the gas-burners and the occupants of the galleries. The fresh air supply is taken in through the basement into the cellar, and is then forced up by fans through iron pipes, which, it is said, are "coated by many years' accumulation of rust and particles of decaying animal and vegetable matter." From these the current goes through a series of horizontal ducts, and finally, at a temperature of 100 deg. or thereabout, is driven into the chamber through registers which, for years, have filled the office of spittoons!

It was further reported that the mouth of the sewer which drains the Capitol is submerged, so that from every sink there is an escape of sewer-gas into the building. Under such a condition of affairs, it was not to be wondered at that so many of the members were ill. Very energetic measures were adopted to remedy the evil, but there is still room for improvement.



HOW SEWER-GAS ESCAPES THROUGH OVERFLOW PIPE.

At the same time that Congress was aroused by the untoward condition of affairs at the Capitol, attention was directed to the bad ventilation of the public schools in New York City, and revelations of a startling character were made. A thorough inspection of the public schools situated in widely separated portions of the city showed that there was not one single building in which the occupants were not daily poisoned with foul air, through utter want of any adequate system of ventilation. I have myself seen 100 children packed into rooms capable of decently accommodating only one-half that number. They were compelled to remain there several hours; it was as much as I could endure to stop for a few minutes.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF FOUL AIR TRAP.

In most of the schoolhouses the windows are depended upon for a supply of fresh air, but on damp or cold days it is manifestly unsafe to have the draught from the windows precipitated directly upon the heads and backs of those pupils who sit near the windows.

I devoted much time one season to a systematic examination of the public schools of New York, visiting, in the course of the Winter, thirty of the finest buildings. I went into nearly every room, and examined the courts and outhouses, and am sorry to be obliged to say that in nearly every school the ventilation was unworthy the name. There was no system, and no pretense at providing pure air in many of the schools, and I invariably returned home with a severe headache as the penalty of my examination. It is truly extraordinary that in a community possessing so much wealth and intelligence, better provision is not made to protect the health of the thousands of children who frequent our public schools.

It is not the fault of the Superintendents of public institutions, nor of the Commissioners of Education that better arrangements are not made, but a false idea of economy and want of agreement on the part of architects as to the best remedy to be applied. It is only by constant iteration and publication of facts that public opinion can be brought to compel the introduction of such a system of ventilation as will insure the perfect health both of teachers and pupils. It is a startling fact that the stables of our wealthy citizens are better ventilated than many of our public schools. As an illustration of the general and most culpable neglect of these subjects, we may make the following extract from the report of a committee of the New York Board of Education: "Of the school buildings under the charge of this Board, there are not ten which are thoroughly healthy; in several, during the Winter, the cold has been so intense at times as to render the dismissal of the classes a matter of necessity, and it is no extraordinary sight to see teachers in the performance of their duties in school hours, dressed in furs. The obstacles presented by school buildings to ventilation, the great quantity of fresh air required, and the difficulty of obtaining it without unpleasant draughts, have been so serious and so formidable, that in comparatively few of the school buildings has any attempt been made to secure ventilation. The results of this general lack of ventilation are seen in the listlessness on the part of both teachers and scholars, and the dull following of routine, which are standing subjects of complaint, but which are only the inevitable consequences of breathing an atmosphere saturated with the noxious vapors exhaled from the lungs, bodies, and dress of

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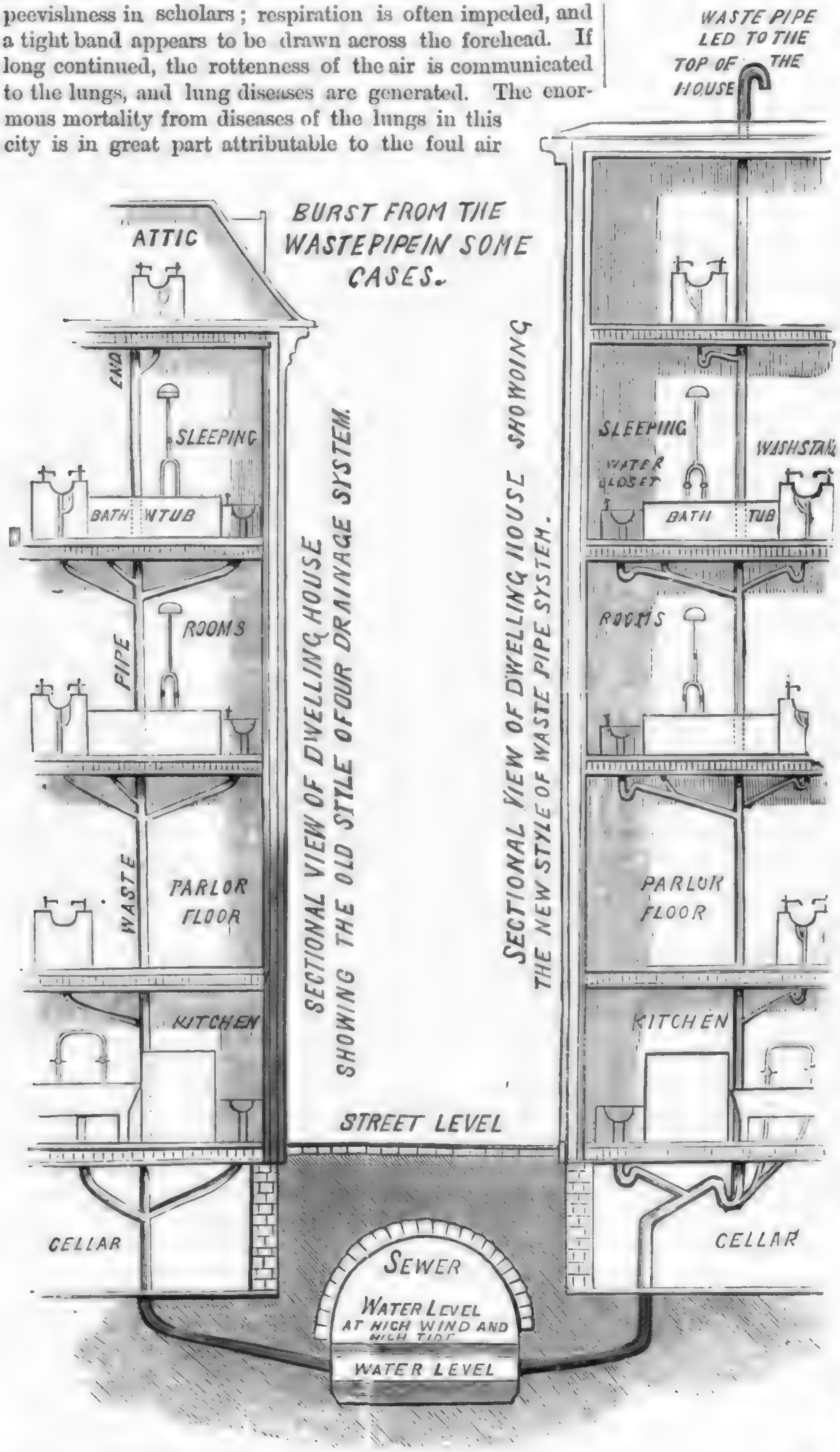
the masses of children congregated in a single building. From 200 to 500 pounds of fetid vapor are thrown off in the breath and by insensible perspiration, from every thousand children during school hours each day, in addition to some 200 pounds of the deadly carbonic acid gas. To breathe this foul air tends to produce irritability in teachers, and peevishness in scholars; respiration is often impeded, and a tight band appears to be drawn across the forehead. If long continued, the rottenness of the air is communicated to the lungs, and lung diseases are generated. The enormous mortality from diseases of the lungs in this city is in great part attributable to the foul air breathed every day by the 100,000 children in the schools. The prevalence of scarlet fever, which for the past few years has been remarkably great, in the primary schools, may be attributed to the same cause in even greater degree."


WASTE PIPE LED TO THE TOP OF THE HOUSE
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BURST FROM THE WASTEPIPE IN SOME CASES.
END
SLEEPING
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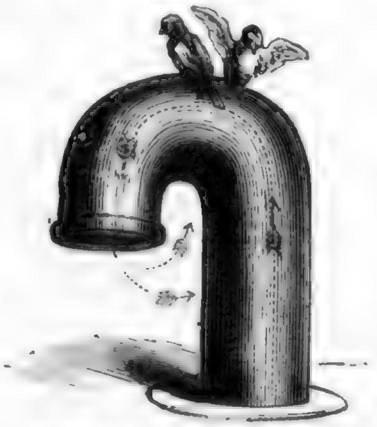
SECTIONAL VIEW OF DWELLING HOUSE SHOWING THE OLD STYLE OF OUR DRAINAGE SYSTEM.
SECTIONAL VIEW OF DWELLING HOUSE SHOWING THE NEW STYLE OF WASTE PIPE SYSTEM.
STREET LEVEL
SEWER
WATER LEVEL AT HIGH WIND AND HIGH TIDE
WATER LEVEL
SLEEPING
WATER CLOSET
WASHSTA
BATH TUB
ROOMS
PARLOR FLOOR
KITCHEN
CELLAR

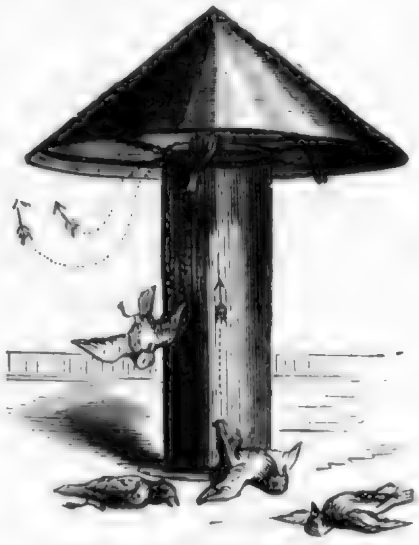
The amount of air required for each person per minute is estimated by various authorities at from 4 to 10 cubic feet, and this requires specific and adequate ventilating arrangements. Undoubtedly doors, windows, and chance crevices afford a partial exchange of air; but it is this accidental ventilation which, by effecting the purpose in an imperfect degree, has prevented mankind from sooner discovering the want of something better.

Spontaneous ventilation through air flues from the ceiling to the roof, and from open windows and doors, may answer very well in Summer, except where many are crowded together, as in schools and asylums; but in cold weather, when the house is closed, fresh air must be introduced and foul air expelled by the application of force.



BEST STYLE OF WASTE PIPE.

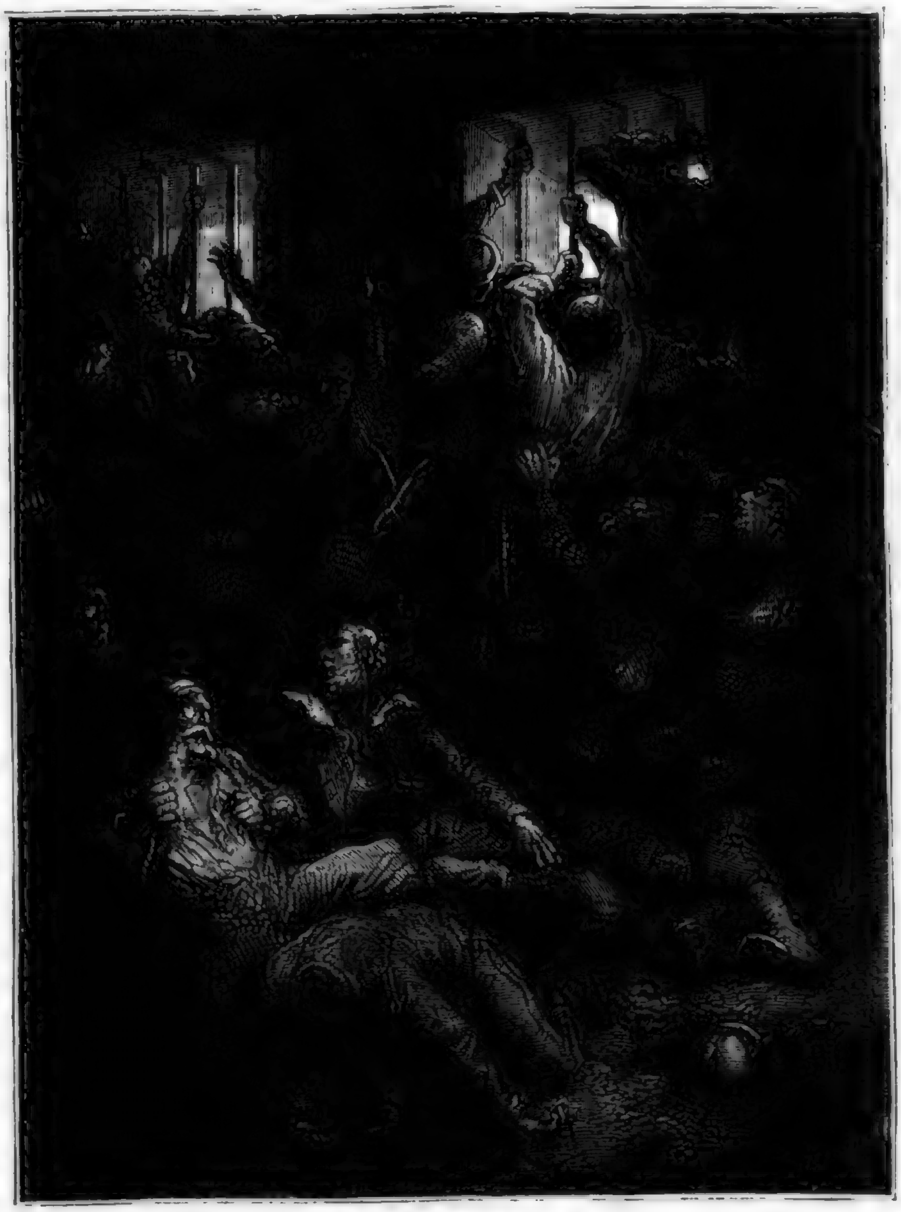
Some philosophers maintain that air is like a rope, it is much easier to pull it than it is to push it; others assert that it is better to pack it by propellers.



UMBRELLA STYLE OF WASTE PIPE.

As a rule, in buildings used for public occasions, of which complaints are so frequently heard, no pretense at effecting any ventilation is even attempted. The owners of the property knowingly shut up hundreds of people under circumstances that, if properly investigated, would be likely to subject them to criminal prosecution. The audience-hall is often situated in the middle of the building, and there is no possibility for fresh air to enter, excepting by circuitous passages of the hallways when a door is accidentally opened. That such an utter disregard for the comfort and health of the community should be tolerated is a proof that the subject will bear frequent discussion until the proper remedy is applied. We can have the consolation, if it be a consolation, of knowing that they are no better off in other countries. Even the hall in Paris in which the meetings of the most celebrated body of men in the world, the French Institute, are held, is said to be the worst ventilated room in Europe. At a recent session the following scene occurred :

M. Bouley—We are plunged in a wholly irrespirable atmosphere ; it is intolerable. Instead of gas, I wish we could have our ancient candles restored to us.



THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

M. le Verrier—I prefer illumination by gas, and have insisted upon some kind of ventilation ; but nothing has been done. We have General Morin with us, and in eight days all necessary apparatus could be installed, if it were so ordered.

General Morin—Eight days! Ten years have already elapsed since their installation was decided upon in principle, and yet nothing has been done.

M. le Verrier—The condition of things is shameful. There exists nowhere a room so badly ventilated as the hall of the Institute.

It is somewhat remarkable that no invention has been made for giving an alarm when the air becomes too foul for safe respiration. We have inventions to warn us of fire, and to alarm the household of the approach of a burglar; but of the insidious foe that enters everywhere, in every apartment of private houses, and riots unmolested in all public places, we are never warned in time to make good our escape. It would be well if we had some kind of signal to warn us of the danger, or some kind of automatic arrangements by which ventilating apparatus could be set in motion. The presence of fire-damp in mines is made known by the explosion of the small volume of air in the Davy safety-lamp. When this explosion takes place in the narrow canopy of the wire gauze, the miner knows that it is better to retreat until the danger is removed. Unfortunately the gases of close rooms are not of this explosive character ; if they were, we should not suffer so much from want of ventilation as we do now ; as no one would run the risk of being blown up for the pleasure of being suffocated. The gas which leaks through stoves and furnaces, and arises from imperfect combustion, known as carbonic oxide, can be absorbed in a way to betray its presence by the following ingenious invention: The apparatus consists of a small galvanic battery, with a bell attached, and an open test-tube containing liquid chloride of palladium. The chloride of palladium is extremely sensitive to the presence of carbonic oxide gas ; it absorbs the gas and precipitates metallic palladium ; the deposition of the metal in the bottom of the tube makes the connection of the galvanic current and at once rings the bell, which will not stop its clatter until the current is broken. The invention is found to work admirably for carbonic oxide gas, and the next thing is to devise a plan for disclosing the presence of carbonic acid gas. It is possible that this could be done by putting in a carefully counterpoised balance some caustic baryta or lime, which, by the absorption of the carbonic acid of the air, would sink, and cause the current to be closed in a battery and the bell to be rung. The same contrivance could be made to open and close a shutter, just as the draught of a stove is regulated by the rise of mercury in a thermometer connected with a battery. It would be a novel experience on any public occasion, to have the proceedings interrupted by the ringing of alarm bells until equilibrium was restored by proper ventilation. We should all take kindly to the interruption, and be thankful for a breath of pure air. No doubt some such inventions will be introduced as soon as a knowledge of their existence becomes known and there is a universal demand for them.

The Metropolitan Board of Health of the City of New York has been fully alive to the importance of securing proper ventilation in all buildings subject to their visitation. Whatever is dangerous to human life and detrimental to health, properly comes under their cognizance, and under this category may be safely included the improper ventilation of tenement-houses and public buildings of all kinds. The enforcement of the "Tenement-house Act" by the Board of Health has resulted in a considerable improvement in the condition of the tenement-houses of New York. Additional

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means of ventilation have been insisted upon, and the attempt has been made, with some success, to educate the people in the densely populated parts of the city as to the necessity of cleanliness and obedience to the sanitary regulations of the Board.

The 24,000 tenement-houses of the city require constant supervision and frequent inspection. Rooms will be found overcrowded; windows and doors, and apertures for ventilation will often be purposely closed; refuse matter will be thrown into the sinks, and filth generally will accumulate in the halls, cellars and yards. Through the instrumentality of the Board, ventilating shafts have been introduced into many large tenement houses, and the average number of deaths has been largely diminished. Unfortunately, the sanitary inspectors do not feel at liberty to examine the dwellings of the rich, and they really suffer more, in proportion to the number of occupants of a single house, than the poor.

Much has been said and written about the defective plumbing and drainage of our city houses, but still more can be added before all the perils of the situation can be disclosed. What are called "modern conveniences" are in many instances inventions for increasing the bills of mortality. There is often a curious inconsistency about them. While they provide for ventilation, in some instances the very apparatus designed to secure pure air in the dwelling actually draws the foul air into it, through pipes connecting with the sewer. The traps are exhausted or syphoned out, and the foul air has free course into the living apartments, thus producing the many cases of zymotic disease now so common among the wealthy. To prevent such disastrous consequences, all the traps of the house should be ventilated by separate pipes, thus preventing them from becoming exhausted by any accidental suction from within.

Astonishing illustrations of the disregard of the laws of health on the part of citizens who can scarcely plead ignorance as an excuse, are afforded in the crowding together of a great number of persons at a fashionable reception in the splendid mansions of the metropolis. There is often such a jam that to accomplish the feat of ascending to the cloak-room, paying your compliments to the host and struggling your way out of the house is as much as a vigorous person can accomplish in three hours. And yet, here you have a dense phalanx of persons upon whose education no expense has been spared. Their dresses are imported for the occasion; the refreshments are delicious—what it has required months, and, in some cases, even years of unremitting attention to produce; the splendid furniture offers every comfort that ingenuity can devise; and yet, within this painted sepulchre, what is the analysis of the air we breathe? Has any one thought of bringing with him the hogshead of air per hour necessary for his respiration? and if not, in what manner has the host performed this duty? The closed ceilings answer the question, and one only has to glance at them to perceive that the crush of people present are, like those in the Black Hole of Calcutta, conglomerated together in a hermetically sealed box of vitiated air. How long must it be before such an exhibition will be an indictable offense, and its repetition be prohibited by law?

There is some prospect that the recent successful liquefaction of gases, and the consequent unusual attention now bestowed on this branch of science, may lead to important discoveries in the practical manipulation of æriform bodies, which will relieve mankind of one of its worst foes, namely, vitiated air. Such a result would certainly be hailed with satisfaction by the whole world, and it is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

We cannot do better than to close our article with a quotation from an anonymous poet, who, in quaint but forcible language, enforces the necessity of providing for ventilation:

AN APPEAL FOR ARE TO THE SEXTANT OF THE OLD BRICK MEETINHOUSE.

BY A GASPER.

Oh, Sextant of the meetinhouse which sweeps
And dusts, or is supposed too! and makes fires,
And lites the gas, and sometimes leaves a screw loose,
In which case it smells orful—worse than lampile;
And rings the bel and toles it when men dyes
To the grief of survivin pardners, and sweeps pathes,
And for the servaces gets $100 pur annum,
Which them that thinks it deer, let em try it;
Giting up befoar star-lite in all weathers and
Kindlin fires when the wether is as cold
As Zero, and like as not green wood for kindlers
i wouldn't be hired to do it for no some—
But o sextant! there are one kermoddity
Wich's more than gold, which doan't cost nuthin,
Worth more than anything exsep the Sole of Mann
i mene pewer Are, sextant, i mene pewer Are!
O it is plenty out o dores, so plenty it doant no
What on airth to do with itself, but flys about
Scatterin leavs and blowin orf men's hatts;
in short its "just as free as are" out dores.
But o sextant, in our church its scarce as piety,
scarce as bank bills when agints beg for mischuns,
which some say is purty often (taint nothin to me
Wat i give aint nothin to nobody); but o sextant
u shet 500 men, wimmen and children,
Speshally the latter up in a tite place,
Some has bad breths, none aint 2 swete.
Some is fevery, some is scroflius, some has bad teath,
And some haint none, and some aint over clean;
But every one on em breaths in & out & in,
Say 50 times a minit, or 1 million and a half breths an our
How long will a church-ful of are last at that rate,
i ask you, say 15 minits, and then what's to be did?
Why then they must breethe it all over agin,
And then agin, and so on, till each has took it down
At least 10 times, and let it up agin, and wats more
The same individible doant have the priviledge
Of breethen his own are, and no ones else;
Each one must take whatever comes to him.
O sextant, doant you know our lungs is bellusses,
To blo the fier of life and keep it from
goin out; and how can bellusses blo without wind,
And aint wind *are?* i put it to your conshens.
Are is the same to us as milk to babies,
Or water is to fish, or pendlums to clox,
Or roots and airbs are to an injun Doctor,
Or little pills to an omepath,
Or boys to gurls. Are is for us to breethe,
Wat signifies who preaches if i cant breethe?
Whats Porl? Whats Pollus? to sinners who are ded.
Ded for want of breth? why sextant when we dye
Its only coz we cant breethe no more—thats all.
And now o sextant, let me beg of you
2 let a little are in our church.
(Pewer are is certain proper for the pews.)
And do it week days, and Sundays 2
It aint much trouble—only make a hole
And the are will cum in of itself
(it loves to cum in whare it can get warm)
And o how it will rouse the peeple up,
And sperret up the preecher, and stop garps,
And yauns and figgits as effectooal
As wind on the dry Boans the Profit tells of.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

The Chemical Preservation of Wood.—In Europe the use of preserved timber is the rule; in the United States it is the rare exception. The apparently inexhaustible supply of timber in America led to great carelessness in its use, and the present generation have inherited what bids fair to become a bankrupt estate, unless the loss can be retrieved by the employment of methods of chemical preservation. No fewer than 173 processes have been patented or described in scientific books since the year 1700, a vast majority of which have proved to be utterly worthless, and there are at the present time only four which are applied on a large scale in Europe and this country. The methods founded upon corrosive sublimate, creosote, chloride of zinc and sulphate of copper have stood the test of time, and are considered practical. The choice of any of these methods would be chiefly governed by the cost of the chemicals, as they are about equally effective. The necessity of some kind of preserving agent must be apparent, when we consider the immense drain annually made upon the natural supply. The statement has been made on good authority that the annual lumber product of the whole country at the present time is ten thousand millions of feet. A very considerable portion of this product is to replace what was cut no longer ago than eight or ten years, and is now decayed. Massachusetts, employing mostly chestnut ties, which last on an average six years, uses up in this way, annually, a volume of lumber nearly equal to the whole product of Maine, and, taking the whole country together, the railroads use up, in ties alone, one thousand six hundred millions of feet annually, or one sixth of the timber product of the whole country. At this rate of consumption, the supply must soon become exhausted, and some methods for preserving timber from decay are imperative. In this country it is probable that creosote from wood-tar, or carbolic acid from coal-tar will prove to be the most economical, and, fortunately, they are much the most powerful of any agents known. Creosote and carbolic acid keep out moisture, prevent fungus growth, and thus stop the rotting of timber. They are both inimical to the lower forms of life, and drive away all noxious insects, and timber saturated with them will keep for many years.

A New Photographic Apparatus.—M. la Noe, of France, has invented a new photographic apparatus, intended to produce upon one plate, and by a single exposure, the panorama comprising a nearly complete circle, as seen from the position whence the picture is taken. The instrument is composed of an ordinary camera, inclined at an angle of 90 deg., surmounted by a parabolic mirror placed at a certain distance above the lens, the focus of which is equal to its axis. The object of this mirror is to reflect all the luminous rays emanating from the divers points of the horizon, and to concentrate them upon the lens, which they traverse, forming upon the sensitive plate underneath the image of the corresponding points. With this apparatus is obtained, in the form of a circle, a non-distorted image of the horizon. It obviates the necessity of taking several views and of pasting them together, in order to comprehend the whole landscape.

Action of Telephonic Sounds on Frogs.—A curious experiment was performed before the Medical Society of Wurzburg early in January, showing the action of telephonic sounds on frogs. The two ends of the telephonic wire were placed in contact with the leg-muscles of the frog, and the operator spoke through the telephone. Words in which the vowels a, e, i predominated had scarcely any effect, while o and u sounds produced the most violent convulsions, even when spoken much more faintly. The unlucky frog appears to be a most useful animal in aid of scientific research. Galvani employed frogs' legs in his celebrated discovery of the science which bears his name The presence of strychnine is shown by putting a frog in a tub of water, when his convulsive movements will instantly make known the most minute quantity of the alkaloid; and now we have the frog impressed into the service of researches on vocal sounds. This is all very well for science, but how about the frog?

Measuring the Depth of the Sea by Earthquakes.—From careful observations made on the earthquake at Iquique on May 9th, 1877, it appears that the wave traveled from that city to Hilo, in Hawaii, a distance of 5,526 nautical miles, in 14 hours, which is at the rate of 670 feet per second From this velocity the average depth of that part of the ocean traversed can be calculated by Airy's or Russell's formulæ, and is found to be 2,324 fathoms. The velocity of the wave to New Zealand, Japan, etc., was also observed, and the depth of the ocean calculated. On comparison of these results with direct measurements, a very fair agreement is obtained. The velocity of the earthquake wave and the lunar tide wave are believed to be identical.

The annual statement of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, printed recently, shows a highly solvent and satisfactory condition of affairs. This corporation, the largest and soundest in the world, has grown to its present colossal proportions through a system of honest administration, founded upon correct business principles. The science of Life Insurance rigidly applied requires, not only that should present solvency be assured, but that the liabilities of the remote future should be absolutely guaranteed. Thus, the Mutual reports that, while it had only 91,553 polices in force on January 1st, 1878, against 92,125 in force January 1st, 1877, the amount of risk is diminished from $301,278,000 to $194,488,000. As the outstanding policies are of a class approaching maturity, the reserve to meet them, which a year ago was $77,502,000, is now $80,570,000. Like a prudent steward, the Mutual Life provides liberally for the contingencies of the future, and no better guarantee could be offered for those who are already insured, while, for those who contemplate availing themselves of this beneficent means of providing for their wives and families, the security is as ample as human forethought and business integrity could reasonably secure.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A Common Vice.—Advice.

Two Buttin' Kids.—A young goat fight.

Fact Theatrical.—A property-man is seldom a man of property.

Having an "i" to It.—Pat calls compulsory education violin (t) tuition.

Hewers of Wood and Drawers of Water.—Wood-engravers and marine-painters.

Topographical.—"No cows, no cream," was the way a compositor set up the words, "No cross, no crown."

"He Would Insinuate."—A well-known literary celebrity is now stated to have "made his mark." This confirms a skeptic's impression that he is quite unable to write.

"It is a shame, John, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes!" exclaimed a wife the other day. "Don't say a word about it, my dear," rejoined the husband; "the least said the soonest mended."

Hard Times —We can't say that the world is growing better, but have been repeatedly assured by eminent business men that it is a good deal harder now to get trusted for a pound of biscuits than it used to be to steal a barrel of pork.

The Duc de Morny's definition of a polite man is the hardest to realize of any ever given. "A polite man," said he, "is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about, when they are told by a person who knows nothing about them."

For Wooers of Their Own Destruction.—A bashful young man applied to his village paper for information on the important subject, "How to win a woman's love." The reply was, "Kiss the babies, caress the tom-cat, and pay strict attention to the old lady!"

After the amateur pantomime at the London Gaiety Theatre lately, a lady said to Mr W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist, who had filled the part of harlequin, "I had no idea, Mr. Gilbert, that you could dance." "No," replied harlequin, "I am not often caught tripping."

Not Likely.—Father (to his little son, who has just handed him his teacher's report of progress and conduct for the last month): "This report is very unsatisfactory. I am not at all pleased with it." Little Son: "I told the teacher I thought you wouldn't be, but he wouldn't alter it."

The First Thing.—A little girl was listening with much interest to the story of Jonah. When the question was asked, "What would you suppose would be the first thing Jonah would do after the great fish threw him upon the land?" she answered, promptly, "I sh'd fink he'd go home quick as he could and get cleaned up."

New Receipt.—Let no one hereafter insinuate that Teachers' Institutes produce no good. At a recent institute a fair-haired, blue-eyed darling of a teacher of the female persuasion for ever demolished the base insinuation by the following conundrum: "How do you make a Maltese cross?" Answer: "Tread on its tail!"

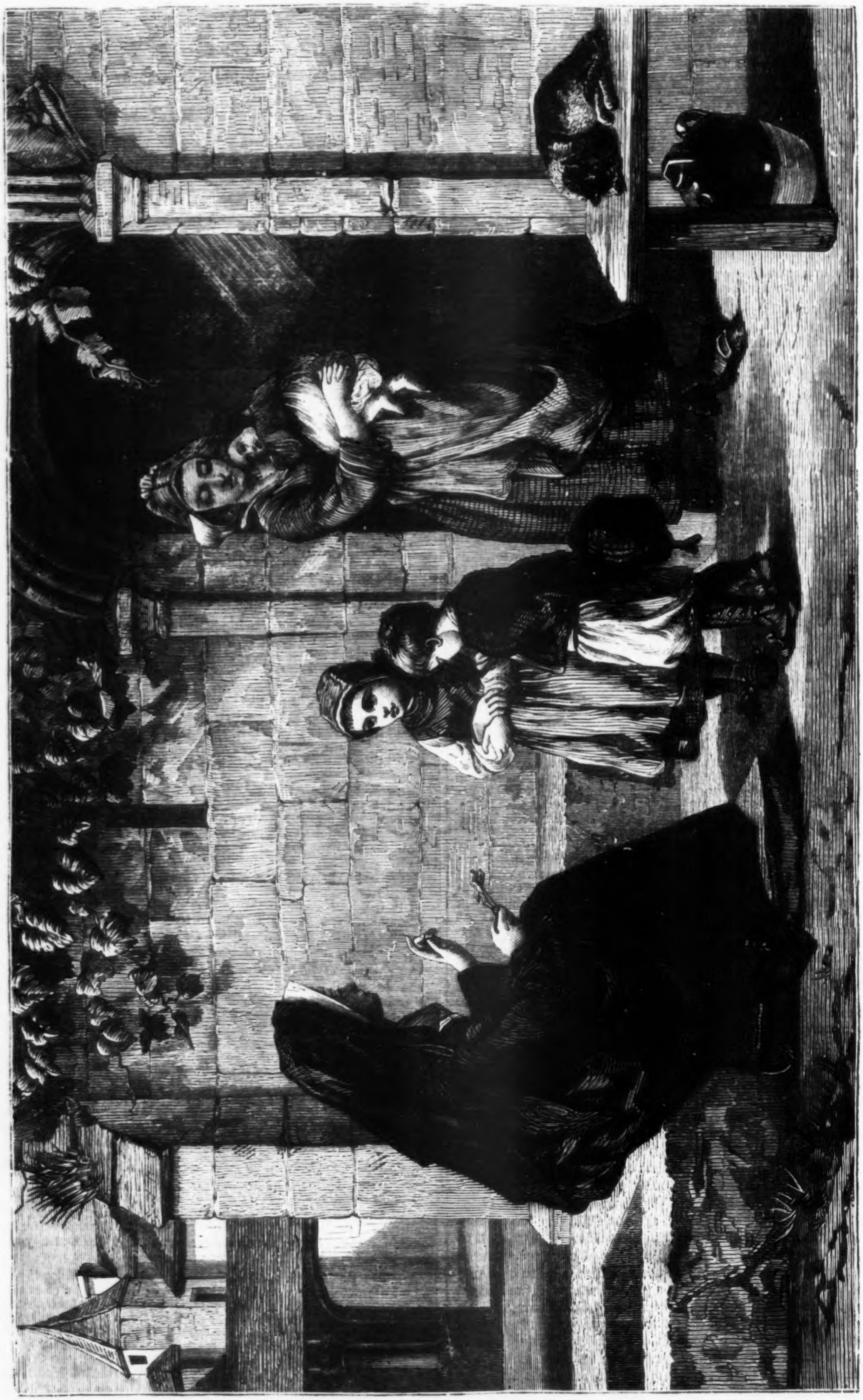
Rather!—Walking home to his hotel in Oxford, a gentleman encountered two Dons who had too evidently just left a "wine." Said the old Obadiah to the young Obadiah, in a hiccupy voice, "What shall you say to Mrs. C. when you get home?" "I shall only say 'Good-morning, my dear'—she'll say the rest!" replied the young Obadiah.

A Stopper.—"Is this the place," she asked, as she wandered down on the barren sands, "where a young lady—a beautiful young lady—fell into the water last season, and was rescued by a gallant young man, whom she afterward married?" He looked at her carefully, estimated her at a square forty-seven, with false teeth, and said, "Yes, ma'am, but I don't know how to swim!"

Must be Done —A man more than half-seas-over was observed one day supporting the parapet of the North Bridge, Edinburgh, shaking his head and repeating to himself, sadly, "It must be done, it must be done." An old lady passing by, thinking he contemplated suicide, said to him, "What must be done, my man?" "Must go home and face my wife!" was the woeful answer.

Too Prompt a Prompter.—A good story is told of a gallant officer who took part in some amateur theatricals in India. He was lamentably "imperfect," but, late in the piece, the prompter was rather too ready with the words. The audience was, consequently, somewhat startled at a critical point by the following interpolation by the enraged amateur: "Shut up, confound you! I know that!"

Always in Fashion.—Mr. X—— is a widower. Since the time he lost his wife, whom he adored, five years ago, he has not left off looking every day at the locket containing the hair of his dear and austere companion, and the other day he had a visit from a friend at the moment when he was dyeing the lock of hair of the much-loved one. "What are you doing?" asked his friend. "You see well enough I am dyeing the hair an ash-blonde, because this color is so much worn now. I wish the hair of my 'sainted Maria' to be always in fashion."



THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

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